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the

SANDMAN

Neil  
Gaiman

volume 4

Season  
of  
Mists

kelley Jones

malcolm Jones III

mike Dringenberg

p. craig Russell

george Pratt

matt Wagner

dick Giordano

FULLY REMASTERED EDITION





THERE IS A DREADFUL HELL,  
AND EVERLASTING PAINS;  
THERE SINNERS MUST WITH DEVILS DWELL  
IN DARKNESS, FIRE, AND CHAINS.

**Isaac Watts** (1674-1748) from *Divine and Moral Songs for Children*. 1720.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO STAY ANYWHERE FOREVER.

**Edwin Palne** (1901-1914), in conversation, December 1990.





t h e

# SANDMAN

SEASON OF MISTS

*w r i t t e r*

NEIL GAIMAN

*a r t i s t s*

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MIKE DRINGENBERG  
MALCOLM JONES III  
MATT WAGNER  
DICK GIORDANO  
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*Introduction by*  
HARLAN ELLISON

*Featuring characters created by*  
NEIL GAIMAN, SAM KIETH, MIKE DRINGENBERG





**the SANDMAN: SEASON OF MISTS**

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Introduction

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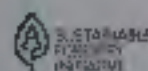
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# *i n t r o d u c t i o n*

b y H A R L A N E L L I S O N

Possibly the only dismaying aspect of excellence is that it makes living in a world of mediocrity an ongoing prospect of living hell. The subtle distressing perturbation.

Michelangelo wrote: "Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle." Hardly a sentiment for our times, for a world of assembly lines and buck-passing and litterbugs.

Perfection. Excellence. What a passionate lover. But once having tasted the lips of excellence, once having given oneself to its perfection, how dreary and burdensome and filled with anomie are the remainder of one's waking hours trapped in the shackled lock-step of the merely ordinary, the barely acceptable, the just okay and not a stroke better.

Sadly, most lives are fashioned on that pattern. Settling for what is possible; buying into the cliché because the towering dream is out of stock; learning how to avoid taking the risk of the dizzying leap. Miguel de Unamuno (1864-1936) wrote: "In order to attain the impossible one must attempt the absurd." So the paradigm becomes all the Salieri shadows unable to touch the Mozart reality, all the respectably-talented but not awesomely-endowed Antonios fulminating with frustration at the occasional Amadeus. Excellence in the untalented and ordinary produces pleasure and awe; but in the minimally-talented it produces hatred and envy that boils like sheep fat.

Excellence is its own master, owes no allegiance, bows its head to no regimen. It exists pure and whole like the silver face of the moon. Untouchable, unreachable, exquisite. But frustrating because it reminds us of how much mediocrity we put up with, just to get through the week.

The point being: Neil Gaiman's work on *The Sandman*.

In any field of endeavor, in any medium of the arts or sciences, an occasional talent will manifest itself and, through bare existence, we perceive how mundane has been the effort in that field or genre, that medium or category. Until Monteverdi, was there higher achievement than that of Palestrina, Wm. Byrd, Andrea Gabrieli? Before Mark Twain, what were the names of the writers at the pinnacle: Sir Walter Scott, R.D. Blackmore, James Fenimore Cooper? Prior to John L. Sullivan, can anyone make a rational comparison of excellence with any of the nameless bare-knuckle champions who spilled their blood in sawdust arenas? There was only one Machiavelli, only one Chaka Zulu, only one Alexander of Macedon. Name the highest and brightest and most accomplished till you get to Fellini or Billie Holiday or George Bernard Shaw; and compare; and recognize how much higher thereafter is the high water mark. Suddenly, there is more sunlight in the world.

The point being: Neil Gaiman's work on *The Sandman*.

This is remarkable work. Perhaps you know that already. Nonetheless, I tell you. A fact: do with it what you will.

It is not merely that Mr. Gaiman (who is midway between being a frequent acquaintance and a close friend of mine, something more than a pal but less than an intimate, and thus available to me as "Neil" rather than "Mr. Gaiman") has committed with these Sandman stories what is usually known as *macrography*, "huge writing," work that is to be examined with





the naked eye, the opposite of *micrography*. Nor is it unique that Neil has created a compelling internally consistent universe for these stories, a fully-realized cosmology with a pantheon of beings and godlike non-beings, a non-Aristotelean superimposed pre continuum, a freshly minted polytheism as compelling as it is revisionist. Hardly unique, because *every* fantasist builds a new universe each time s/he creates a new story. It's the way the game of "what if" is played. Some people do it better than others, and most people can't do it at all (which is why there are folks who believe actors make up their own lines, that truth is stranger than fiction, that one picture is worth a thousand words, and that we are regularly visited by far-traveling malevolent incredibly intelligent aliens in revolving crockery, who have nothing better to do with their time than snag couch potato humans so they can have unfulfilling sex with them and just for laughs give these lousy sex partners rectal examinations with mechanical appendages the size of oil pipeline caissons), and every once in a while a person does it so splendidly that it raises the high water mark and puts more sunlight into the world.

The point being: Neil Gaiman's work on *The Sandman*.

Notwithstanding the macrography and the new cosmology, the runaway excellence of what Neil has done with this character is wrapped up in the sense one gets, as one reads *The Sandman*, that what one is reading is *new*, is of consequence, and isn't as transitory (however entertaining) as most of what is done day-in-and-day-out in comics. If you have been following the progression of Neil as guiding intelligence on *The Sandman* —

( Available for the aficionado in three previous graphic novels — *PREFACE & NOCTURNES*, *THE DOLL'S HOUSE* AND *DREAM COUNTRY* — and even as a boxed set of the trio as *THE WORLD OF THE SANDMAN* )

you will have been snared by an outstanding intellect given to esoteric amusements and surrealist viewings of the Natural Order. You will certainly (if you're one of the few surviving atomists who still read for the pure pleasure of intellectual invigoration) have been mesmerized by the sneaky wit and puckish nastiness of the Gaiman reformation of the received universe. I would praise his erudition, his frequent seeding of the stories with arcane facts and literary glyphs, but as it is a truism that it takes a very good con artist to con a very good con artist, so it is possible that Neil "Scam Man" Gaiman is no more widely read and filled with erudition than the con artist who writes these words of introduction. And, knowing what a fraud I am, quoting here and there in Latin and colloquial French just to seem clever, *ignorantia legis neminem excusat*, like *ne s'ce pas*, I have my suspicions that Neil has as diverse and bellyful a library of references as I maintain just to drop in something obscure to remind the groundlings what a smart cookie I am.

Not to be diverted too long on that preceding point, but let me give you a circumstance.

Early on in the story of *SEASON OF MISTS*, when Morpheus sends Cain to deliver the message of his imminent visit to the nether regions, the emissary tells Lucifer what is about to transpire, and the fallen angel goes off into one of those wonderful chapsodic panegyrics all mad scientists, despots, nitwit super-villains and televangelists indulge in for many odd-shaped panels. He culminates his paralogical blather by ranting, "Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n."

And just in case the reader hasn't seen the 1941 Warner Bros. adaptation of Jack London's *THE SEA WOLF*, in which Edward G. Robinson as the tyrannical freighter skipper Wolf Larsen quotes that quotation repeatedly, Neil bangs us over the head with the information that the aphorism comes from Milton's *PARADISE LOST* (1667). Lead ahead to that page and take a look at it.





See what I mean? A *really* intellectual guy, secure in his own voluminous erudition, wouldn't have bothered making sure we know how goddam sharp he is. Now, I'm not saying Neil *isn't* as sharp as he wants us to believe he is, I'm merely suggesting that he is so intent on budding all the buttressing into his fictional structure that he makes certain we perceive of what excellent granite is made the basement slab.

So excellent that one might quote yet again from Milton: "The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

The point being: Neil Gaiman's work on *The Sandman* is so excellent, so much a presentation of the new high water mark, that we realize as we read, that it is *about something*, that it is not merely an amusing entertainment. (Though it is *that*, of course.)

I'll not reconnoiter the story in this graphic novel — what originally appeared in monthly comic book format as sections 0 through 7, December 1990–July 1991. The story lies before you, and I wasn't engaged to restate the obvious. (As critic John Simon wrote in 1981: "there is no point in saying less than your predecessors have said." Which is good advice that should be taken by all those who write Sherlock Holmes or Sam Spade pastiches.) Nor will I play the role of the carping bluejay, shrieking that Neil says in the earliest section of the story that Destiny casts no shadow, but Dringenberg has repeatedly scambled in shadows only pages earlier. That sort of petty bitching is beneath me, a guy as clever as I am.

I will only repeat the theme of this preamble by reporting that excellence, as contained in the work of Gaiman's *Sandman*, has made the awareness of the mediocre world extremely painful for a great many people. I know this to be true, for I sat there at the 13th annual World Fantasy Convention in Tucson in 1991 and watched with devilish pleasure as Neil won the highly-prized FantasyCon "Howard Philips Lovecraft" trophy for the Year's Best Short Story — an issue of *The Sandman* "comic book." Devilish pleasure, I tell you, because all those artsy-fartsy writers and artists and critics sitting there expecting a standard print short story to win, choked on their little almond cups as this renegade funnybook guy carted off the Diamond as Big as the Ritz. Much snorting through the nose. Much umbrage taken. Many dudgeons raised to new heights. And screams and cries of foul play at the polls. So infuriated were the faithful at such a choice having been made by a blue ribbon panel of experts who couldn't be suborned or shamed into overlooking excellence, that the Great Gray Eminences who ran the FantasyCon from behind their nightshadow veil of secrecy, have rewritten the rules so that, heaven forbid, no "comic book" will ever again be nominated, much less have an opportunity to kick serious artistic butt.

The point being: Neil Gaiman's work on *The Sandman* brings that perennial DC Comics character, whom I first loved in 1940 in the 96-page 15¢ *New York World's Fair Comics* with his green business suit, his orange-colored snapbrim fedora, his Calhoun cape, his World War I doughboy gas mask and his deadly gas gun, into a refurbished state of rebirth, transmogrified for our angst-festooned era, not merely as a marvelous and entertaining myth figure, but as the symbol of excellence in a world where mediocrity is our normal prison.

And how do we know that what Gaiman has done is excellence?

We know it because of something critic Susan Sontag wrote. She said: "Real Art has the capacity to make us nervous."

Nervous. You should've been there at the awards ceremony. Those suckers like as almost laid square bricks.

The point being: isn't this Gaiman just too cute for words?

1800  
1801  
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1823



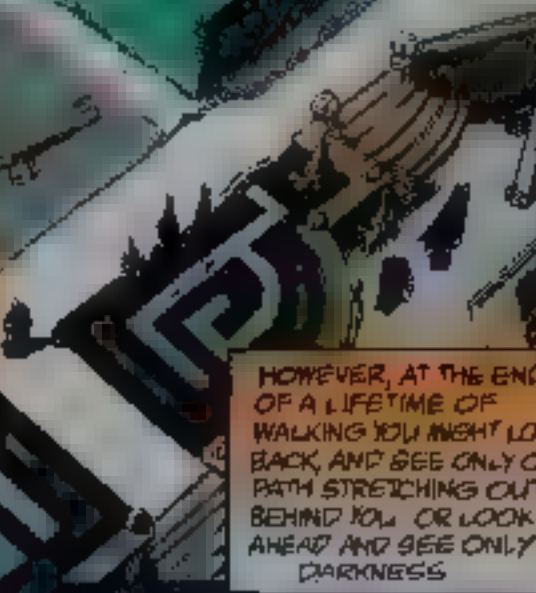




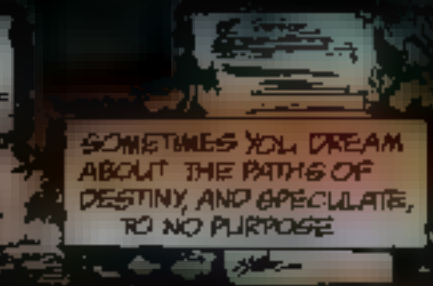
WALK ANY PATH IN DESTINY'S GARDEN, AND YOU WILL BE FORCED TO CHOOSE, NOT ONCE BUT MANY TIMES



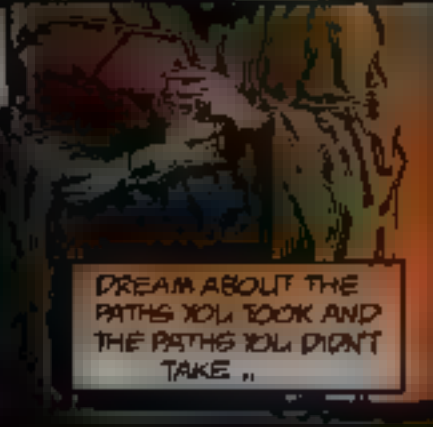
THE PATHS FORK AND DIVIDE WITH EACH STEP YOU TAKE THROUGH DESTINY'S GARDEN, YOU MAKE A CHOICE AND EVERY CHOICE DETERMINES FUTURE PATHS.




HOWEVER, AT THE END OF A LIFETIME OF WALKING YOU MIGHT LOOK BACK AND SEE ONLY ONE PATH STRETCHING OUT BEHIND YOU OR LOOK AHEAD AND SEE ONLY DARKNESS




SOMETIMES YOU DREAM ABOUT THE PATHS OF DESTINY, AND SPECULATE, TO NO PURPOSE



DREAM ABOUT THE PATHS YOU TOOK AND THE PATHS YOU DIDN'T TAKE ..



THE PATHS DIVERGE AND BRANCH AND RECONNECT, SOME SAY NOT EVEN DESTINY HIMSELF TRULY KNOWS WHERE ANY WAY WILL TAKE YOU, WHERE EACH TWIST AND TURN WILL LEAD



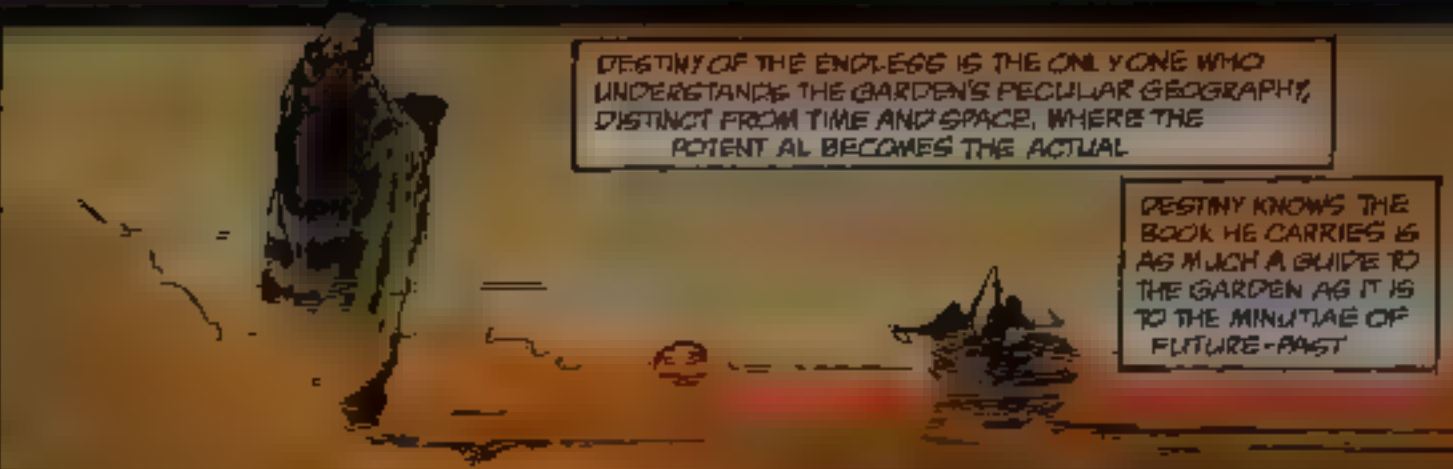
BUT EVEN IF DESTINY COULD TELL YOU HE WOULD NOT

DESTINY HOLDS HIS SECRETS

THE GARDEN OF DESTINY YOU WOULD KNOW IT IF YOU SAW IT AFTER ALL, YOU WILL WANDER IT UNTIL YOU DIE

OR BEYOND


FOR THE PATHS ARE LONG, AND EVEN IN DEATH THERE IS NO ENDING TO THEM



DESTINY OF THE ENDLESS IS THE ONLY ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS THE GARDEN'S PECULAR GEOGRAPHY, DISTINCT FROM TIME AND SPACE, WHERE THE POTENTIAL BECOMES THE ACTUAL

DESTINY KNOWS THE BOOK HE CARRIES IS AS MUCH A GUIDE TO THE GARDEN AS IT IS TO THE MINUTIAE OF FUTURE-PAST


DESTINY HAS NO PATH OF HIS OWN. HE MAKES NO DECISIONS, PICKS NO BRANCHING WAYS. HIS WAY IS LAID OUT, DRAWN AND DEFINED, FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME TO THE END OF EVERYTHING



GREETINGS TO YOU, DESTINY OF THE ENDLESS

GREETINGS TO YOU, YOU WHO ARE NOT OF MY CHILDREN

GREETINGS



AND GREETINGS TO YOU ALSO, GREY LADIES TO WHAT DO I OWE THIS VISIT?

A KING WILL FORSAKE HIS KINGDOM

LIFE AND DEATH WILL CLASH AND FRAY

THE OLDEST BATTLE BEGINS ONCE MORE

AND ALL HAVE THEIR GENESIS HERE, IN YOUR

WHY? WE ARE HERE BECAUSE THIS IS WHERE WE MUST BE AT THIS TIME, MY DEARIE-DOVE

LOOK IN YOUR BOOK, OLD DRY AS DUST



NOTHING  
BEGINS IN THIS  
PLACE

THIS PLACE  
IS BEYOND BEGINNINGS  
AND ENDINGS, GREY  
WOMEN



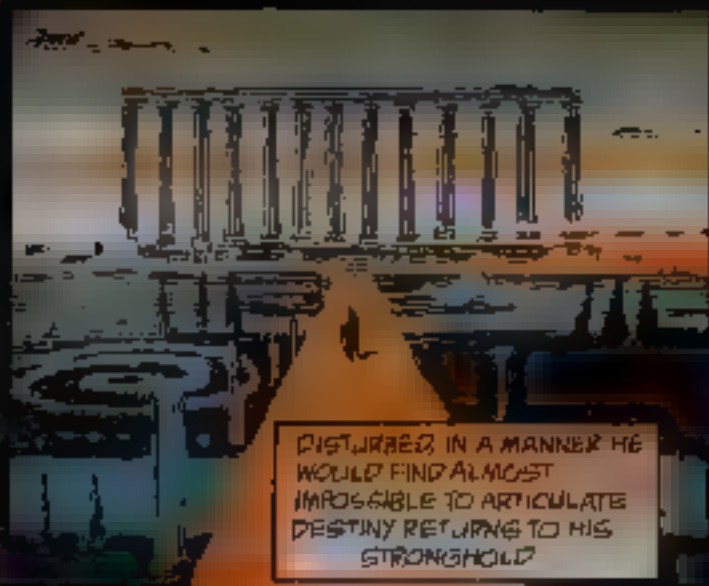
AS  
EVERYTHING  
CREATED HAS  
AN END

AND THEY  
ARE GONE



REALLY?  
EVERYTHING HAS TO  
START SOMEWHERE  
AND HERE IS AS GOOD  
A PLACE AS ANY

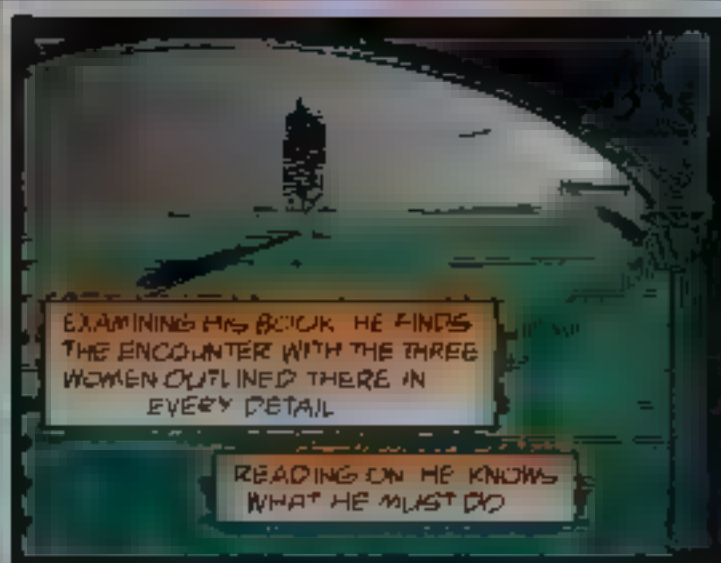
EVERYTHING  
CREATED HAS A BEGINNING,  
DESTINY OF THE ENDLESS.



DISTURBED, IN A MANNER HE  
WOULD FIND ALMOST  
IMPOSSIBLE TO ARTICULATE  
DESTINY RETURNING TO HIS  
STRONGHOLD

EXAMINING HIS BOOK HE FINDS  
THE ENCOUNTER WITH THE THREE  
WOMEN OUTLINED THERE IN  
EVERY DETAIL

READING ON HE KNOWS  
WHAT HE MUST DO



DESTINY HAD TO  
CALL A FAMILY  
MEETING



## SEASON OF WISDOM: a prologue

In which a Family reunion occasions certain personal recommitments, assorted events are set in motion, and a century of thought runs down with proves to have more relevance today.

NEIL GAIMAN Writer	MIKE DRINGENBERG Penciller	MALCOLM JONES III Inker	STEVE OLIFF Colorist	TODD KLEIN Letterer	TOM PEYER Asst Editor	BERGER Editor	Created by GAIMAN, KIEH and DRINGENBERG
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SISTER I STAND  
IN MY GALLERY, AND I SUMMON  
THE FAMILY TO ME IT IS I,  
DESTINY OF THE ENDLESS,  
WHO CALLS YOU

COME



SATISFIED?



HEYA, BIG  
BROTHER WHAT'S  
UP?

I AM CALLING A CONCLAVE  
OF THE ENDLESS, SISTER DO  
YOU NOT FEEL YOU SHOULD BE  
MORE APPROPRIATELY ATTIRED?



AW, C'MON YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I  
HATE WEARING THAT STUFF..

NEXT  
THING YOU'RE  
GOING TO BE  
MOANING THAT  
I OUGHT TO  
GET A  
SCYTHE

SISTER



YES

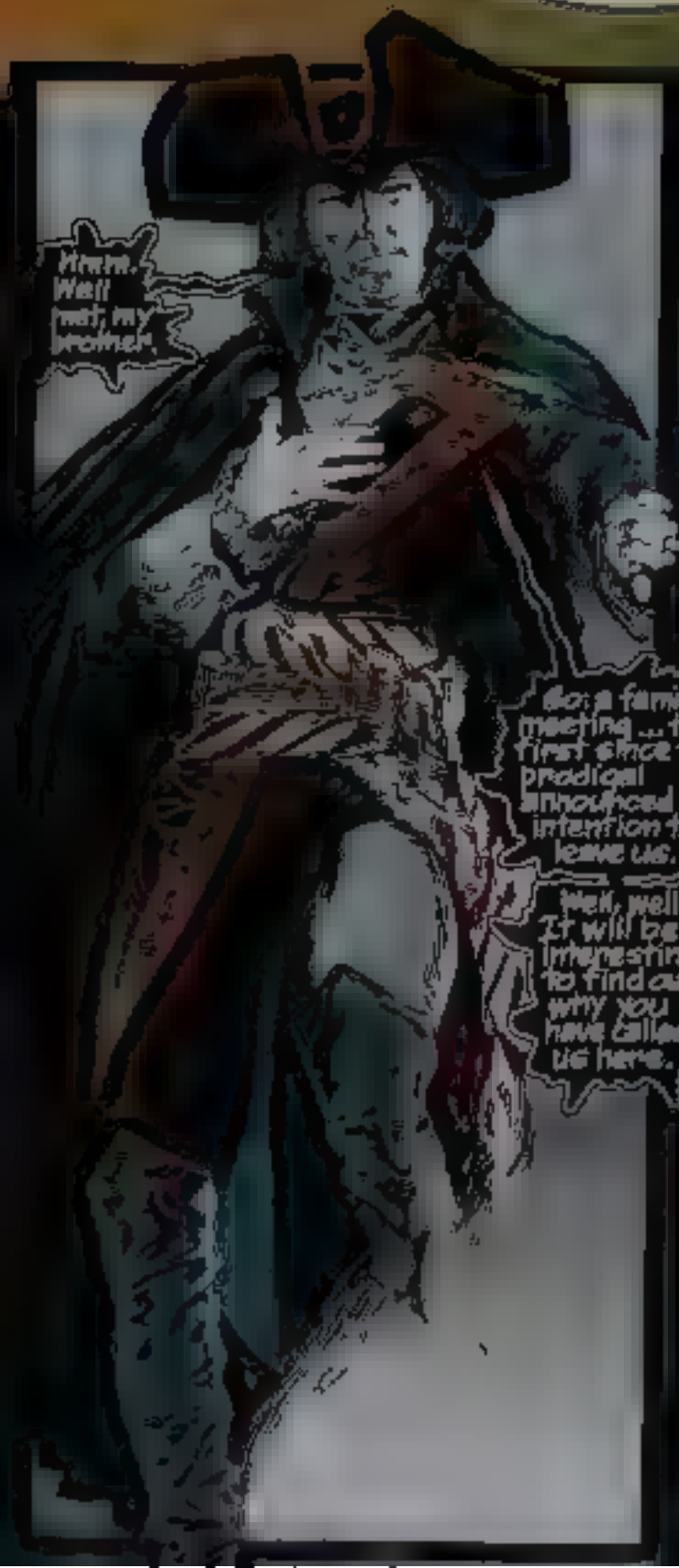
I AM  
SATISFIED





BROTHER DREAM  
IT IS I DESTINY OF THE  
ENDLESS WHO CALLS  
YOU THE FAMILY  
MUST MEET

COME  
TO ME



Hmmm.  
Well met, my  
brother.

So a family  
meeting... the  
first since the  
pradigal  
announced his  
intention to  
leave us.

Well, well.  
It will be  
interesting  
to find out  
why you  
have called  
us here.

INTERESTING? PERHAPS  
FOR YOU MORE THAN  
ANY OF US, MY  
BROTHER

BUT IN  
GOOD TIME  
THERE ARE  
THREE MORE  
OF US STILL  
TO COME

Well met,  
sister.

You have  
dressed  
formally  
also, I  
see. My  
compliment



FAMILY MEETING,  
H. DESTINY?

YOU HAVEN'T  
DECORATED IN  
THE LAST 900  
YEARS, I SEE OH  
WELL AND STILL  
WEARING BASIC  
GRAY..

SO,  
WHAT'S THE  
OCCASION?

DESTINY WILL TELL US THAT IN HIS OWN  
TIME, DESIRE HE WON'T BE RUSHED..

ONLY  
TWO OF US  
LEFT TO GO,  
THEN

ONLY ONE OF US  
WHO WILL BE ATTENDING  
THIS GATHERING,  
DESPAIR

WHEREVER THE OTHER IS,  
HE HAS MADE HIS WISHES ON THE  
MATTER PERFECTLY CLEAR

YEAH, BUT I  
HAD KINDA HOPED  
HE'D CHANGED HIS  
MIND I MISS  
HIM

WE  
ALL MISS  
HIM

I  
DON'T

SISTER  
YOUNGEST OF THE  
ENDLESS I STAND  
IN MY GALLERY, AND  
I CALL YOU

YOUR FAMILY  
AWAITS YOU  
COME



um HI

IT'S, uh, ME

ISN'T IT NICE ,, ALL OF US. TOGETHER LIKE THIS.

IT'S SO,,, NICE



HUSH, LITTLE SISTER

NOW WE ARE ALL ASSEMBLED, WE WILL WALK DOWN TO THE REFECTORY THERE ARE THINGS TO DISCUSS

THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST SAY



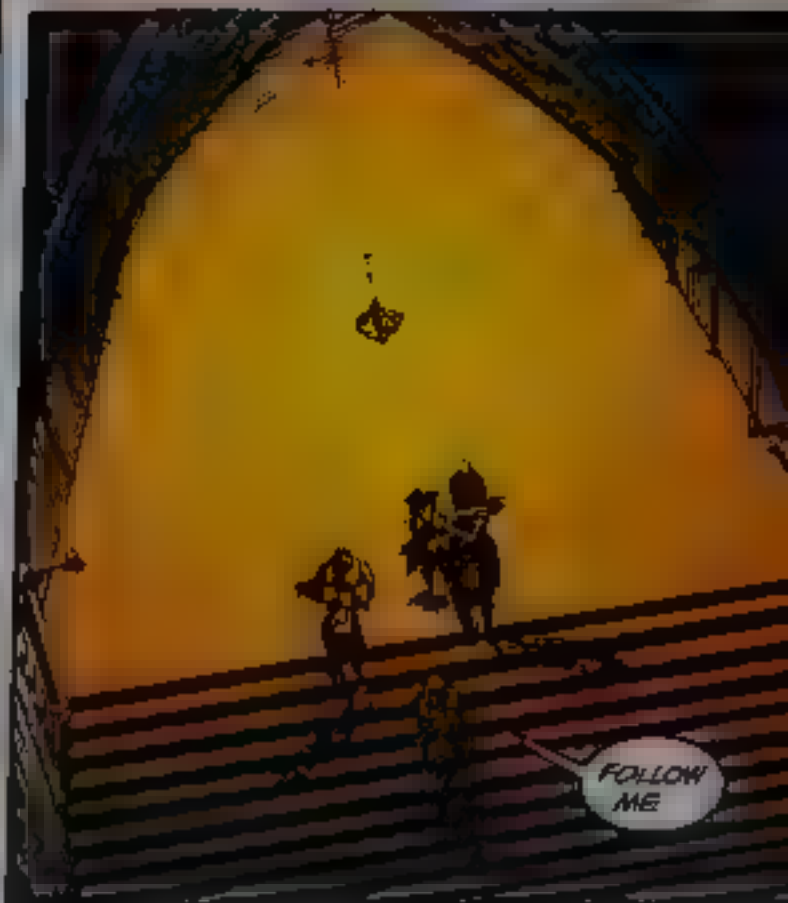
HI, SIS HOW ARE YOU DOING?



UH YESTERDAY I DID SOME REALLY BAD STUFF I MEAN REAL BAD. YOU KNOW.

BUT TODAY I DID SOME GOOD THINGS I DON'T KNOW

YOU KNOW



FOLLOW ME





and in nature and in time as there is no end  
the great city is now and then a landscape that  
is a mirror of the world.

And in the world of the city, it is a world of the  
and the great city is now and then a landscape that  
is a mirror of the world.

And in the world of the city, it is a world of the  
and the great city is now and then a landscape that  
is a mirror of the world.

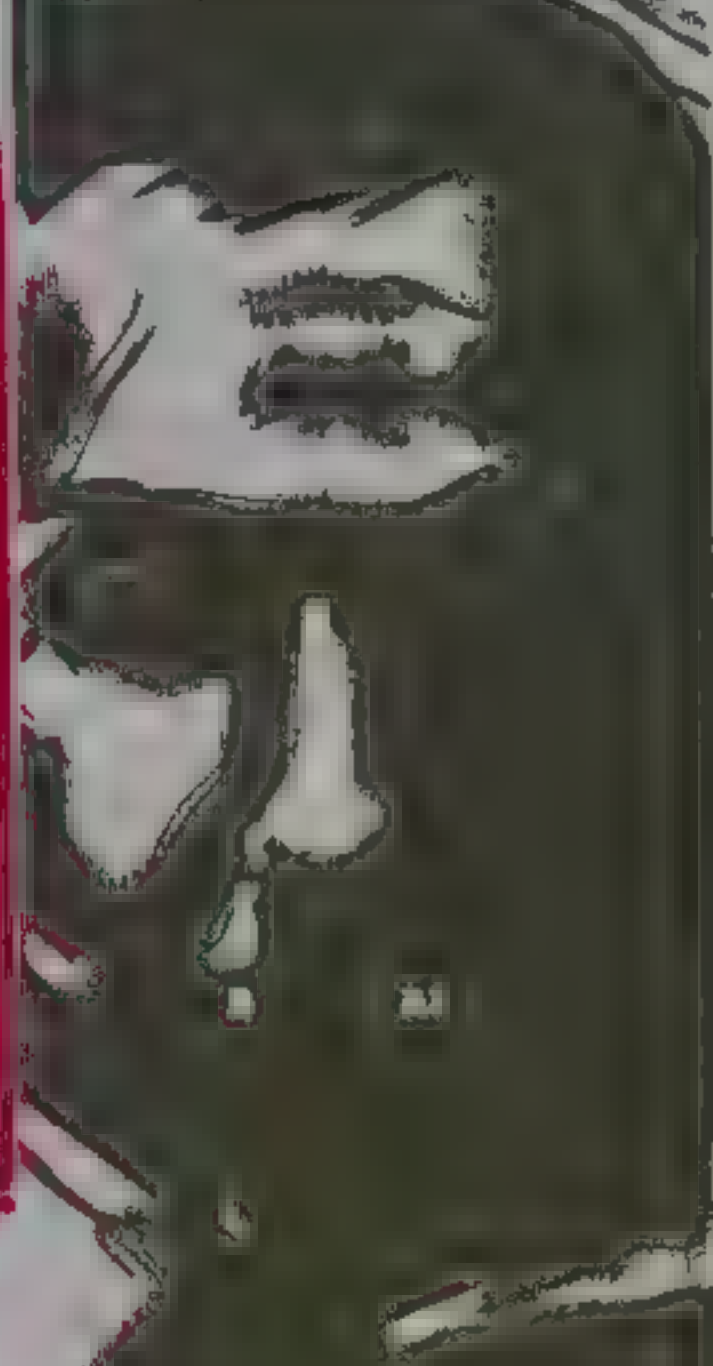
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And in the world of the city, it is a world of the  
and the great city is now and then a landscape that  
is a mirror of the world.

Despair, Desire's sister and twin, is queen of  
her own bleak bourn. It is said that scattered  
through Despair's domain are a multitude of tiny  
windows hanging in the void. Each window  
looks out onto a different scene, being, in our  
world, a mirror. Sometimes you will look into a  
mirror and feel the eyes of Despair upon you,  
feel her look catch and snag on your heart.

Her skin is cold and clammy; her eyes are the  
colour of sky on the grey, wet days that leach  
the world of colour and meaning; her voice is  
little more than a whisper, and while she has no  
smile her shadow smells musky and pungent,  
like the skin of a snake.



Nearly years gone a sect in what is now  
Afghanistan declared her a godless, and  
proclaimed all empty, named her sacred places.  
The sect, whose members called themselves  
The Unborn, persisted for two years, until its  
last adherent finally killed himself, having  
survived the other members by almost seven  
months.

Despair says little, and is patient.



Destiny is the oldest of the Endless, in the Beginning was the Word, and it was traced by hand on the first page of his book, before ever it was spoken aloud.

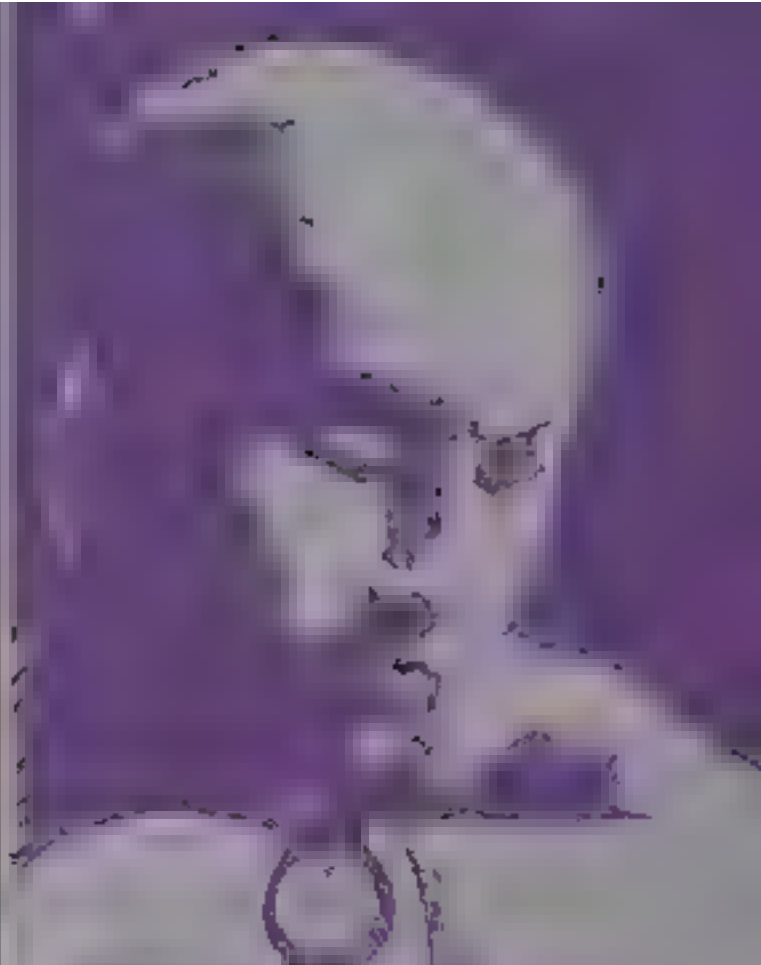
Destiny is also the tallest of the Endless, to mortal eyes.

There are some who believe him to be blind, whilst others, perhaps with more reason, claim that he has travelled far beyond blindness, that indeed, he can do nothing but see, that he sees the fine traceries the galaxies make as they spiral through the void, that he watches the intricate patterns living things make on their journey through time.

Destiny smells of dust and the libraries of night;

He leaves no footprints.

He casts no shadow.



Delirium is the youngest of the Endless.

She smells of sweat, sour wines, late nights, cold leather.

Her realm is close, and can be visited; however, human minds were not made to comprehend her domain, and those few who have made the journey, have been incapable of reporting back more than the faintest fragments.

The poet Coleridge claimed to have known her intimately, but the man was an inveterate liar, and in this, as in so much, we must doubt his word.

Her appearance is the most variable of all the Endless, who, at best, are ideas cloaked in the semblance of flesh. Her shadow's shape and outline has no relationship to that of any body she wears, and it is tangible, like old velvet.

Some say the tragedy of Delirium is her knowledge that, despite being older than suns, older than gods, she is forever the youngest of the Endless, who do not measure time as we measure time, or see the worlds through mortal eyes.

Others deny this, and say that Delirium has no tragedy, but here they speak without reflection.

For Delirium was once Delight. And although that was long ago now, even today, her eyes are badly matched: one eye is a vivid emerald green, spattered with silver flecks that move, her other eye is vein blue.

Who knows what Delirium sees, through her mismatched eyes?

*Dream of the Endless. ah, there's a  
conundrum.*

*In this aspect (and we perceive but aspects of  
the Endless, as we see the light glinting from  
one tiny facet of some huge and flawlessly cut  
precious stone), he is rake-thin, with skin the  
color of falling snow.*

*Dream accumulates names to himself like  
others make friends; but he permits himself few  
friends.*

*If he is closest to anyone, it is to his elder  
sister; whom he sees but rarely.*

*He heard long ago, in a dream, that one day in  
every century Death takes on mortal flesh,  
better to comprehend what the lives she takes  
must feel like, to taste the bitter tang of  
mortality; that this is the price she must pay for  
being the divider of the living from all that has  
gone before, all that must come after.*

*He broods on this tale, but has never  
questioned her about its truth. Perhaps he fears  
that she would answer him.*

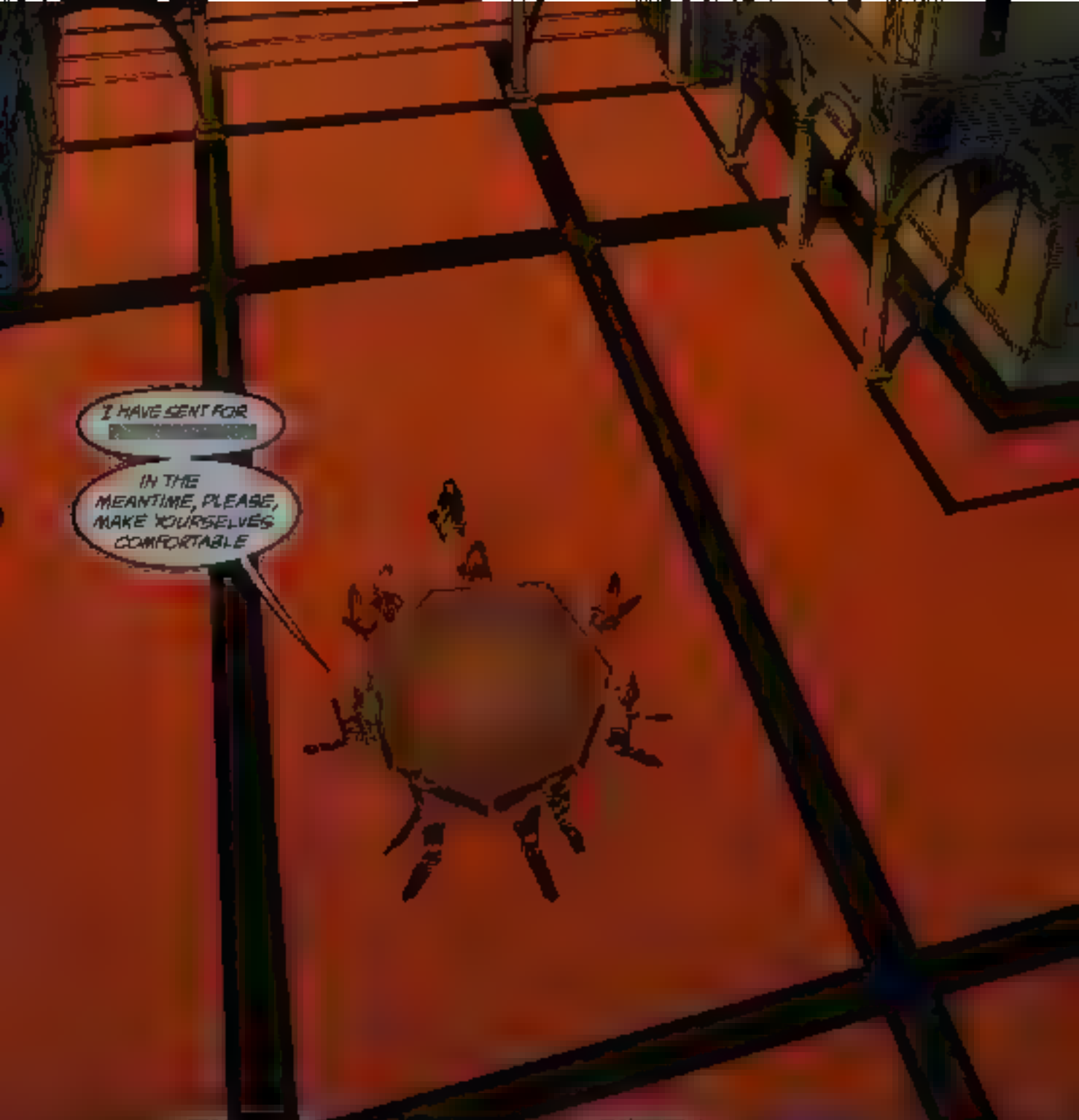
*Of all the Endless, save perhaps Destiny, he is  
most conscious of his responsibilities, the most  
meticulous in their execution.*

*Dream casts a human shadow, when it occurs  
to him to do so.*



*And there is Death.*





I HAVE SENT FOR

IN THE  
MEANTIME, PLEASE,  
MAKE YOURSELVES  
COMFORTABLE

WELL HERE  
WE ALL ARE

YES' HERE  
WE ALL ARE

WELL YES  
HERE WE

Um...

SOMETIMES  
I FORGET  
WHAT I WAS  
GOING TO  
SAY

SOMETIMES I REMEMBER  
THINGS EVERYONE ELSE HAS  
FORGOTTEN FOR EVER AND ALWAYS  
DOES THAT EVER HAPPEN  
TO YOU?

I SUPPOSE YOU MUST  
BE WONDERING WHY I  
CALLED YOU ALL HERE

Yes.

THE THREE SISTERS VISITED MY  
GARDEN, EARLIER THIS DAY

TRIODITIS?

IN ONE  
ASPECT THE  
GREY WOMEN

THE FATES? HERE? THAT  
IS INDEED BIZARRE

I MEAN  
THIS PLACE IS  
FATE IT SEEMS  
LIKE THE LAST  
PLACE THEY  
WOULD CHOOSE  
TO MANIFEST

CHOOSE?

I JUST MADE BUTTER  
FLIES LOOK, EVERY  
BODY LOOK AT  
WHAT I JUST  
DID.

BUTTER,  
PLBS

NO MATTER

AS FOR WHAT  
THEY WANTED.

THEIR  
PROMOUNCEMENTS  
WERE, UNSURPRISINGLY,  
ORACULAR AND  
AMBIGUOUS.

I CONSULTED  
MY BOOK

IT DESCRIBED MY  
ENCOUNTER WITH THE THREE  
IT CLARIFIED MUCH THAT THEY  
DESCRIBED OBLIQUELY.  
SOMETHING IMPORTANT WILL  
HAPPEN SOMETHING THAT SPARKS  
A CHAIN OF EVENTS, CAUSING MUCH  
CHANGE AND UPHEAVAL

AND  
WHAT IS THAT  
OCCASION?

THIS MEETING.

THAT IS  
ALL

Explain this further, my brother. What must happen?

NO.

I HAVE TOLD YOU ALL I TELL YOU. I HAVE BROUGHT YOU ALL TO THIS PLACE

THE REST IS UP TO THE FIVE OF YOU

DRINK THE WINES. EAT OF THE FRUIT OF MY GARDEN TALK

IT HAS BEEN CENTURIES SINCE WE WERE ALL TOGETHER. WE MUST HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS

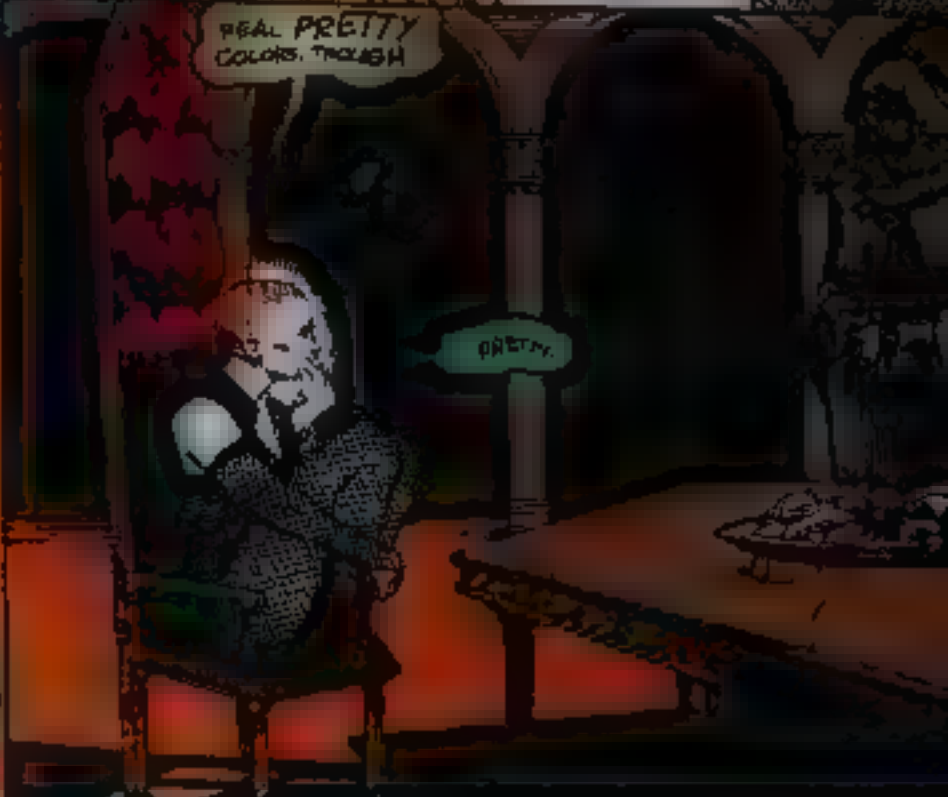


I MET THIS GUY IN THIS CLUB IN SOMEWHERE THIS CLUB LATE AS WHAT I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT WAS

REAL PRETTY COLORS, THOUGH



HE WANTED TO KISS ME BUT I DON'T LIKE TO BE TOUCHED. SO I DID THIS STUFF TO HIM, SOME SAW ONLY COLORS.



PRETTY.





You are saying that you summoned us here because it is necessary for us to be here at this time.

EXACTLY

This is foolish. I am currently rebuilding my kingdom. I have duties to attend to, and there is much that must be done.



I will leave now.

THAT WILL NOT HAPPEN, YET



AW, COME ON! HANG AROUND FOR A LITTLE. WHAT'S SOME LOST TIME? WE'VE GOT ALL THE TIME THERE AS.

HAVE A GRAPE

I LOST SOMETIME ONCE

IT'S ALWAYS IN THE LAST PLACE YOU LOOK FOR IT



I do not want a grape.



I COULD MAKE YOU WANT ONE



careful  
sibling

I AM DESIRE AM I  
NOT? THAT IS WHAT I  
AM, THAT IS WHAT I DO  
I MAKE THINGS WANT  
THINGS

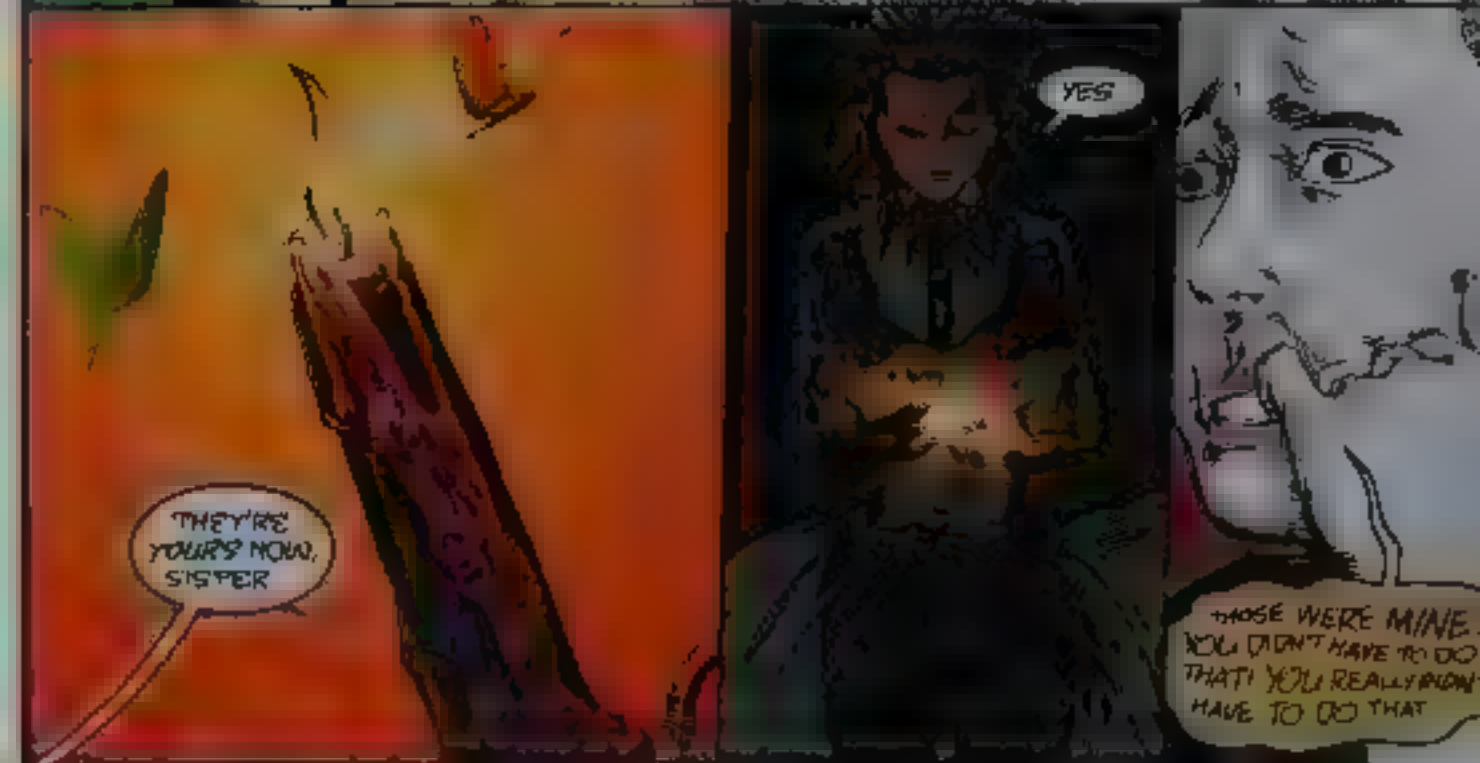
WHERE I TOUCH,  
THINGS WANT AND  
NEED AND LOVE  
DRAWN TO THEIR  
OBJECTS OF DESIRE  
LIKE BUTTERFLIES  
TO A CANDLE FLAME



MOTHS

YOU MEAN  
MOTHS

BUTTERFLIES

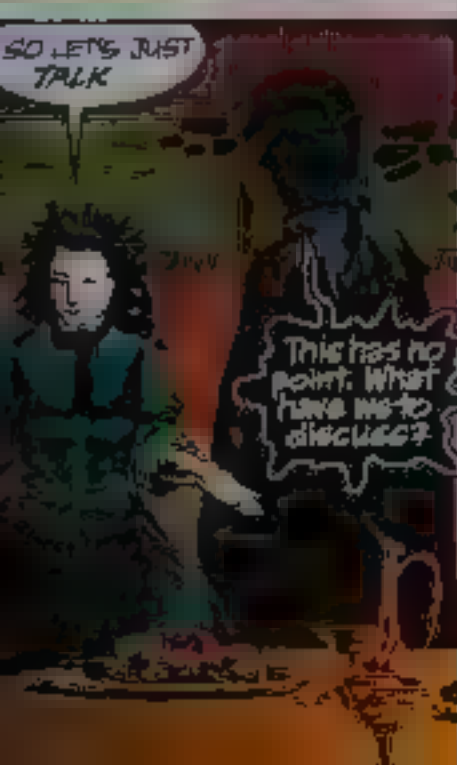
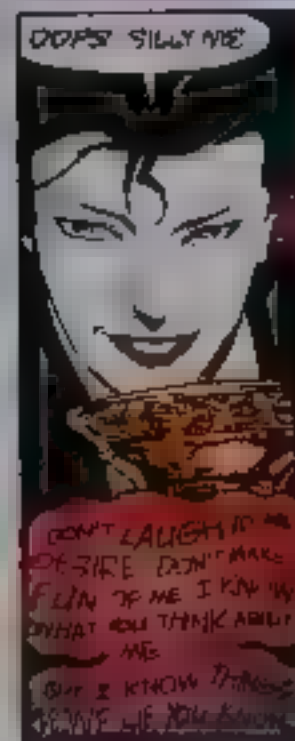


THEY'RE  
YOURS NOW,  
SISTER

YES

THOSE WERE MINE.  
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO  
THAT! YOU REALLY DON'T  
HAVE TO DO THAT

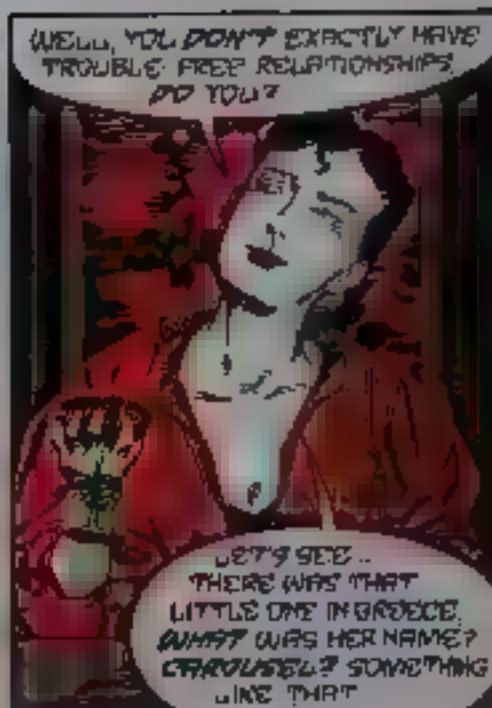








What did you say?



WELL, YOU DON'T EXACTLY HAVE TROUBLE FREE RELATIONSHIPS, DO YOU?

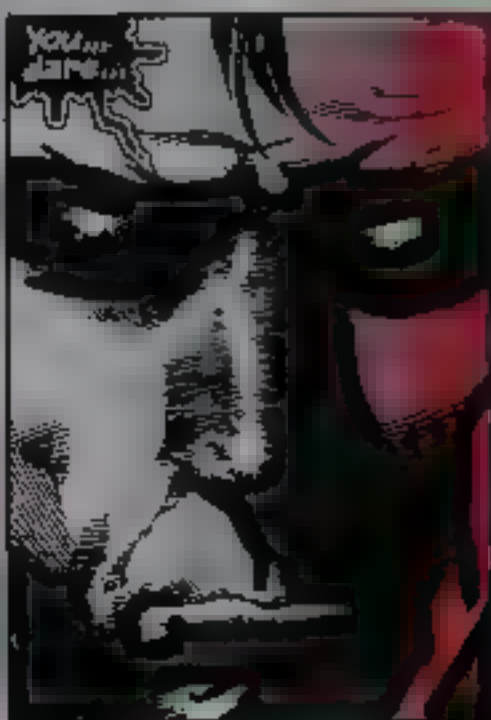
LET'S SEE... THERE WAS THAT LITTLE ONE IN GREECE. WHAT WAS HER NAME? CAROLINE? SOMETHING LIKE THAT



AND THAT FEMALE ON-- WHAT? THAT PRETTY PLANE WITH ALL THE TWINKLY LIGHTS? YOU KNOW WHERE I MEAN

BUT WHAT YOU PUT HER THROUGH WASN'T PRETTY AT ALL.

OH-- AND I NEARLY FORGOT! DO YOU REMEMBER NAHAT?



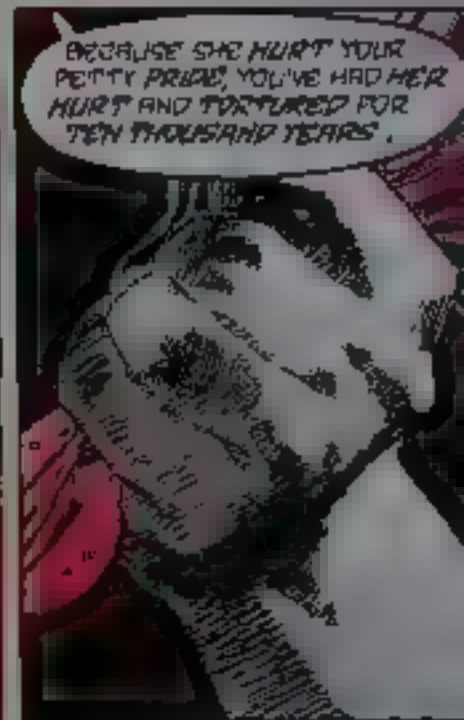
You are...



SUCH A SWEET CHILD SHE REALLY LOVED YOU I KNOW I COULD TASTE HER HEART

AND WHAT DID YOU DO?

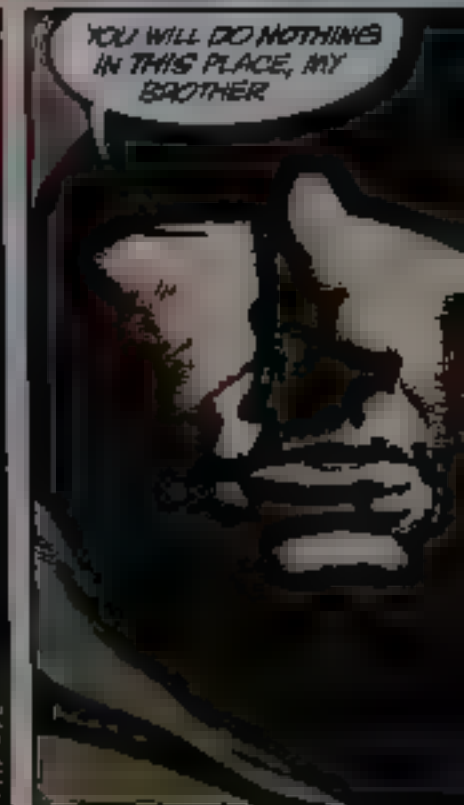
BECAUSE SHE WOULDN'T STAY WITH YOU UNTIL YOU TIRED OF HER, YOU SENTENCED HER TO LUCIFER'S DOMAIN.



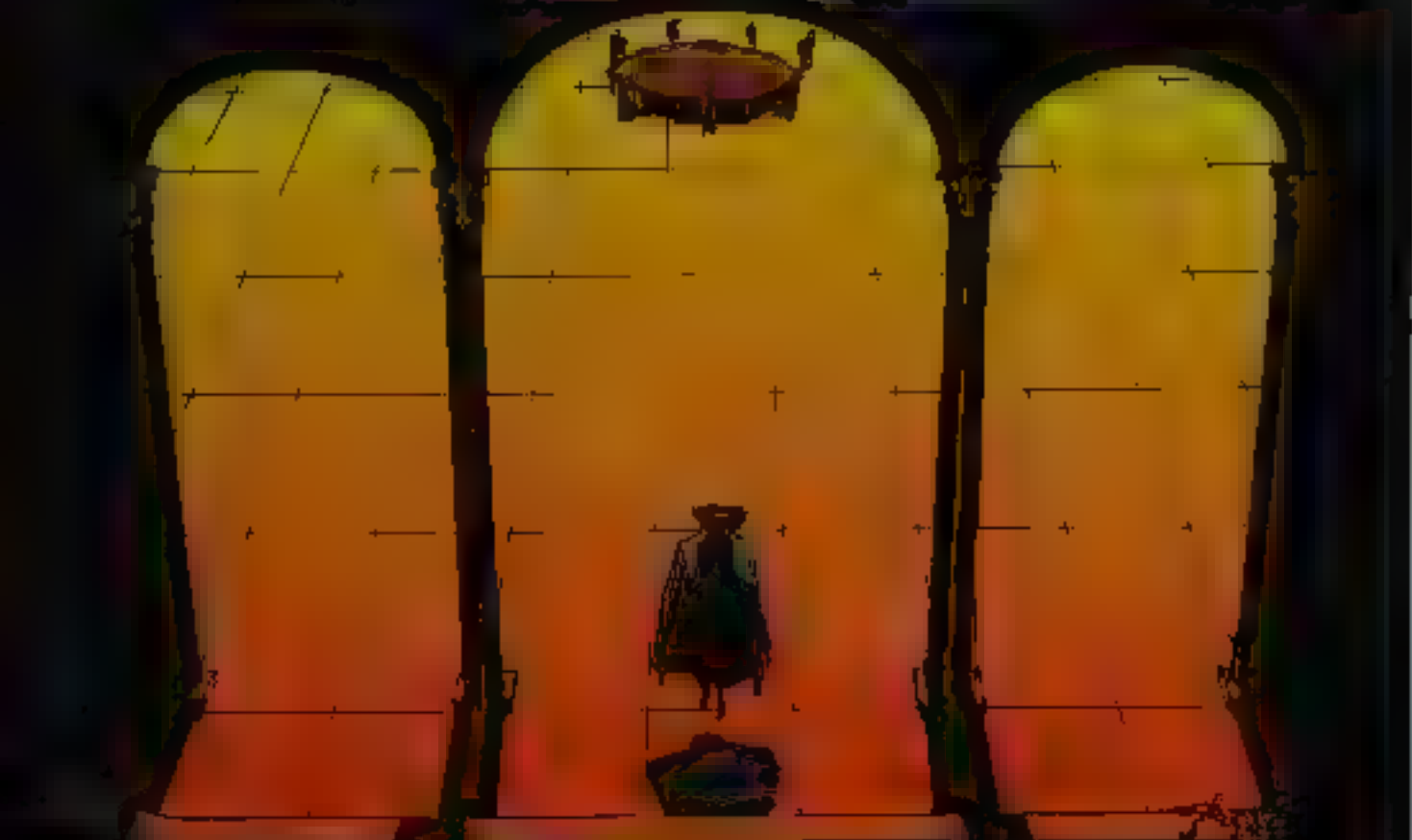
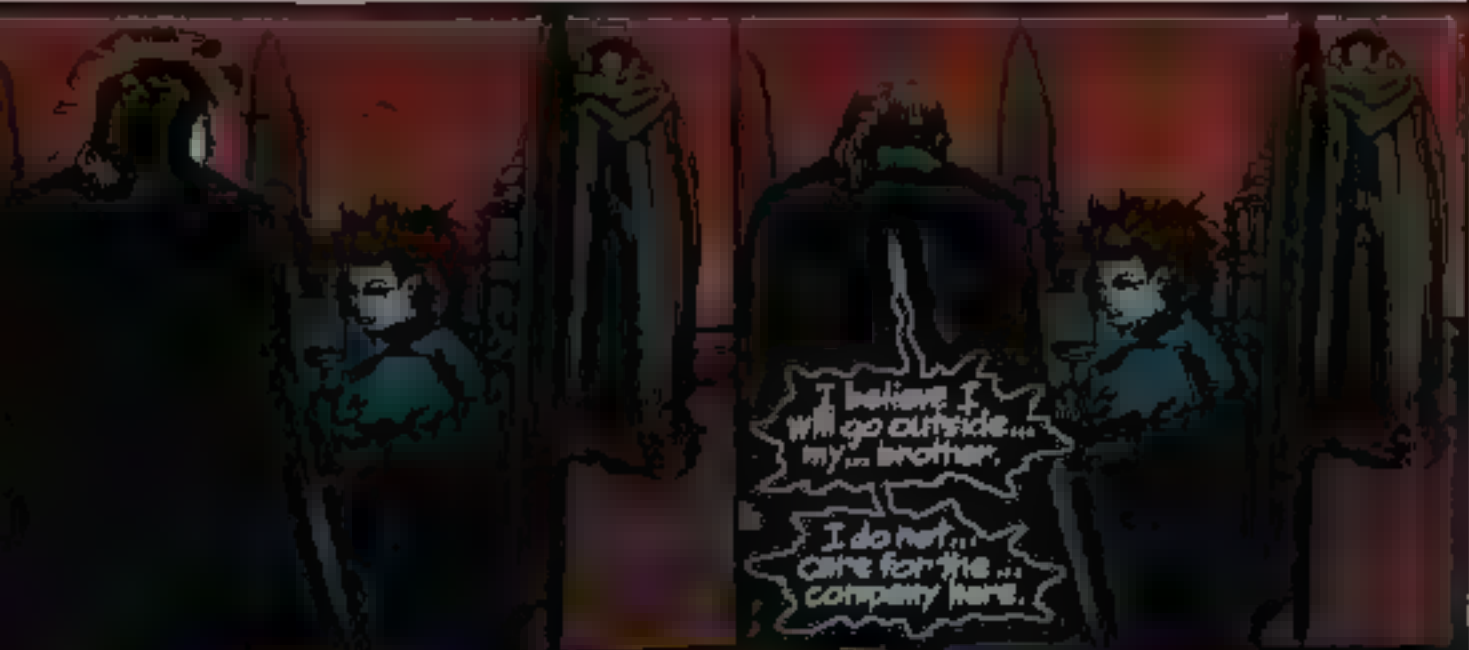
BECAUSE SHE HURT YOUR PETTY PRIDE, YOU'VE HAD HER HURT AND TORTURED FOR TEN THOUSAND YEARS.

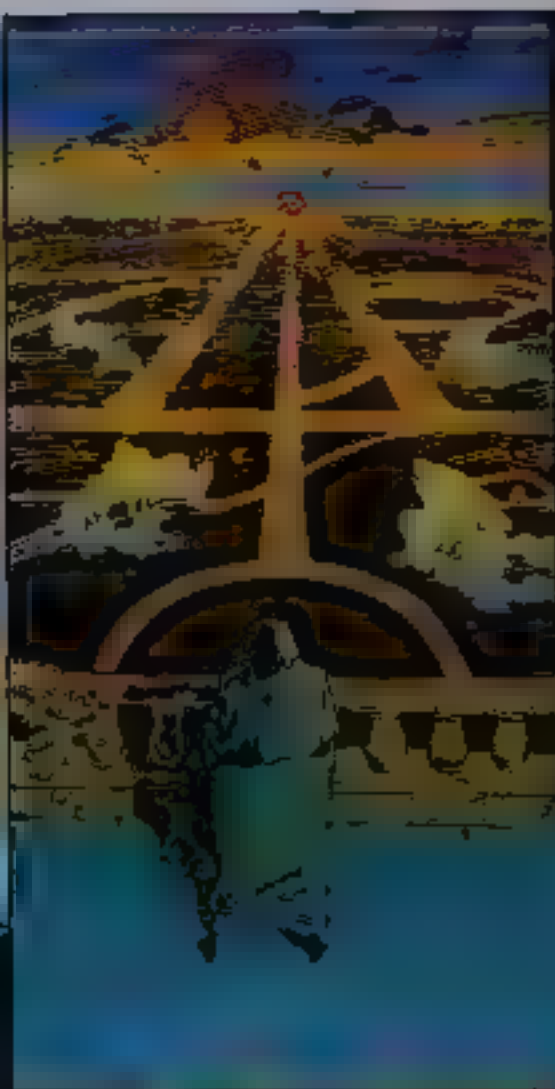


ENOUGH!  
YOU HAVE SAID ENOUGH, AND MORE THAN ENOUGH. WHY I SHOULD--



YOU WILL DO NOTHING IN THIS PLACE, MY BROTHER







YOU HEARD what Desire said. HOW it addressed me. WHAT it INSULTED. WHAT it IMPLIED. YOU HEARD?

If Destiny had not intervened, I would have...

perhaps...  
But none of you spoke out for me when Desire talked of Nada that way...

Sister...you KNOW how I felt for Nada once. What I feel for her STILL. But she DEFIED me. I gave her due warning, and STILL she spurned me, SO...

YEAH. WELL, IT'S PROBABLY A GOOD JOB THAT DESTINY DID INTERVENE, THEN

I MEAN, DESIRE WAS JUST TRYING TO GET YOU GOING TRYING TO UPSET YOU WASN'T THAT OBVIOUS?

SO YOU SENTENCED HER TO HELL

DESIRE WAS RIGHT

WHAT?



WELL, MAYBE NOT ABOUT EVERYTHING. BUT RIGHT ABOUT NADA. ANYWAY YOU DID A TERRIBLE THING TO THAT POOR GIRL. YOU ACTED APPALLINGLY

YOU TOO? Even YOU turn on me, my sister?

OH JUST SHUT UP AND LET ME FINISH. YOU CAN SHOUT AT ME AFTERWARDS



NADA LOVED YOU SHE REALLY DID.

NOW, MAYBE DESIRE HAD MORE TO DO WITH THAT AND WITH YOUR REACTION TO NADA'S LOVE. THAN THE SAYING THAT DOESN'T MATTER

BECAUSE NADA WAS RIGHT



IT IS BAD NEWS FOR US TO GET INVOLVED WITH THEM YOU KNOW THAT

I would have made her a goddess

MAYBE SHE DIDN'T WANT TO BE A GODDESS. LITTLE BROTHER DID YOU EVER CONSIDER THAT?



ANYWAY, CONDEMNING HER TO AN ETERNITY IN HELL, JUST BECAUSE SHE TURNED YOU DOWN..

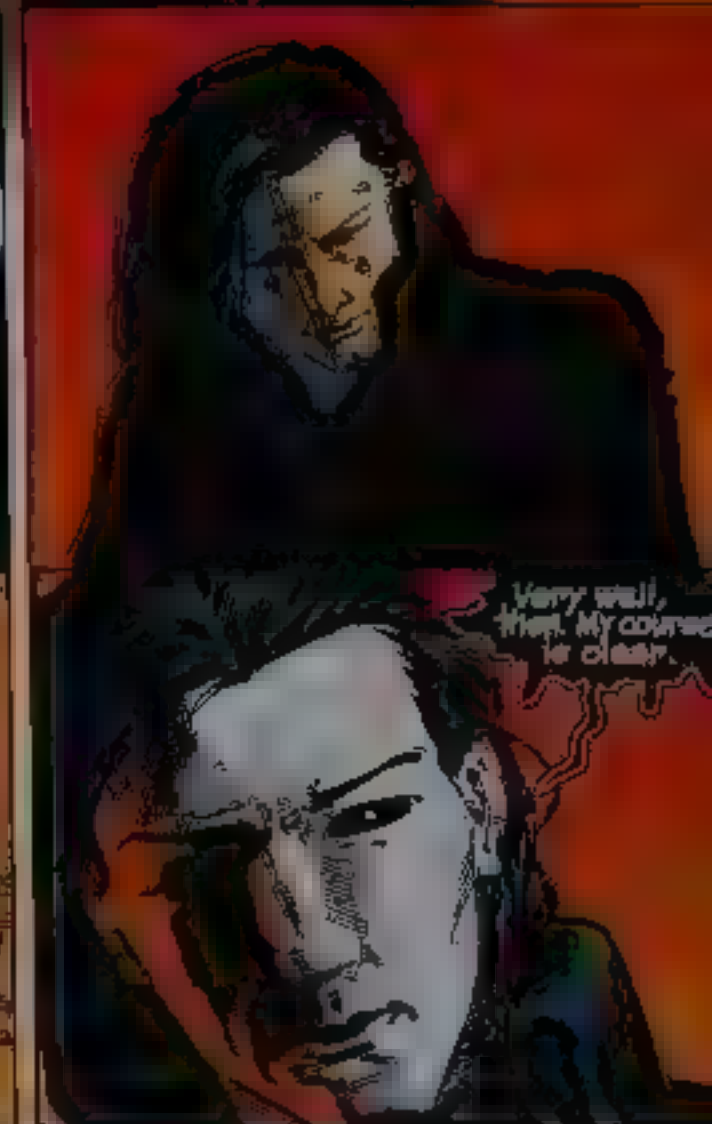
THAT'S A REALLY SHITTY THING TO DO

OKAY, I'VE FINISHED YOU CAN SHOUT AT ME NOW



Is this how you feel? Truly? That I have not behaved fittingly? That I have been unjust?

YES



Very well, then. My course is clear.



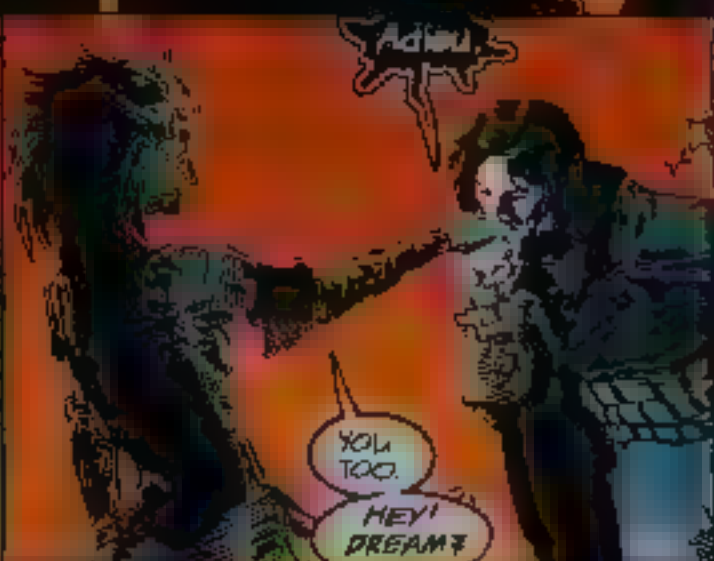
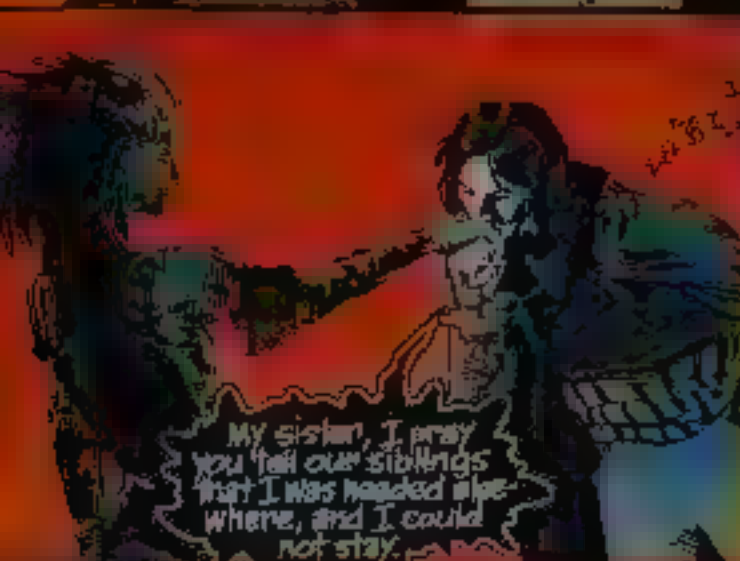
I had not wished to return to Hell. Not yet. Lucifer Morningstar is not one to forgive a slight, nor to forget an injury.

But if I have committed a wrong, then I have but one course.

It must be made right.

I must go to my own realm, first, to prepare.


And then, though it might mean my doom, I must journey to Hell.









IDIOT




UM HE SAID.  
GORYY, BUT HE HAD  
TO TAKE OFF




SO, UM, MAYBE WE  
OUGHT TO SIT AND TALK  
SOME MORE YOU KNOW,  
WITHOUT HIM



TALK FURTHER  
SISTER? THERE  
IS NO NEED



HE IS  
RETURNING TO  
HELL



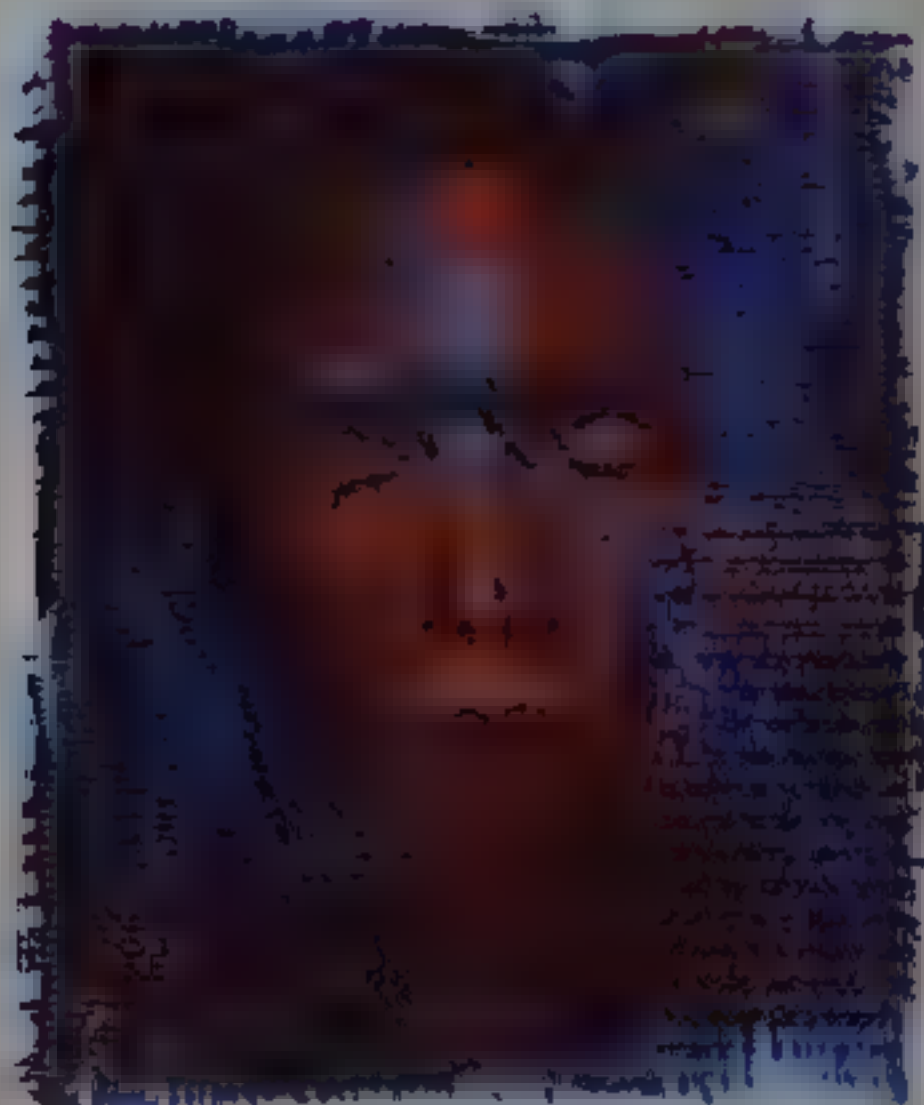
IT HAS  
BEGUN



Q

N WHICH THE LORD OF DREAMS  
MAKES PREPARATIONS TO VISIT  
THE REALMS INFERNAL;  
FAREWELL'S ARE SAID; A TOAST  
IS DRUNK; AND IN HELL THE  
ADVERSARY MAKES CERTAIN  
PREPARATIONS OF HIS OWN.

On Helen Love and other poets known  
DEEPER AND DEEPER  
henceforth in by Helen K. Love





ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE  
WAS A PLACE THAT WASN'T  
A PLACE

HAD MANY NAMES: AVERNUS,  
SHEENNA, TARTARUS, HADES,  
ABADDON, SHEOL.

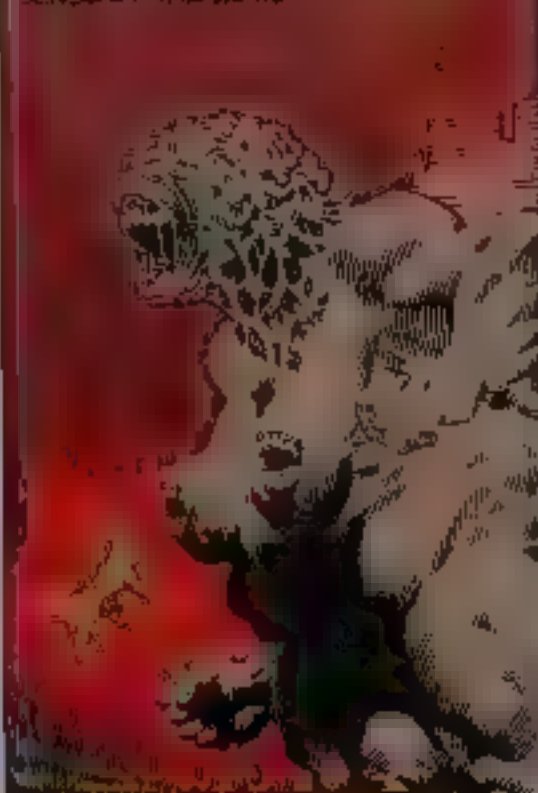
IT WAS AN INFERNO OF PAIN  
AND FLAME AND ICE WHERE  
EVERY NIGHTMARE HAD COME  
TRUE LONG SINCE.

WE'LL CALL IT HELL.



IT WAS NOT CONSIDERED A PLEASANT  
PLACE BY THE MAJORITY OF ITS  
INHABITANTS, HOWEVER BEING DEAD  
AND BEING THERE (AS THEY IMAGINED)  
AGAINST THEIR WILL, THEIR OPINIONS  
COUNTED FOR LITTLE.

THE OTHER INHABITANTS OF THIS PLACE  
WERE NOT DEAD, HOWEVER NEITHER  
WERE THEY ALIVE IN ANY BIK'LIKAL  
SENSE OF THE WORD.



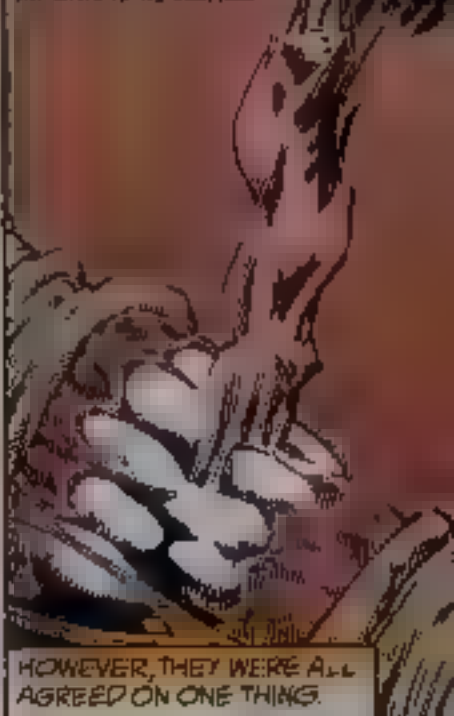
HUMANITY CALLED THEM DEMONS  
WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING WHAT  
IT HAD NAMED.

AND INDEED, HAD HELL BEEN  
PLEASANT, THEY WOULD HAVE  
FELT CHEATED. THEY WERE  
THERE FOR PAIN, FOR  
SUFFERING, FOR  
TORMENT.



WHICH THEY  
RECEIVED IN  
ABUNDANCE.

THERE WAS  
LITTLE THAT  
DEMONKIND  
HAD IN COMMON  
WITH THE  
LEGIONS OF  
DAMNED SOULS  
WITH WHOM THEY  
SHARED THE  
INFERNAL MARCHES.



HOWEVER, THEY WERE ALL  
AGREED ON ONE THING.

THIS WAS AS BAD  
AS IT GOT.

IT COULDN'T  
GET ANY WORSE.

SO THIS IS YOUR LIBRARY  
HMM, LUCIEN? IT'S A BIG  
PLACE

WHAT'S SO  
SPECIAL ABOUT  
IT, THEN?

THE MAN WHO WAS READER  
OF K. CHRISTOPHER  
POLY-NAME BARTON  
SAYS BOWEN GARELL  
THE COUNCIL OF SOUTHERN  
WISDOM (SOUTHERN)  
THE RETURN OF BOWEN  
CHAMBERLAIN  
THE LAMAR UP EXCIT  
LAW, SOUTHERN FIRE  
THE GARY SAYS PAIN  
LAMP PAIN  
ONE CAN BE MURDER  
KIMBERLY  
POWELL AND STIVES  
RE MEMORIALS

THEY'RE  
JUST  
BOOKS.

OH YES. BUT UNUSUAL BOOKS  
YOU'LL FIND NONE OF THEM ON EARTH  
IN THIS SECTION, FOR EXAMPLE, ARE NOVELS  
THEIR AUTHORS NEVER WROTE, OR NEVER  
FINISHED. EXCEPT IN DREAMS

MM I WAS NEVER A BIG READER  
TO BE HONEST I WAS MORE A MAN  
OF ACTION WHEN I WAS ALIVE

ANYWAY, YOU MUST  
BE PLEASED TO HAVE  
THE LIBRARY BACK

OH, IT'S A VERY UNUSUAL  
LIBRARY MATTHEW SOMEWHERE  
IN HERE IS EVERY STORY THAT  
HAS EVER BEEN DREAMED

I AM THE  
KEEPER OF THE  
LIBRARY MATTHEW  
WITHOUT IT I AM  
NOTHING

WERE IT TO BE  
DESTROYED AGAIN,  
IT WOULD DESTROY  
ME AS WELL

YEATZ-  
SAY WATCH  
THIS

NEVERMORE!

GOOD,  
HUNT?

THE COMPLETE POE  
IS IN THE SOUTHERN ANNEX ALL  
THE BOOKS AND TALES AND  
PLAYS AND POEMS HE NEVER  
WROTE, ALL HERE WOULD YOU LIKE  
ME TO READ SOME TO YOU?

HUNT? LUCIEN, I  
WAS DOING PETER LORRE  
IN THAT ROGER CORMAN  
MOVIE

Lucien,  
Matthew.  
We must  
talk.

I will  
be in the  
Great  
Hall.

IMMEDIATELY,  
LORRE





I DIDN'T  
KNOW HE COULD  
DO THAT

MATTHEW  
OUR LORD IS  
DREAM

THIS IS HIS  
CASTLE, HIS SEAT  
OF POWER, AT THE  
HEART OF THE  
DREAMING



IN THIS  
PLACE, HE CAN  
DO WHATEVER  
HE WISHES



ONE MOMENT I MUST LOCK THE  
DOOR. CAN I HAVE ANY BOOKS  
GETTING OUT

I WONDER  
WHY HE WANTS TO  
TALK TO US

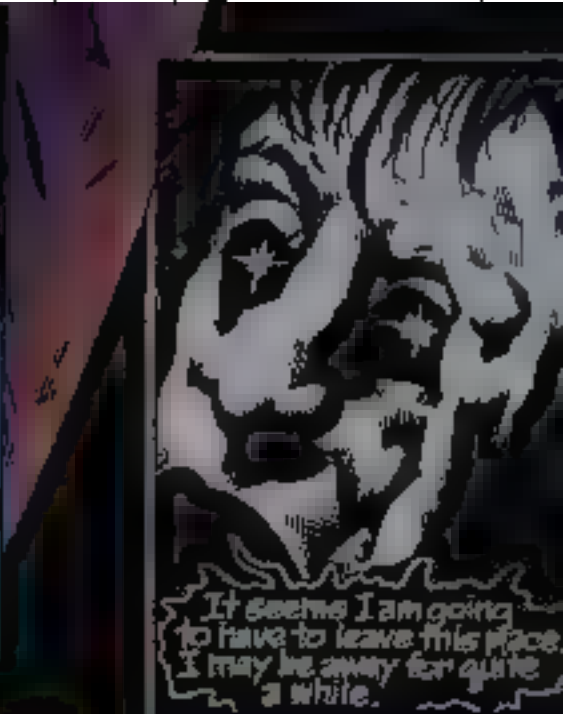
I, UH  
DON'T THINK HE  
JUST WANTS  
TO TALK TO US  
LUCIEN



GANGWAY,  
AMIBOS!

I THINK HE  
WANTS TO TALK  
TO EVERYBODY





# SEASON of MISTS Chapter = 1

at which time it is a common practice to give the  
most the value of the scene for well as the  
a drama and in fact the advantage makes  
preparation of the work

Written by NEIL GAIMAN  
Drawn by KELLEY JONES  
Inked by MALCOLM JONES III  
Colored by STEVE CLIFF  
Lettered by TODD KLEIN  
Asst. Editor TOM PEYER  
Editor KAREN BERGER

Featuring characters created by  
GAIMAN, KIETH and PRINGENBERG

Two years ago I returned to this realm after an enforced silence.



During that time, the Dreaming decayed. Badly.

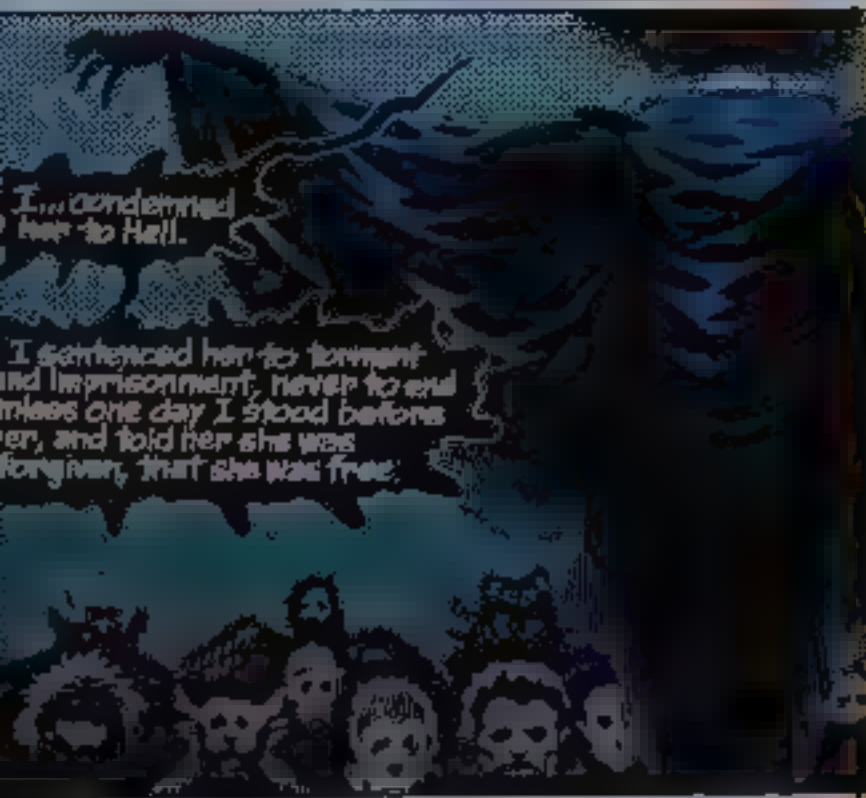
Now it appears I must leave you once more.



Let me explain.

Some time ago, I entered into a brief relationship with a mortal woman.

For a number of reasons, the relationship did not terminate in a satisfactory manner, and, against my wishes, the lady killed herself.



I...condemned her to Hell.

I sentenced her to torment and imprisonment, never to end unless one day I stood before her, and told her she was forgiven, that she was free.



She has been there now ten thousand years.

Her name is Hades.



It has been pointed out to me...that I may have acted hastily. Mistakenly. Wrongly.

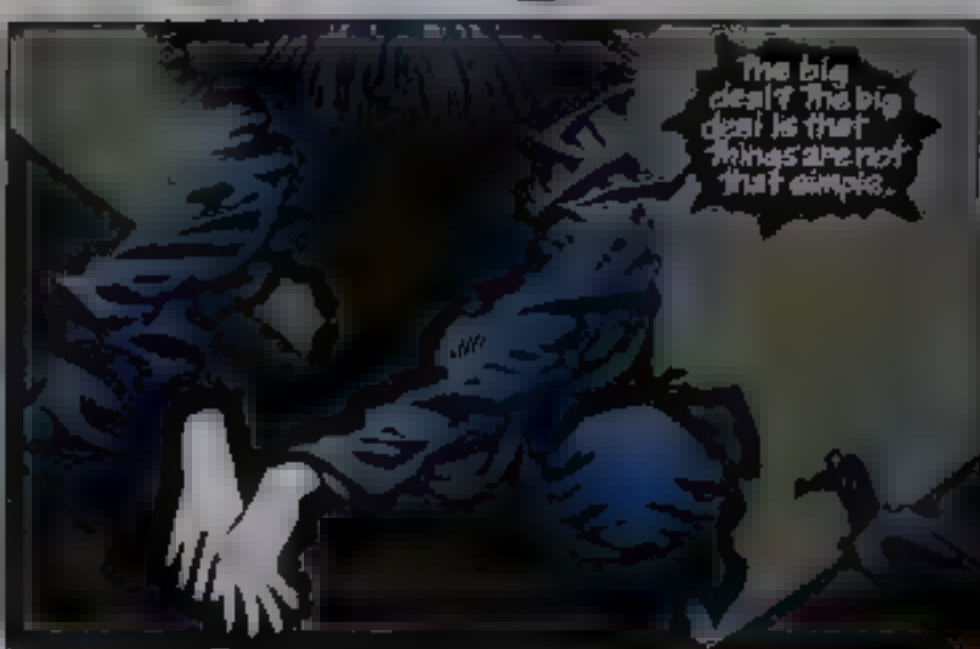
That what I did was not honorable.

So I intend to go to Hades, and set her free.

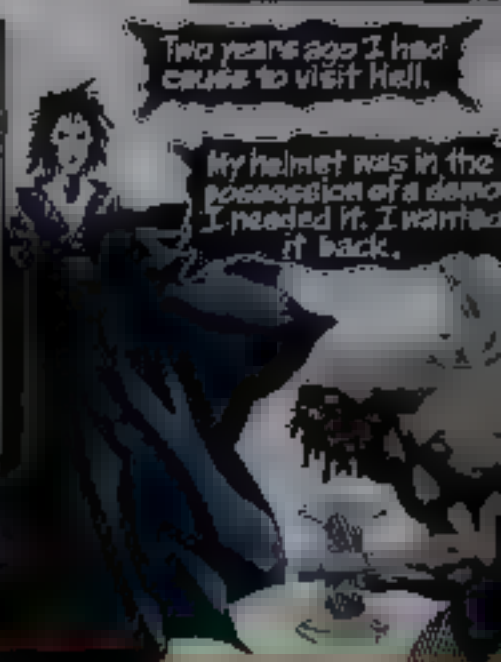




SOF YOU GO TO HELL, YOU TELL HER SHE CAN GO NOW, TO COME BACK WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?

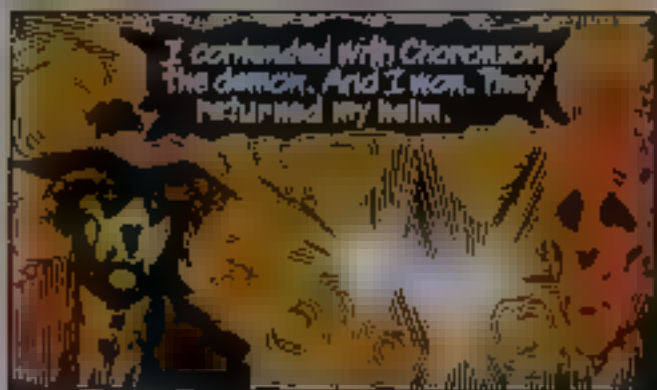


The big deal? The big deal is that things are not that simple.

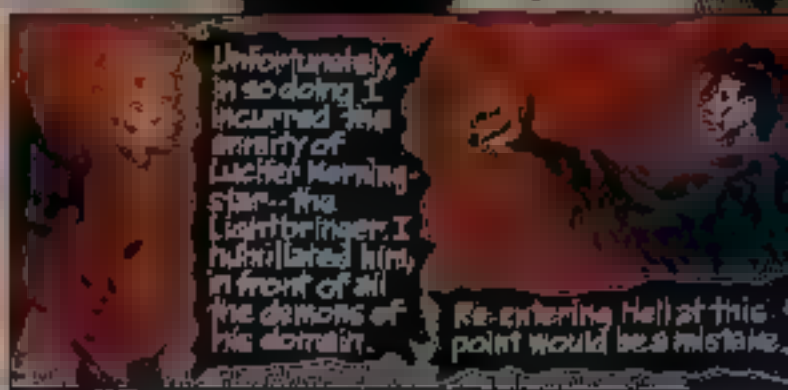


Two years ago I had cause to visit Hell.

My helmet was in the possession of a demon. I needed it. I wanted it back.

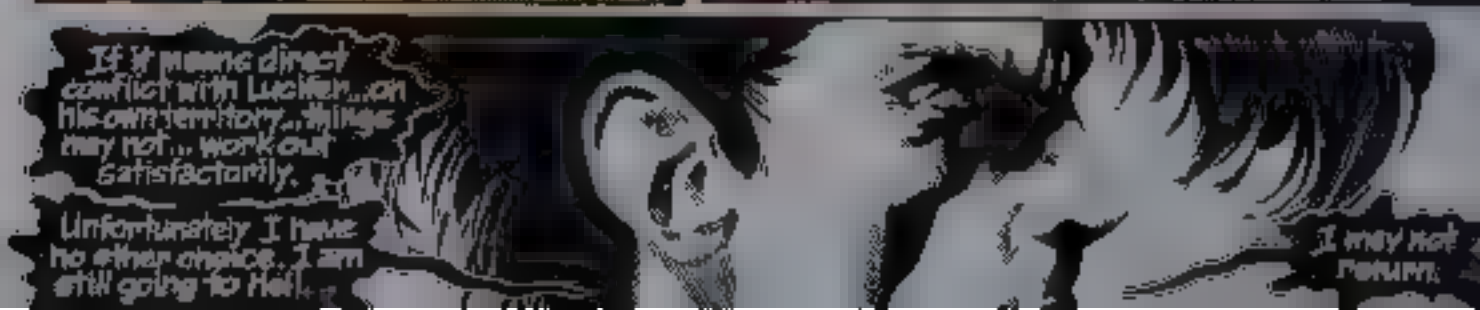


I contended with Chronoson, the demon. And I won. They returned my helm.



Unfortunately, in so doing I incurred the enmity of Lucifer Morningstar... the Lightbringer. I humiliated him in front of all the demons of his domain.

Re-entering Hell at this point would be a mistake.



If it means direct conflict with Lucifer... on his own territory... things may not... work out satisfactorily.

Unfortunately I have no other choice. I am still going to Hell.

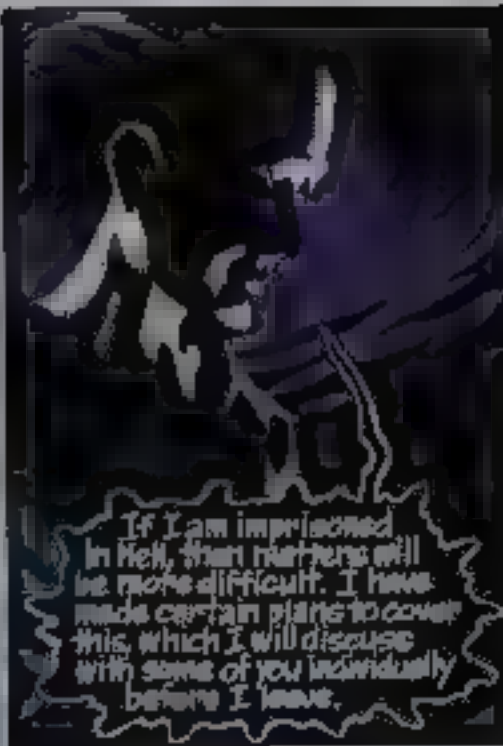
I may not return.



If I am destroyed, another aspect of Dream will fill my shoes. I trust you all will make my re-assumption of the role an easy one.

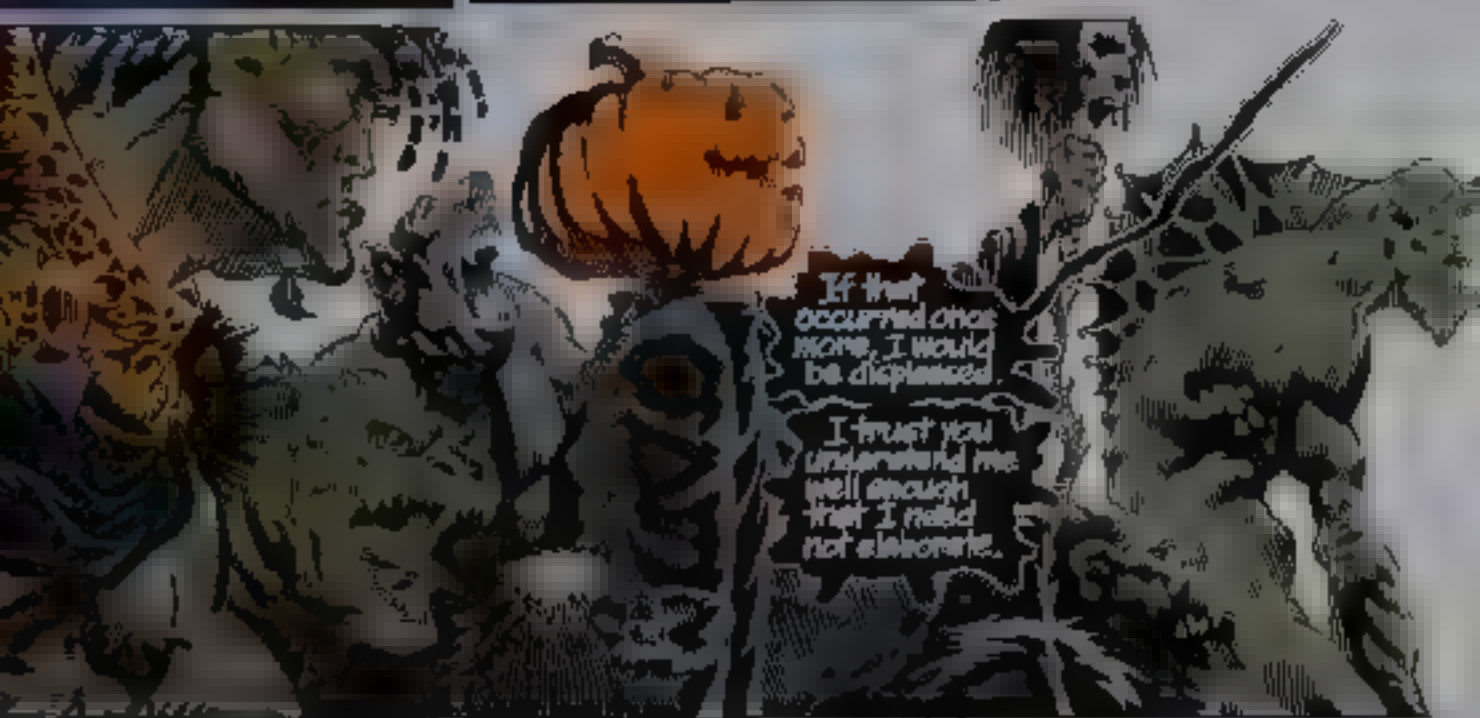


If I am imprisoned in Hell, then matters will be more difficult. I have made certain plans to cover this, which I will discuss with some of you individually before I leave.



However, let me make one thing quite clear. I do not wish to see this world fall into ruins.

I do not want to see a repeat of what occurred the last time I was gone.



If that occurred once more, I would be displeased.

I trust you understand me well enough that I need not elaborate.

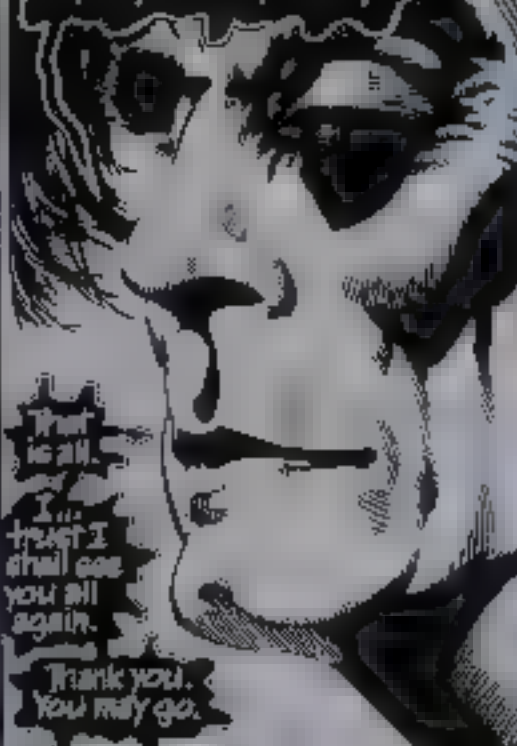
Perhaps I will meet with no opposition in Hell. Perhaps whatever opposition I encounter may be easily dealt with. Perhaps...



Perhaps this audience is unnecessary.

Perhaps not.

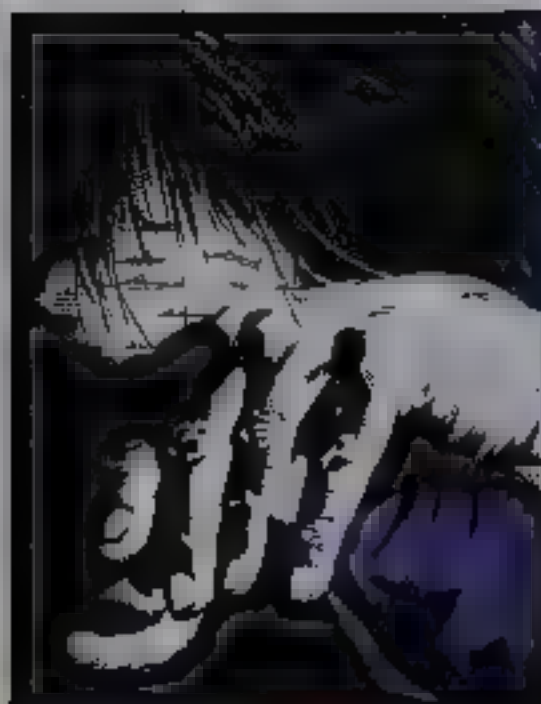
After all, I would not like any of you worry unduly.



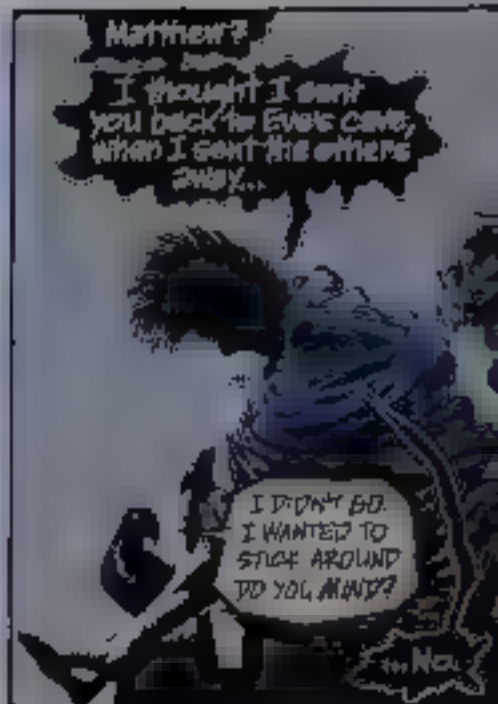
That is all. I... trust I shall see you all again.

Thank you. You may go.





CHEER UP I'LL  
BE FINE YOU LL SEE  
I'LL BE FINE



Matthew?

I thought I sent  
you back to Eve's cave,  
when I sent the others  
away...

I DIDN'T GO.  
I WANTED TO  
STICK AROUND  
TO YOU, MATE?

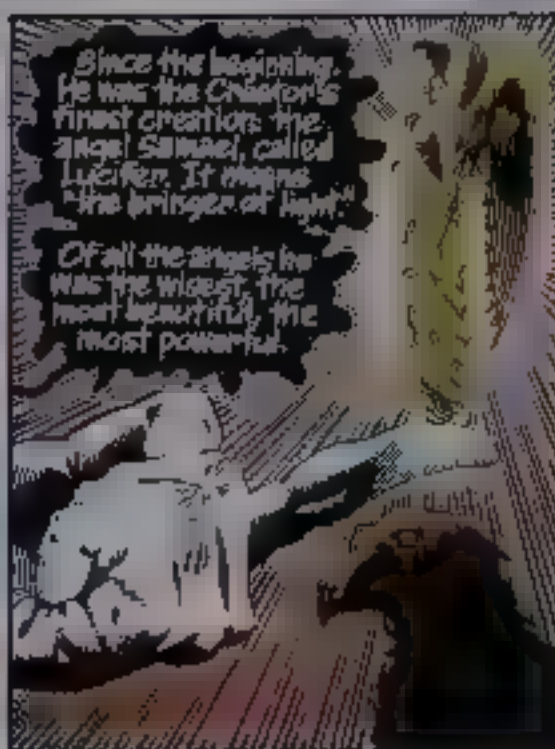
THE NO



SO THERE'S REALLY A LUCIFER  
HUN? I MEAN, I KNEW THERE  
WAS A HELL

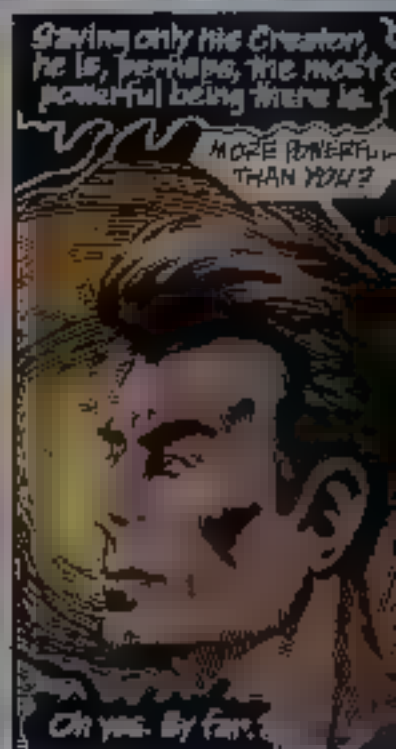
YSEE, I DID THIS  
DEAL ONCE BUT IT  
ALL TURNED TO SHIT.

WHAT IS HE  
LIKE? HAVE  
YOU KNOWN  
HIM LONG?



Since the beginning,  
he was the Creator's  
first creation: the  
angel Samael, called  
Lucifer. It means  
"the bringer of light."

Of all the angels he  
was the wisest, the  
most beautiful, the  
most powerful.



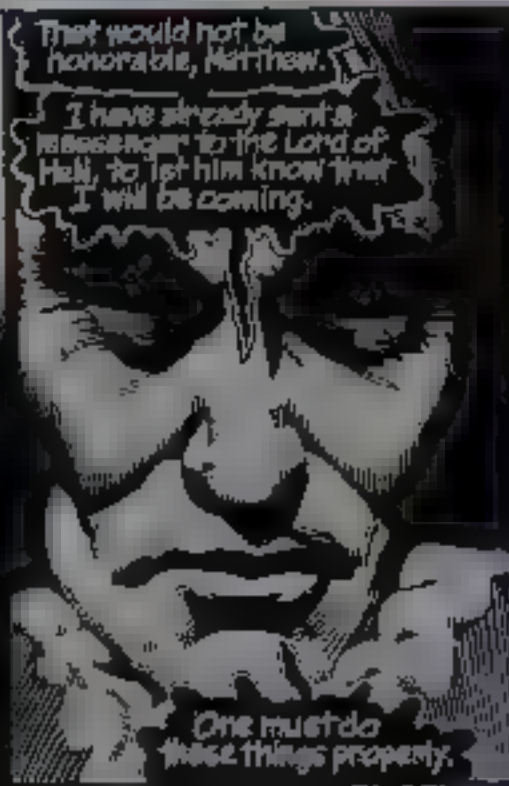
Saving only his Creator,  
he is, perhaps, the most  
powerful being there is.

MORE POWERFUL  
THAN YOU?

Oh yes. By far.



WELL AT  
LEAST YOU'VE  
GOT THE ELEMENT  
OF SURPRISE  
ON YOUR SIDE.



That would not be  
honorable, Matthew.

I have already sent a  
messenger to the Lord of  
Hell, to let him know that  
I will be coming.

One must do  
these things properly.



SMART  
BOSS

REAL  
SMART







MESSAGE YES  
RIGHT UM

AHEM "FROM  
THE LORD OF THE  
DREAMWORLD,  
PRINCE OF SLEEP,  
MONARCH OF THE  
SLEEPING MARCHES,  
HIS DARKNESS  
DREAM OF THE  
ENDLESS, TO HIS  
INFERNAL MAJESTY,  
LUCIFER CALLED  
MORNINGSTAR  
GREETINGS

"OUR RIGHT  
TRUSTY AND WELL-  
BELOVED COUSIN"

NO, NOT THE  
MESSAGE JUST  
THE CONCEPT

HE IS COMING  
HERE HE HOPES YOU  
WILL ALLOW HIM ACCESS  
TO YOUR REALM. BUT  
WHETHER YOU WILL  
OR NO, HE IS COMING

THERE.

25

SHALL WE TAKE  
HIM OUT AND  
DESTROY HIM  
NOW, SIRE?

EACH  
H,2H  
FAZSHE

YOU CANNOT  
HURT HIM WE MAY  
NOT GIVE YOU OUR  
PERMISSION

CAM IS UNDER  
THE PROTECTION OF  
ONE FAR GREATER  
THAN THE LORD  
OF DREAMS

"AND THE LORD SAID UNDO HIM,  
THEREFORE WHOSOEVER SLEETH  
CAM, VENGEANCE SHALL BE  
TAKEN ON HIM SEVENFOLD. AND  
THE LORD SET A MARK UPON  
CAM, LEST ANY FINDING HIM  
SHOULD KILL HIM."

AND CAM WENT OUT  
FROM THE PRESENCE OF  
THE LORD, AND DWELT  
IN THE LAND OF NOD,  
ON THE EAST OF  
EDEN"

WHERE YOU  
STILL LIVE, EH?

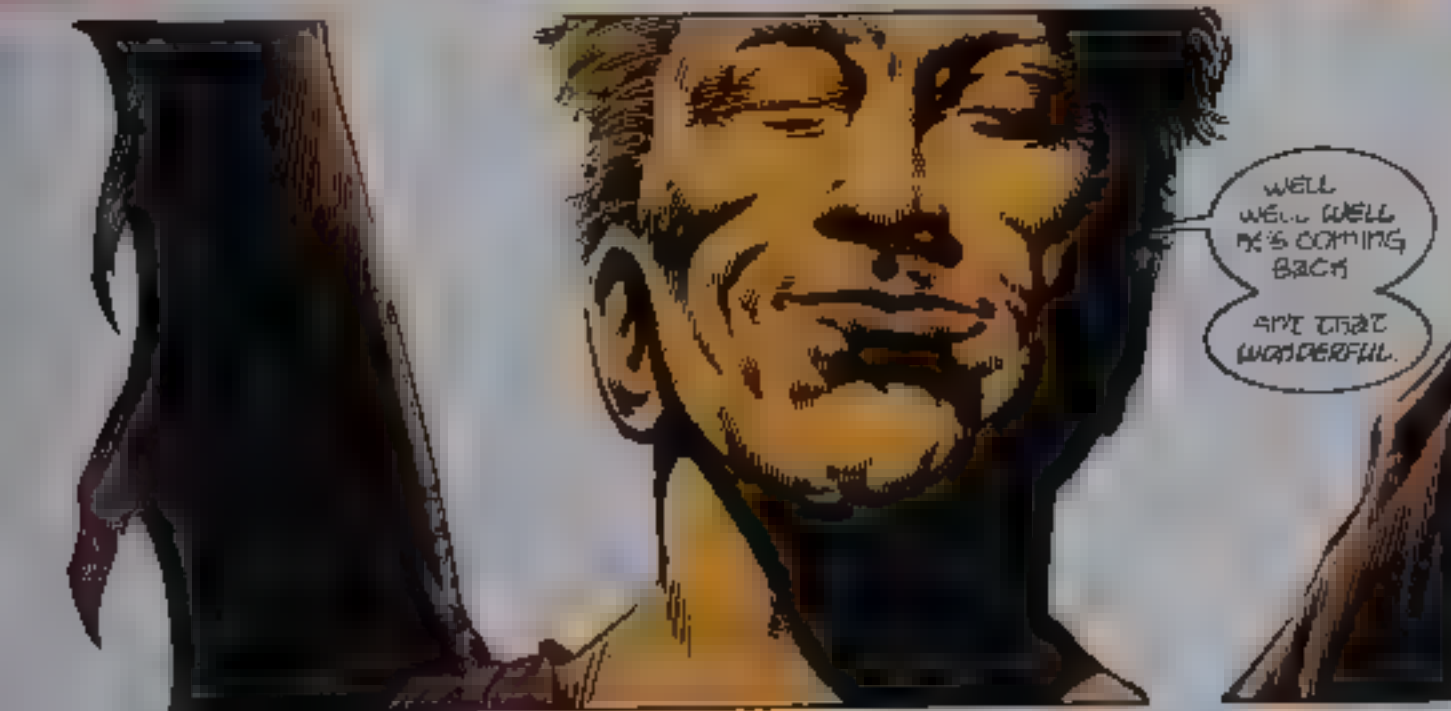
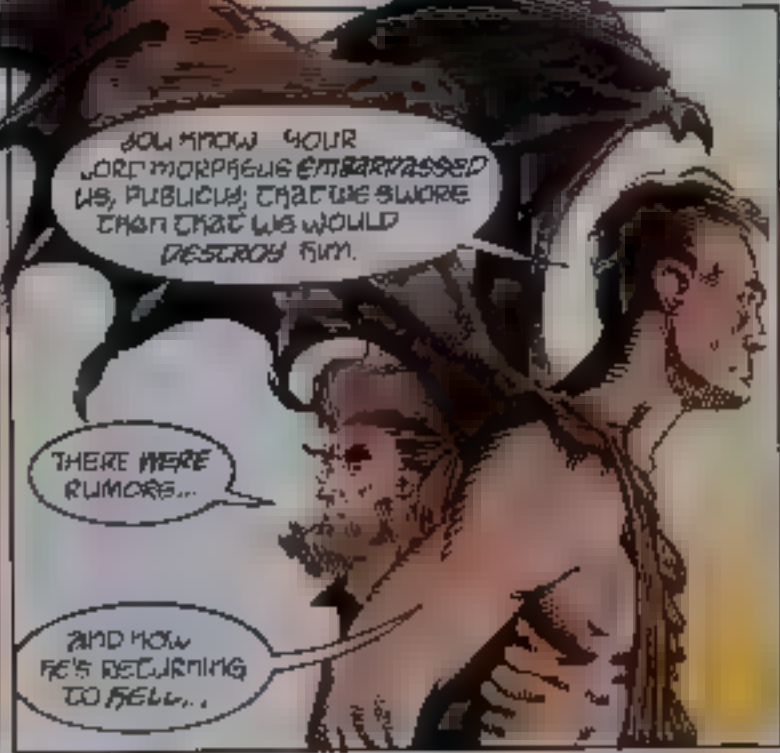
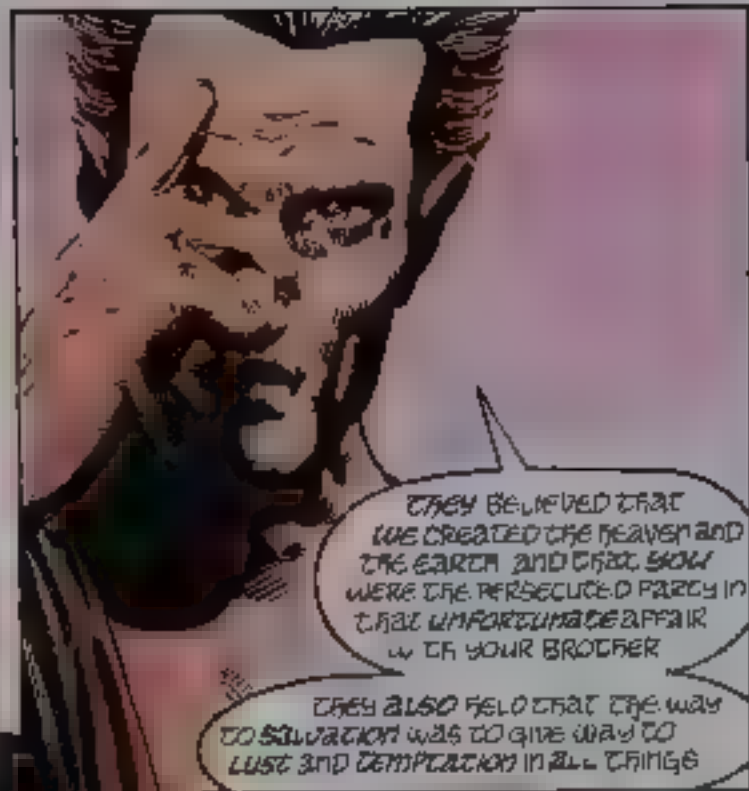
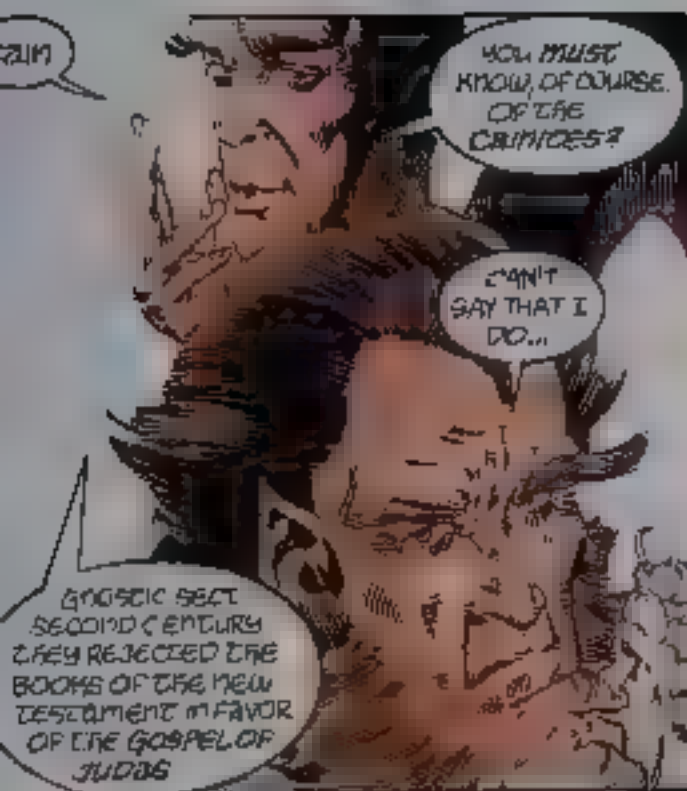
YOU'RE  
UNDER HIS  
PROTECTION DREAM  
WAS SENSIBLE TO  
SEND YOU AS HIS  
MESSENGER-ANY  
OTHER ANYONE  
WOULD HAVE BEEN  
RECLAIMED WITH  
HIS LIVER IN HIS  
MOUTH BUT HE  
KNEW THAT

LOOSE HIS  
BONDS AND  
LEAVE US.

WHAT NBY ROAD  
RUSSCIVAH.

DO YOU  
WISH TO MAKE  
US REPEAT  
OURSELVES?

NO, SIRE  
YOUR PARDON,  
SIRE.







HE SMILED AT ME  
DID YOU SEE THAT, LYTA?  
HE JUST SMILED!

I DON'T THINK THEY  
SMILE AT THAT AGE. CARLA  
IT WAS PROBABLY JUST GAS.  
HE'S ONLY A WEEK OLD

HMMH HAVE YOU  
GOT A NAME FOR HIM  
YET?

NOT ONE I LIKE I WAS GOING  
TO CALL HIM STEVE, AFTER MY FATHER,  
OR HECTOR AFTER, WELL, AFTER  
HECTOR BUT WHEN HE WAS BORN

HE DOESN'T  
LOOK LIKE A  
STEVE OR A  
HECTOR DOES  
HE?

MIM I DUNNO HE JUST LOOKS  
LIKE A BABY SORT OF BALD  
AND JUST BOILED.

BUT HON, YOU'RE GOING  
TO HAVE TO FIND A NAME FOR  
HIM. YOU CAN'T JUST CALL HIM  
"THING" OR "HEY YOU"  
HALL

I'VE STILL  
GOT A WHILE  
I'LL THINK OF  
ONE

HAD ANY OTHER IDEAS ABOUT  
WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO BE DANCING?

Y'LL MEAN LIKE BRINGING  
UP "HEY YOU" HALL ISN'T  
GOING TO KEEP ME BUSY  
ENOUGH?

NO.  
NO IDEAS  
YET

BUT I WILL DO SOMETHING WHEN HE'S  
A BIT BIGGER. MAYBE GO BACK TO SCHOOL

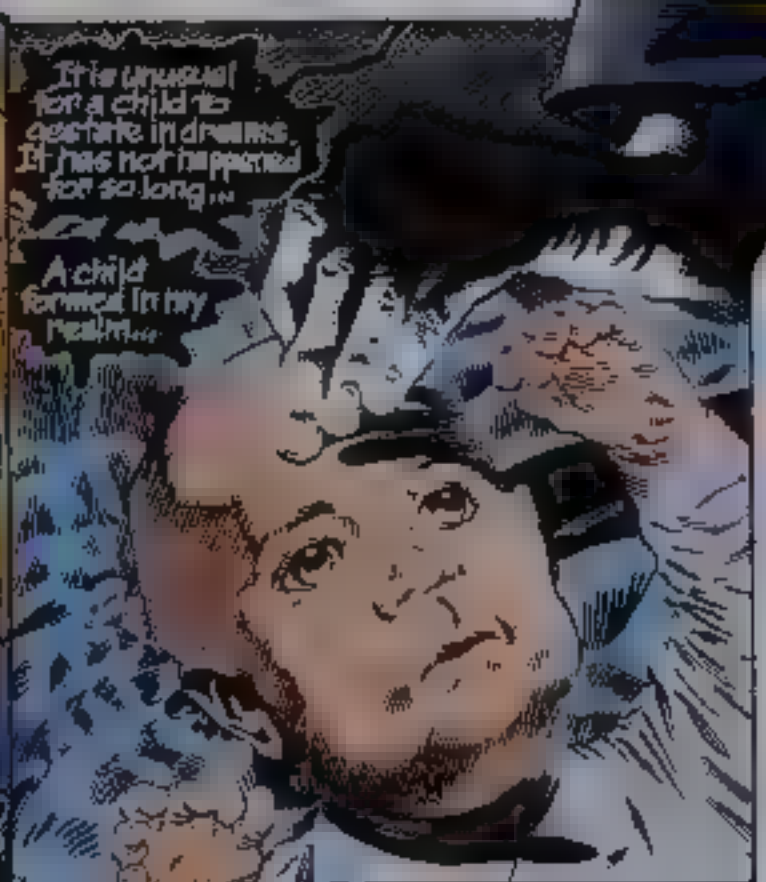
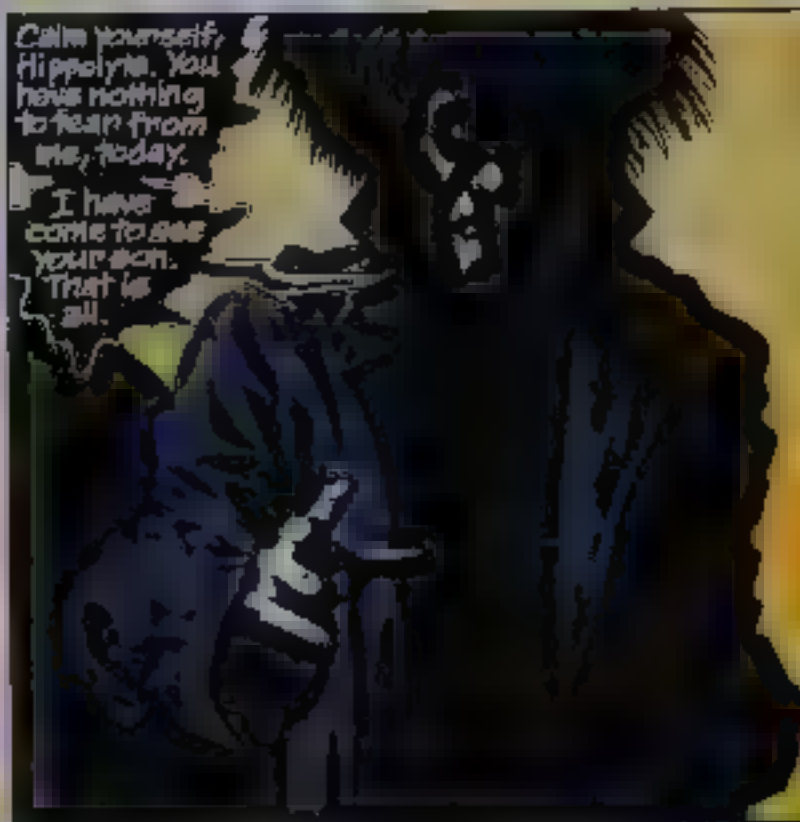
I DON'T THINK I COULD GO BACK  
TO THE COSTUME STUFF, NOW NOT  
WITH HECTOR GONE IT WOULDN'T  
BE THE SAME.

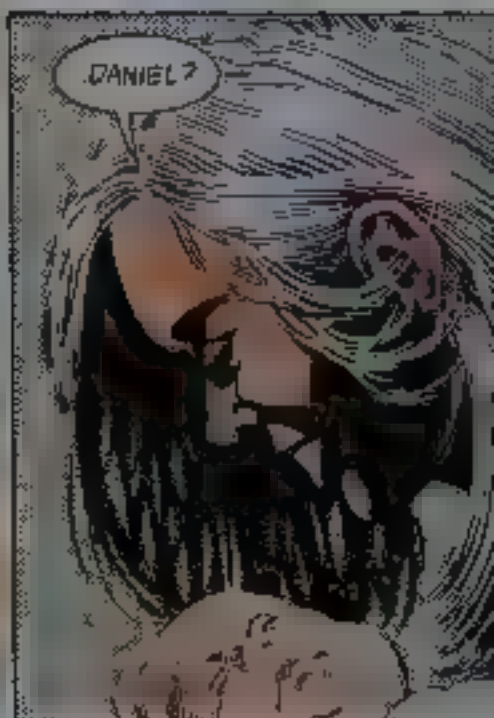
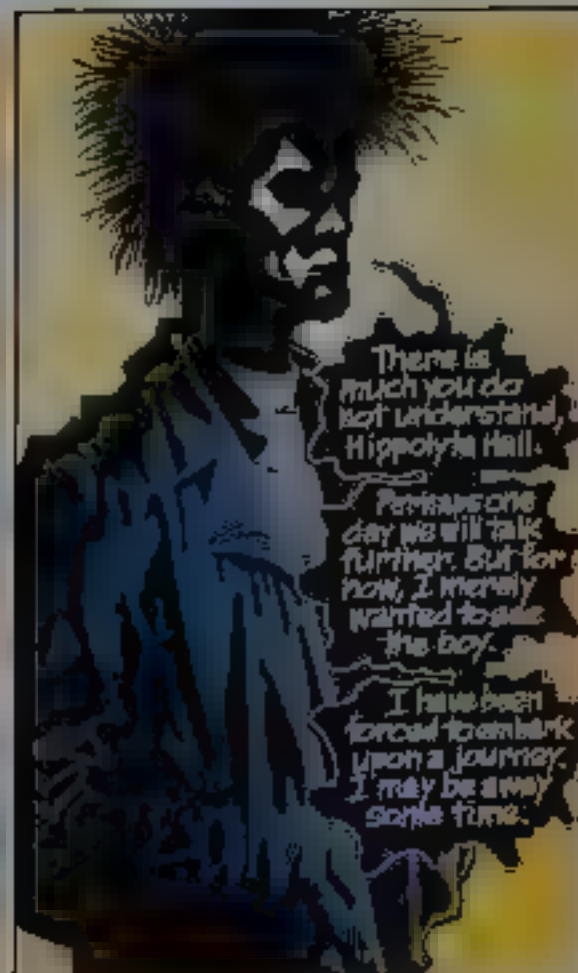
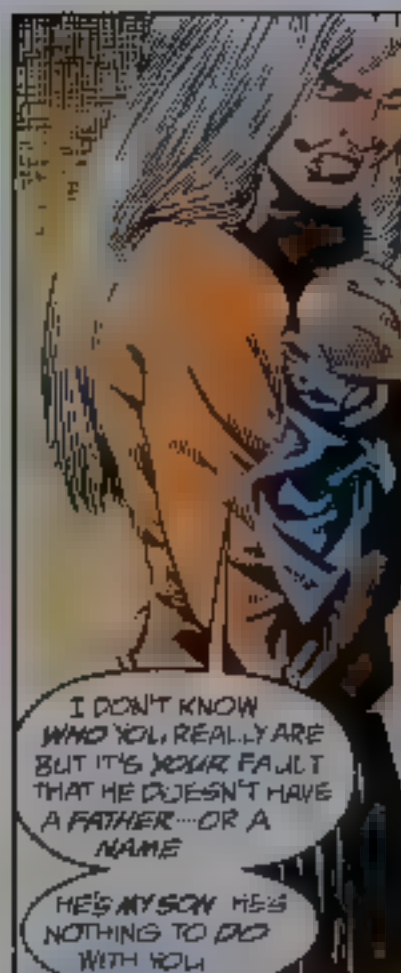
I'VE GOT A WHILE. AND MONEY'S NOT  
A PROBLEM. I DUNNO - I'LL FIGURE  
SOMETHING OUT ANYWAY-- THANKS  
FOR COMING OVER, CARLA

AW I STILL CAN'T  
GET OVER HIS CUTEY-WOOTIE  
WIDDLE HANDS.

ME NEITHER  
LISTEN, I'LL SEE  
YOU SOON  
OKAY?









I move from dreamer to dreamer, from dream to dream, hunting for what I need.

Slipping and sliding and flickering through dreams, and the dreamer's will waxes and wanes why this dream seemed different, wonder how real their lives can truly be.

One more person to see, then. One final goodbye to be said, and then to Hell.

To Nada.  
To Lucifer.

Here: in the dream of Cassie Larkspur, as her father, now long dead, walks her through the family cellar.

PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT MAN BEHIND THE CURTAIN MA CHÉRIE

There.





I'M SORRY, YOUR MAJESTY THE BASTARD HARD DISK'S CRASHED AGAIN BUT THIS HARDWARE'S STILL BETTER THAN ROGER BACON'S MECHANICAL HEAD

TIME IS,  
TIME WAS,  
TIME'S PAST,  
SIR ROBERT

BOLD  
AS BRASS,  
MA'AM



Hobbe  
might I  
intrude?

GOOD LORD!  
IT'S YOU

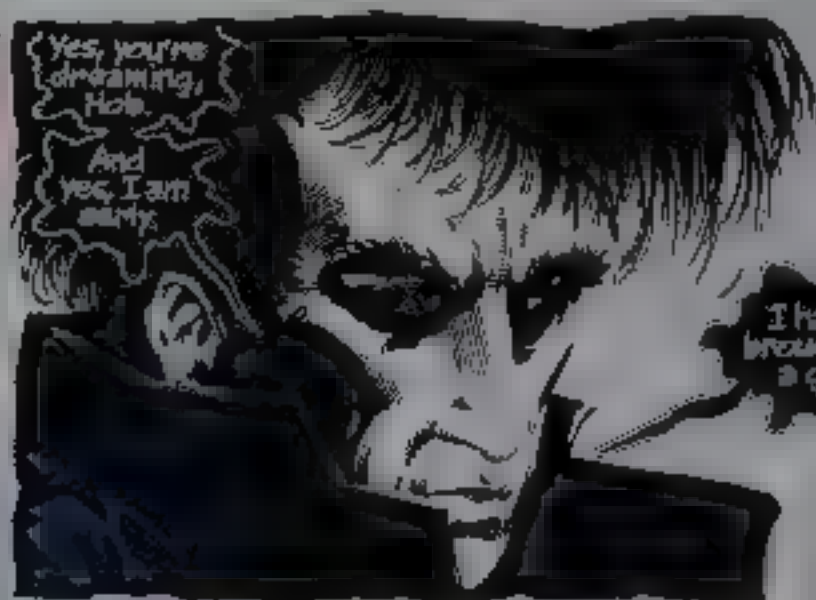
YOU'RE A  
BIT EARLY, AREN'T  
YOU? I THOUGHT  
YOU WEREN'T DUE  
FOR ANOTHER  
NINETY NINE  
YEARS



Yes, you're  
dreaming,  
Hobbe.

And  
yes, I am  
early.

I have  
brought you  
a gift.



HANG ON  
QUEEN BESS...  
A COMPUTER...  
YOU

BLOODY HELL  
I'M DREAMING,  
AREN'T I?

CHATEAU LAFITE  
1828? I DIDN'T THINK  
THERE WAS A BOTTLE  
OF THAT STUFF LEFT  
ON EARTH

I doubt there  
is. But a few bottles  
remain, in dreams.





IF THIS IS  
REALLY YOU, THEN  
YOU'RE PARTICULARLY  
EARLY. WHAT IS THE  
OCCASION? IS IT  
YOUR BIRTHDAY?

You must be  
here to have a  
birthday.

SORRY?



No, it is  
not my  
birthday.

I thought I ought  
to talk to you. You see,  
it is possible I may  
not be able to make our  
next meeting.



I am going on a journey.  
Perhaps I will return  
soon, perhaps not. I  
may be gone for a long  
time.



YOU KNOW, THE IDEA OF WHAT  
SOMEONE LIKE YOU CONSIDERS  
A LONG TIME SENDS SHIVERS  
DOWN MY SPINE



BUT YOU'LL  
DEFINITELY COME  
BACK, I SUPPOSE?  
EVENTUALLY?

Drink the wine,  
Hob Gadling.



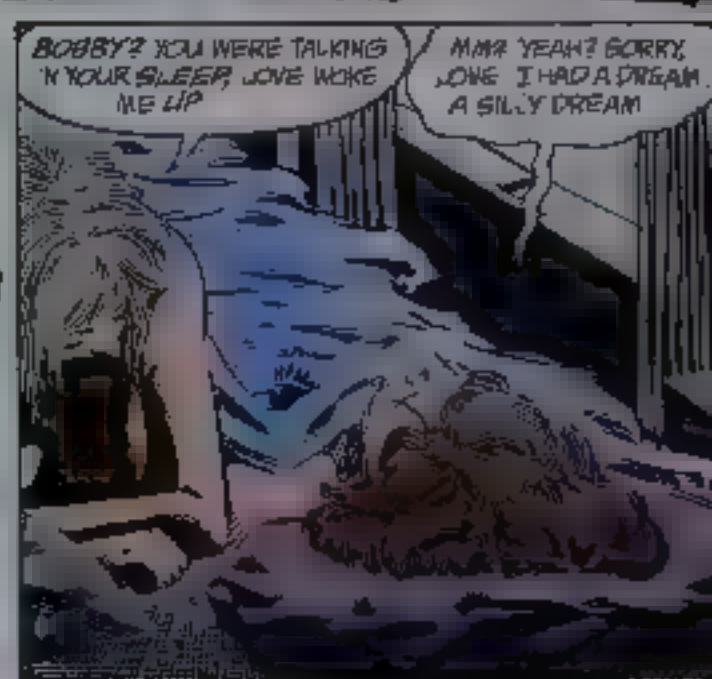
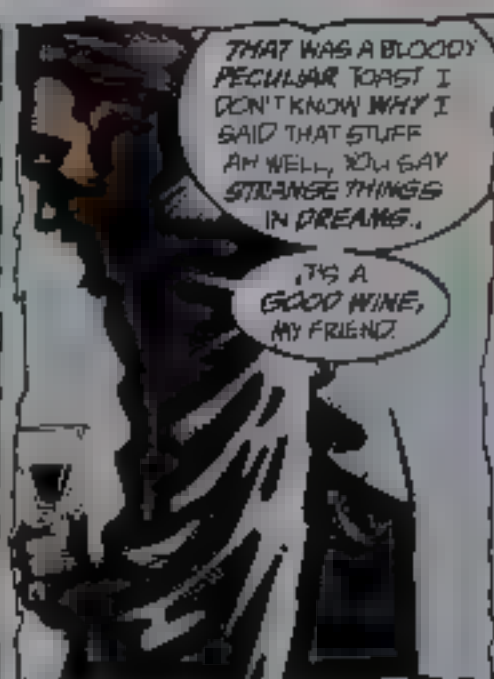
SHOULDN'T WE  
MAKE SOME KIND  
OF A TOAST?

If you wish,  
make a toast, then.



HANG ON A SECOND  
IF WE'RE GOING TO MAKE  
A TOAST, LET ME THINK  
OF A GOOD ONE...

GOT IT.  
LISTEN TO  
THIS.





LOW YOU IS OUR DOMAIN, FIRST-  
BORN MAN LOOK AT IT

WHAT DO  
YOU THINK?

SOME TO  
MILLIONS OF  
DEMONS TO AN  
UNCOUNTABLE  
NUMBER OF  
MORTAL SOULS.  
DO YOU THINK  
THEY ARE  
HAPPY?

AH  
AH  
AH

AH AH  
OHNO PLEASE  
OHNO

WHY JUST  
RECENTLY ONE OF  
THE MINOR DEMONS  
- SOME LITTLE YELLOW  
RATHER - DROUGHT  
TO DECLARE HIMSELF  
A KING OF HELL,  
TO USURP THE  
TRIUMVIRATE

IT CAME  
TO NOTHING  
THESE THINGS  
NEVER DO BUT  
PERHAPS IT MADE  
HIM HAPPY  
BRIEFLY

WHAT WE WONDER IS  
WHY THEY BOTHER THESE  
LITTLE DEMONS

THEY COME TO OUR  
PALACE AND SAY, "WE HAVE  
BATTLED THERE WILL BE A  
COALITION" WE SAY VERY  
WELL AND THEY OUST EACH  
OTHER AND DESTROY EACH  
OTHER AND IT MATTERS  
NOT.

OR THEY SAY, "LUCIFER,  
YOU ARE DEPOSED. YOU ARE  
NO LONGER KING OF HELL- AS IF  
MERELY SAYING SOMETHING  
WERE ENOUGH TO MAKE  
IT TRUE

THEY BELIEVE  
THEMSELVES LUCIFER'S  
EQUALS, CAN, ALL  
THESE PITIFUL LITTLE  
GHATS

BUT THERE IS ONLY ONE THAT WE  
HAVE EVER OWNED TO BE OUR SUPERIOR  
THERE IS BUT ONE GREATER THAN  
US AND TO HIM.

TO HIM  
WE NO LONGER  
SPEAK

OH THANK YOU LORD,  
THANK YOU THANK YOU  
THANK YOU THANK YOU.

STILL "BETTER  
TO REIGN IN HELL,  
THAN SERVE IN  
HEAVEN" EH  
LITTLE BROTHER  
MILTON?

SURE. CERTAINLY,  
LORD LUCIFER.  
WHATEVER YOU SAY,  
LORD LUCIFER.

WE DIDN'T  
SAY IT

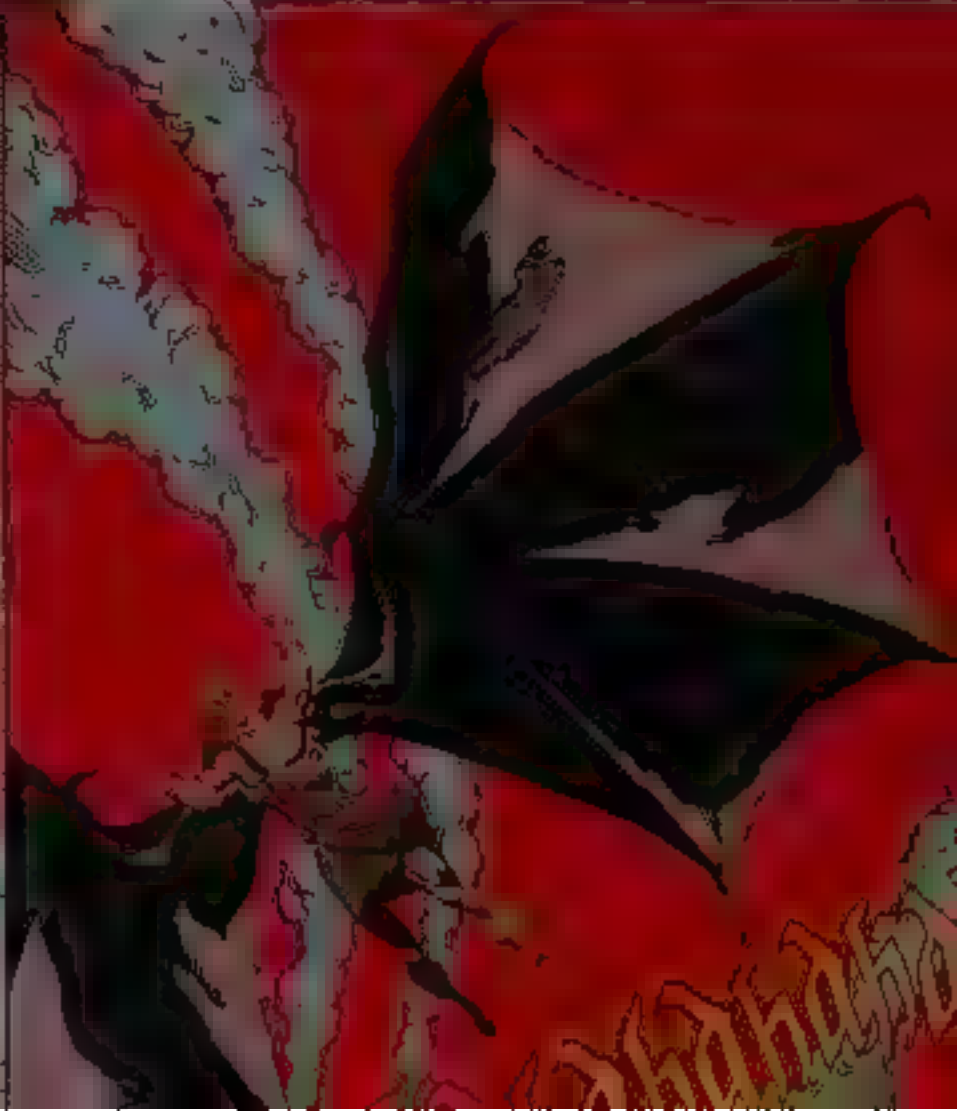
MILTON  
SAID IT

AND  
HE WAS  
BLIND.

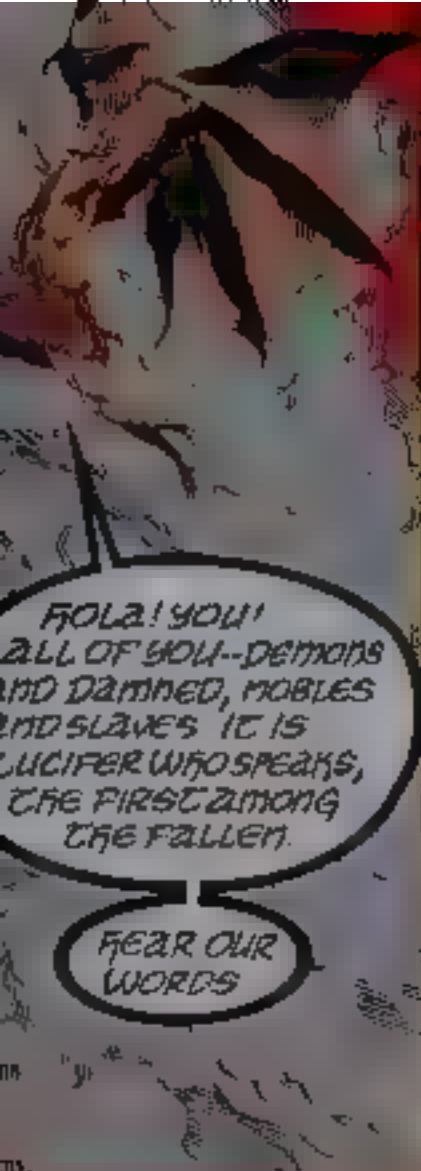
OH MY GO BACK TO YOUR  
MASTER TELL HIM WE RECEIVED  
HIS MESSAGE TELL HIM THAT  
WE WILL BE WAITING FOR  
HIM TELL HIM

TELL HIM THAT  
HELL IS ANTICIPATING  
HIS VISIT MOST  
AVIDLY

NOW GO





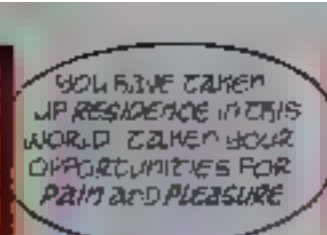


FOLA! YOU!  
ALL OF YOU--DEMONS  
AND DAMNED, NOBLES  
AND SLAVES IT IS  
LUCIFER WHO SPEAKS,  
THE FIRST AMONG  
THE FALLEN.

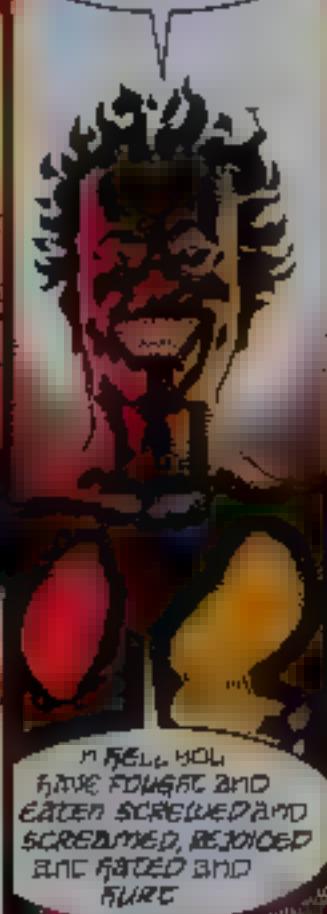
FEAR OUR  
WORDS



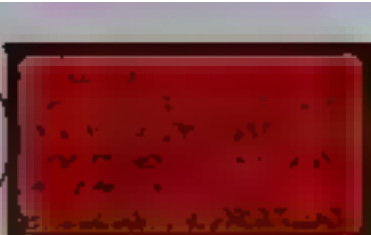
SINCE THEN ONE BY  
ONE, WILLINGLY OR  
OTHERWISE, EACH  
OF YOU HAS FOLLOWED  
US HERE



YOU HAVE TAKEN  
UP RESIDENCE IN THIS  
WORLD TAKEN YOUR  
OPPORTUNITIES FOR  
PAIN AND PLEASURE



IN HELL YOU  
HAVE FOUGHT AND  
EATEN, SCREWED AND  
SCREAMED, REJOICED  
AND FATED AND  
FURE



THE NEWS OF HIS  
VISIT HAS CRYSTALLIZED  
CERTAIN MATTERS  
WE HAVE BEEN  
PONDERING FOR  
MILLENNIA



LISTEN, DAMNED  
CHILDREN

THIS DAY MORPHEUS  
IS COMING TO US IN A  
FUTILE ATTEMPT TO FREE  
ONE HE LOVES FROM  
OUR DOMAIN.



BUT THIS DAY  
IN HELL THIS DAY  
YOU SHALL ALL  
REMEMBER FOR  
EVER

AND SO  
SHALL WE



"SIRE -- CAIN HAS  
RETURNED HE HAS  
GIVEN YOUR MESSAGE  
TO THE MORNINGSTAR"

"Ah, Where  
- is he?"


THERE,  
MY LORD

HIS EYES, MY LORD?  
I GAVE HIM YOUR  
MESSAGE HE SAYS HE'LL  
BE WAITING FOR  
YOU HE SAYS HE'S  
LOOKING FORWARD  
TO IT

MY LORD - HE IS  
MOST TERRIBLE HE  
HE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT  
MY MARK HE JUST  
DIDN'T CARE HE  
THOUGHT I WAS  
FUNNY


Rest, my  
servant. You  
have done  
well.

MY LORD  
I BEG YOU TO  
RECONSIDER PLEASE  
IT ISN'T TOO LATE



We do  
what we must,  
Lucien.

Sometimes we can  
choose the path we follow.  
Sometimes our choices  
are made for us.



And  
sometimes  
we have no  
choice at  
all.



Goodbye,  
Lucien.



FAREWELL  
MY LORD







IN WHICH THE LORD OF DREAMS  
RETURNS TO HELL AND HIS  
CONFRONTATION WITH THE LORD  
OF THAT REALM. A REMINIS-  
CENCE OF ROBERT AS HE WAS  
THE LAST TIME HE WAS KILLED  
THE SCENES OF HIS DEATH  
A KILLER'S EYE

## EPISODE 1



There is a wind that  
blows between the  
worlds. A cold wind.

It screams silently  
through the empty places,  
the nothing wind, traveling  
from nowhere to nowhere,  
in the Uncreated Wastes.

I am so cold.



This is not a place,  
after all. It is  
**BETWEEN** places.

This is **NOWHERE**.

A brief thought: I could stay  
here, abandon my quest, hang  
forever in the void, safe and  
cold and alone.

**NO.**

We do  
as we  
must do.

And already the wind is  
dying back, signaling the  
transition from nowhere  
to **WHERE**.

Already the mists  
are parting.

"Welcome to Hell!"  
I tell myself. And  
I am afraid.

Welcome to Hell.



The doors to  
hall are open.

There are entrances  
not well-guarded than  
this one, gates more  
poorly defended.

But I am here as friend  
of the King. I carry my  
letter of office. I am  
not a spy. I have no choice but to  
use the Main Gate.

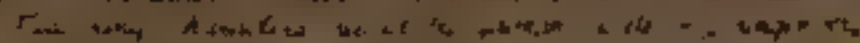
If necessary, I am  
prepared to storm the  
main gate. I have power  
enough to do that.

It is no great task  
to capture doors.

Enter the  
Court of  
Hall.

SECTION  
OF MARY  
Chapter = 2

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 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778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1041 1042 1043 1044 1045 1046 1047 1048 1049 1050 1051 1052 1053 1054 1055 1056 1057 1058 1059 1060 1061 1062 1063 1064 1065 1066 1067 1068 1069 1070 1071 1072 1073 1074 1075 1076 1077 1078 1079 1080 1081 1082 1083 1084 1085 1086 1087 1088 1089 1090 1091 1092 1093 1094 1095 1096 1097 1098 1099 1100 1101 1102 1103 1104 1105 1106 1107 1108 1109 1110 1111 1112 1113 1114 1115 1116 1117 1118 1119 1120 1121 1122 1123 1124 1125 1126 1127 1128 1129 1130 1131 1132 1133 1134 1135 1136 1137 1138 1139 1140 1141 1142 1143 1144 1145 1146 1147 1148 1149 1150 1151 1152 1153 1154 1155 1156 1157 1158 1159 1160 1161 1162 1163 1164 1165 1166 1167 1168 1169 1170 1171 1172 1173 1174 1175 1176 1177 1178 1179 1180 1181 1182 1183 1184 1185 1186 1187 1188 1189 1190 1191 1192 1193 1194 1195 1196 1197 1198 1199 1200 1201 1202 1203 1204 1205 1206 1207 1208 1209 1210 1211 1212 1213 1214 1215 1216 1217 1218 1219 1220 1221 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2622 2



The landscape of Hell is mutable,  
if one has authority. And I have  
certain authority, even here. ~

Warily, I  
feel for the  
place I seek.

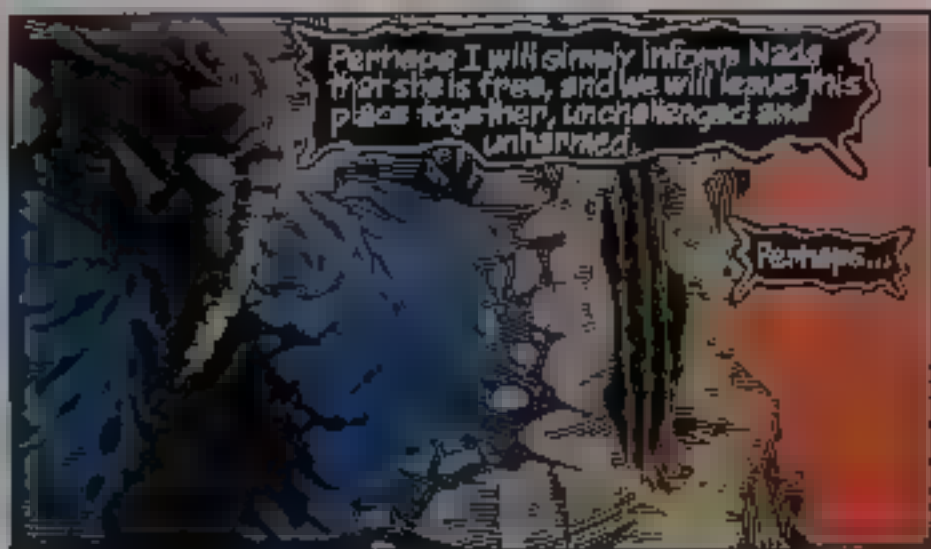
Nada is held in the cliffs that  
circle Weep-pot, in a barred  
cell carved from rock, lined  
with needle-sharp shards of  
volcanic glass. There is no  
food or water in that place.

I suppose  
that she must  
be hungry. ~

she must have been  
hungry for a long  
time.

I find my  
destination,  
and in finding  
it ~





And I think

They have  
taken her.

They have  
hidden her  
from me.

And then I think:

There is something  
deeply wrong.

Even for Hell,  
there is something  
wrong.

I listen.

Silence, pure  
and dead.

I feel, with  
my mind.

Nothing.

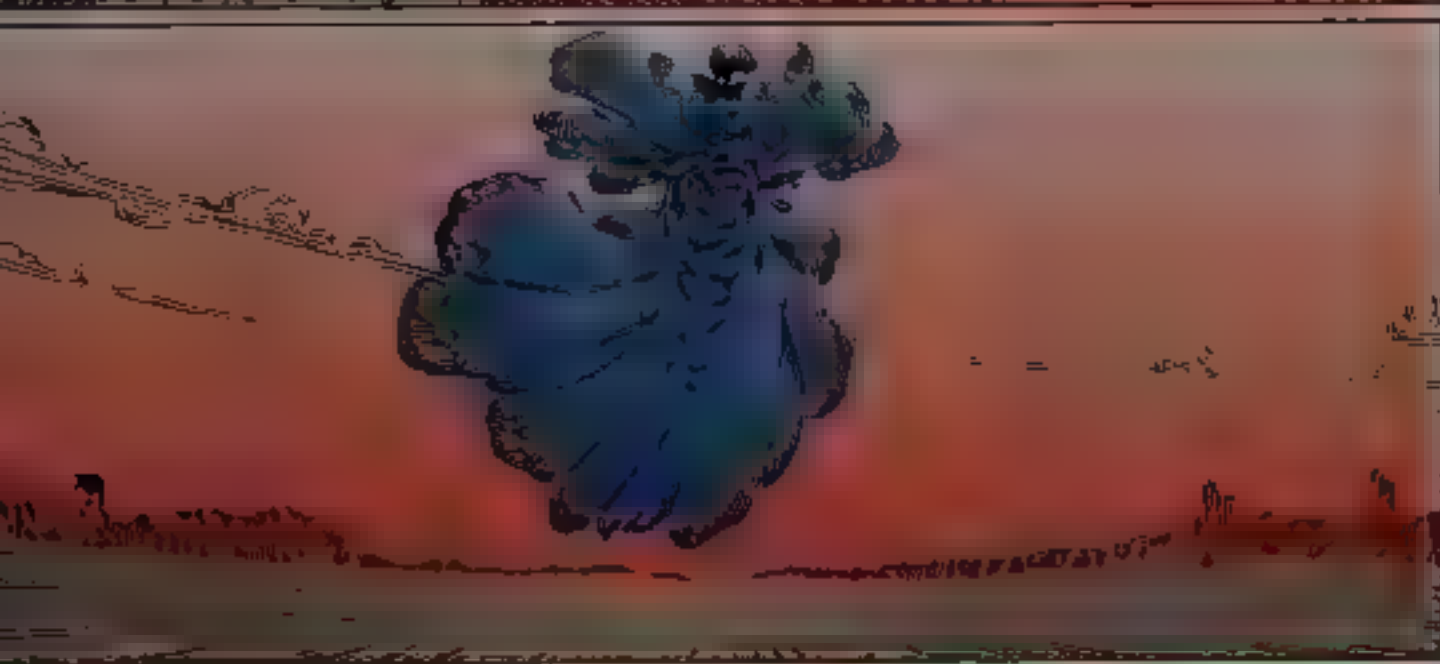
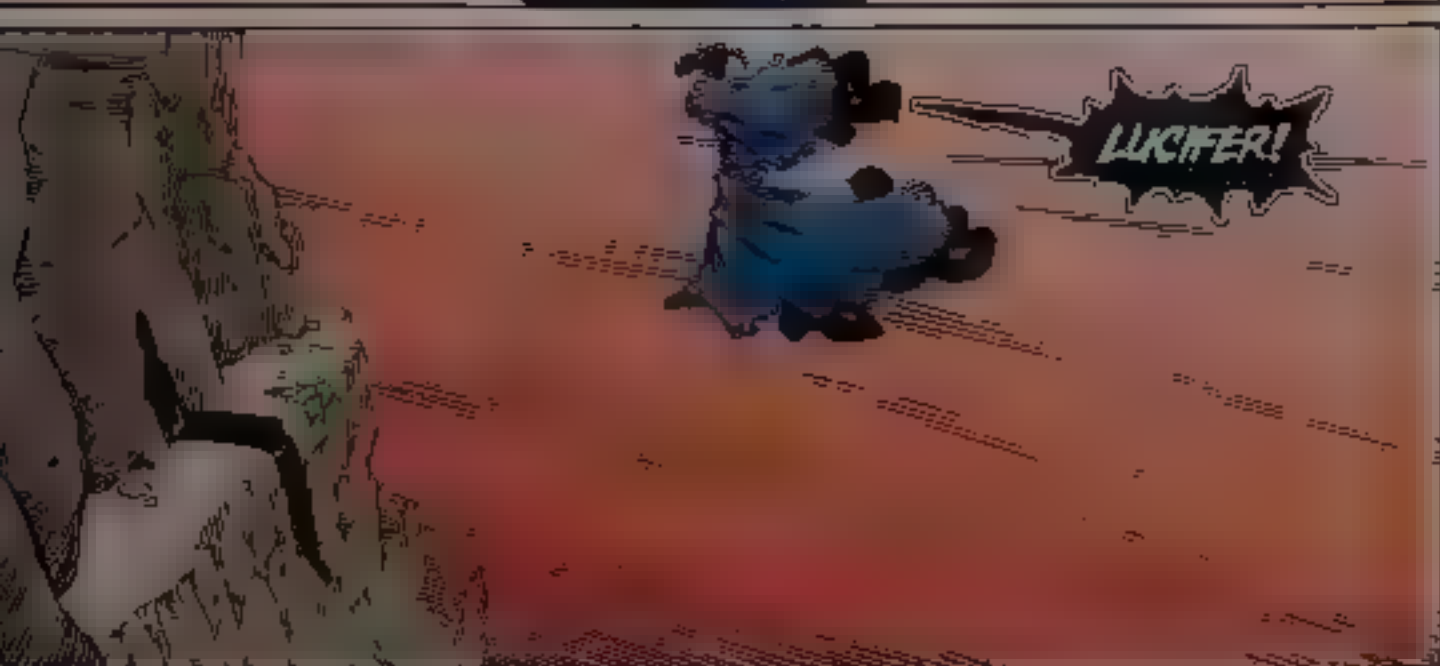
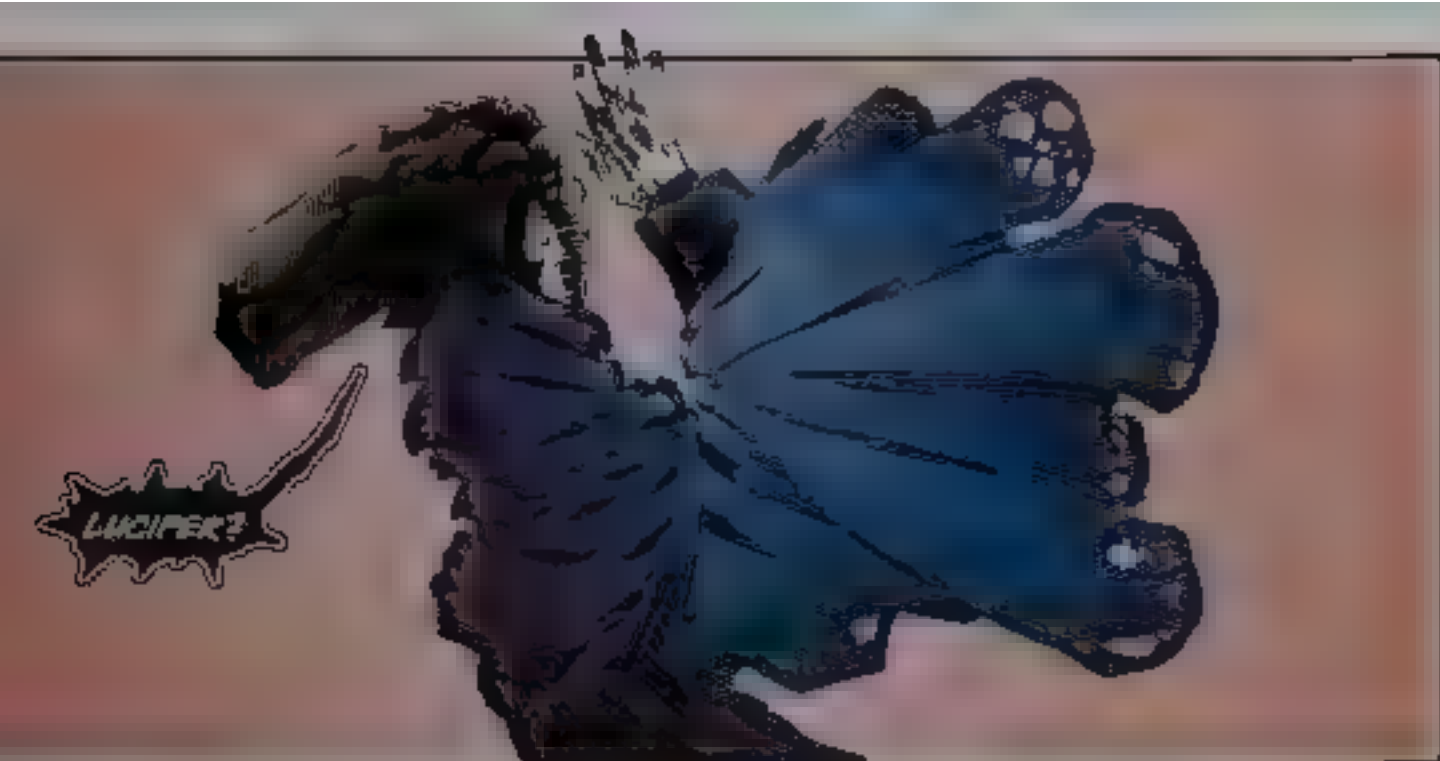
It is not just Nedra  
who has gone.

They have all gone.  
The dead, and the  
never-born. All of  
them.

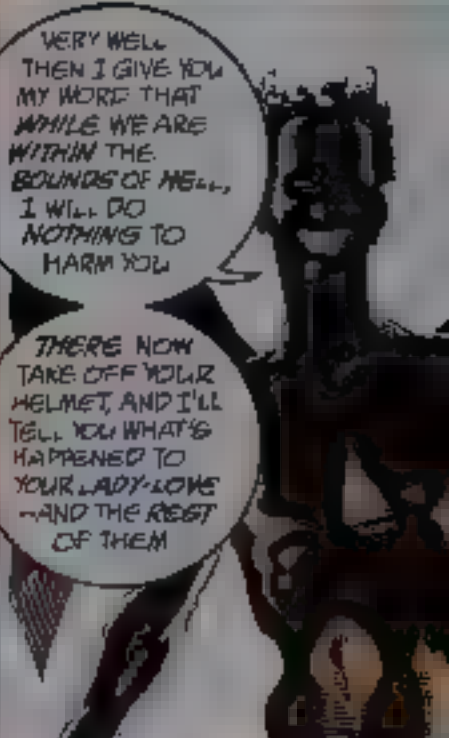
Where are they?

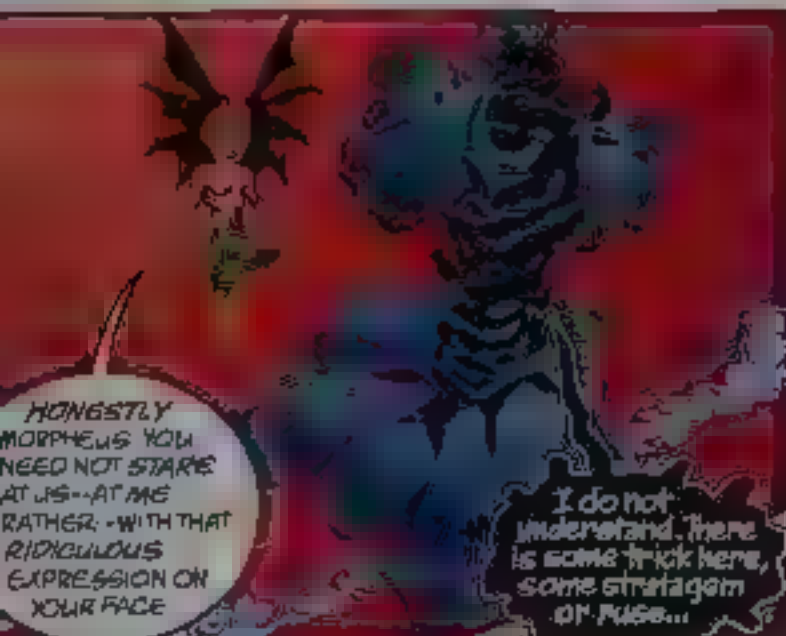
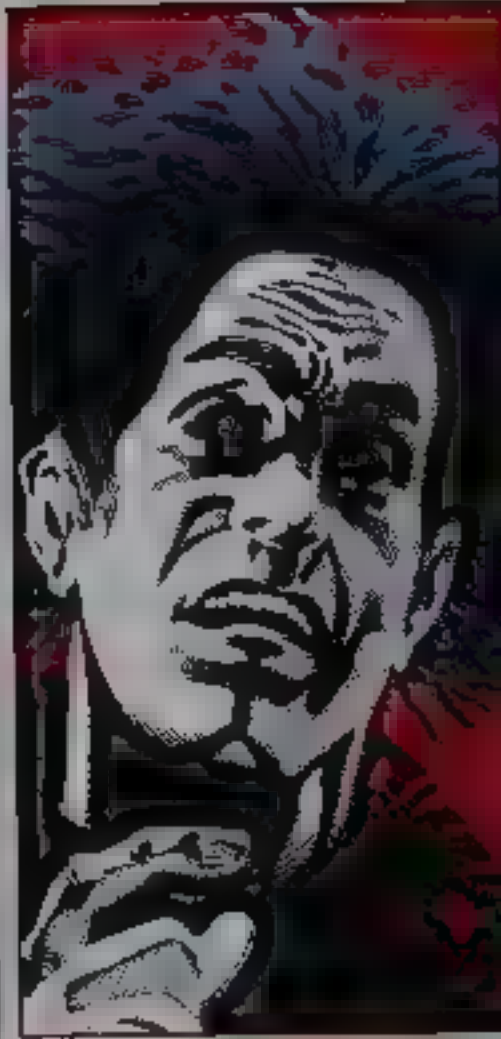
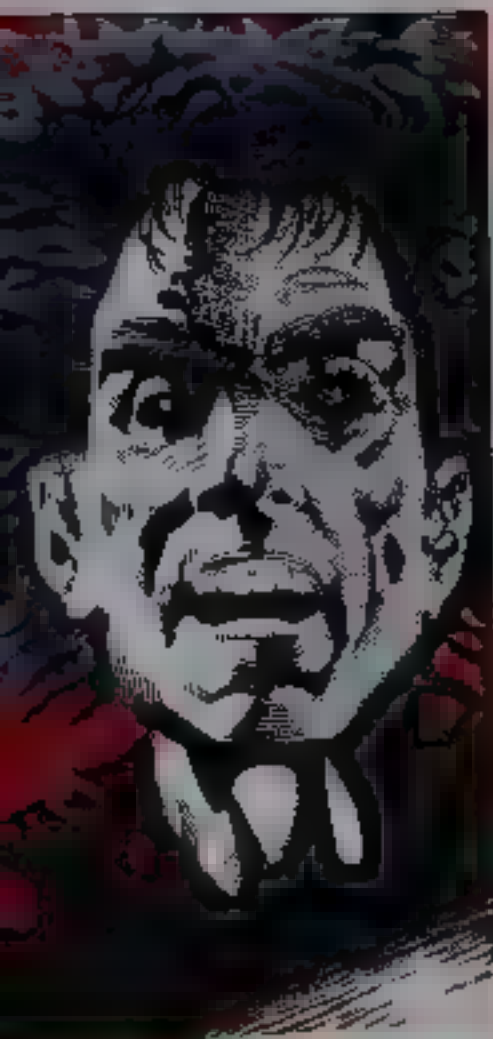
Where is she?

What trickery  
is this?











LET'S SEE  
THERE'S A FINAL  
HOLDOUT SOUL IN  
THE GLASS ABOVE  
THE STARVING  
JUBILEE WE'LL  
TACKLE HIM FIRST,  
SHALL WE?

THEN THE LAST  
FEW DEMONS THEN  
THE GATES

AND THEN  
WE'RE DONE

LOOKING UP

IT SEEMS  
TO GO ON  
FOREVER

How big  
is Hell?

HOW  
BIG?

IS  
VAST

EVEN I COULDN'T  
SAY FOR CERTAIN  
EXACTLY HOW VAST IT'S  
ALMOST A MEANINGLESS  
QUESTION LIKE ASKING  
HOW BIG THE SILVER  
CITY IS, OR HOW MANY  
ARE THE FIELDS OF  
PARADISE

THIS REALM  
IS HEAVEN'S SHADOW  
REMEMBER

OR MORE  
PRECISELY, PERHAPS  
HEAVEN'S DARK REFLECTION  
LIKE A LANDSCAPE HANGING  
INVERTED IN THE WATERS  
OF A LAKE...


AH, HERE  
WE ARE

YOU!

DID YOU  
NOT HEAR MY  
PROCLAMATION?  
YOU ARE  
FREE

I  
WILL, NOT  
LEAVE






OH, BUT  
YOU WILL  
LEAVE

YOU DO.  
NOT UNDERSTAND  
I AM BRESCHAU


I AM RECEIVING  
MY JUST PUNISHMENT  
FOR MY CRIMES  
COMMITTED WHILE I  
WAS ALIVE FOR MY  
CRIMES WERE  
MONSTROUS  
THINGS

I DON'T CARE  
ABOUT YOUR CRIMES  
I WANT YOU OUT  
OF HERE




DEMON I WILL  
NOT BE FOOLED BY  
YOUR PRATTLE

I AM BRESCHAU OF  
LIVONIA. I RIPPED OUT THE  
KIDNEYS OF THOSE WHO SPOKE  
AGAINST ME AND CUT THE UNBORN  
BABES FROM THE WOMBS OF MY  
ENEMIES' WOMEN, THAT THEY WOULD  
NOT BECOME WARRIORS TO RISE AGAINST ME




I TOOK MY MOTHER BY FORCE,  
AND I STRANGLED MY SISTER  
WHEN SHE WOULD NOT CONSENT  
TO MY ADVANCES

SOON MY NAME WAS  
WHISPERED IN THE NIGHT BY  
MOTHERS TO TERRIFY THEIR  
BABES INTO OBEDIENCE I  
AM BRESCHAU WHO  
BATHED IN THE BLOOD  
OF CHILDREN



I AM BRESCHAU  
WHO FORCED THE TRUE PROPHETS  
OF THE LORD TO DANCE UPON PLATES  
OF IRON, UNDER WHICH FIRES WERE  
BURNING, AND I LAUGHED AS  
THEY DANCED.

I AM BRESCHAU, AND  
WHEN MY MISTRESS WAS UNFAITHFUL,  
I CUT THE NOSE FROM HER FACE  
AND WORE IT ABOUT MY NECK



AS FOR THE WOMAN, I HAD HER  
SEWN TO HER LOVER AND, SKIN TO  
SKIN, I LEFT THEM IN THE DESERT  
TO BE EATEN BY RAVENS, AND I  
LAUGHED AS I HEARD THEM  
SCREAM

I AM BRESCHAU,  
AND THIS IS MY  
PUNISHMENT



YOU  
MUST  
GO

DID YOU NOT  
HEAR ME FIEND?  
I HAVE KILLED

I HEARD YOU  
KILLED A NUMBER OF  
PEOPLE WHO BY NOW  
WOULD BE LONG-SINCE  
DEAD ANYWAY SO  
WHAT?

YOU'VE BEEN CHAINED  
TO THIS SLAB FOR ELEVEN  
HUNDRED YEARS. HAVEN'T  
YOU TORTURED YOURSELF  
ENOUGH?



IT'S NOT ME THAT IS  
TORTURING ME IT'S THE  
VENGEANCE OF THE  
LORD -- DID YOU NOT  
HEAR? I -

AM  
BRESCHAU  
YES I  
KNOW



TODAY REMEMBERS  
BRESCHAU

NO ONE

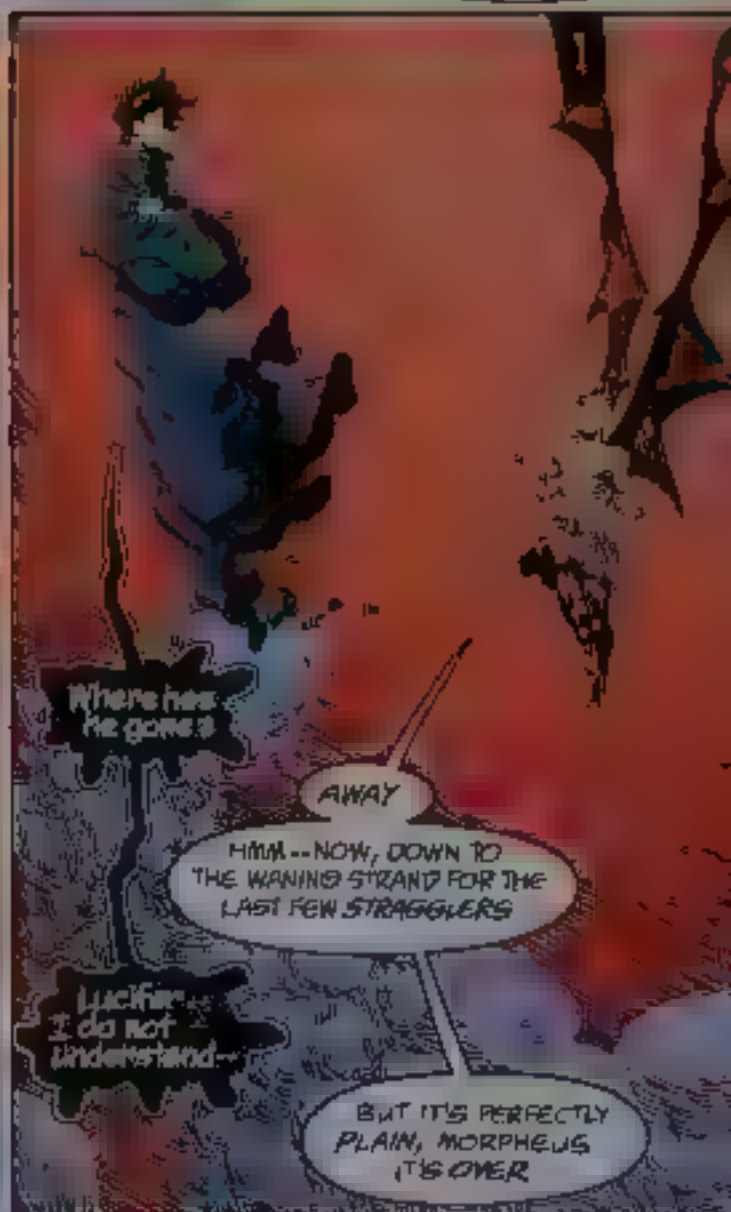
I DOUBT ONE  
LIVING MORTAL IN A HUNDRED  
THOUSAND COULD EVEN POIN  
TO WHERE LIVONIA USED TO  
BE ON A MAP

THE WORLD HAS  
FORGOTTEN YOU.



BUT  
I  
AM

ENOUGH  
GO



Where has  
he gone?

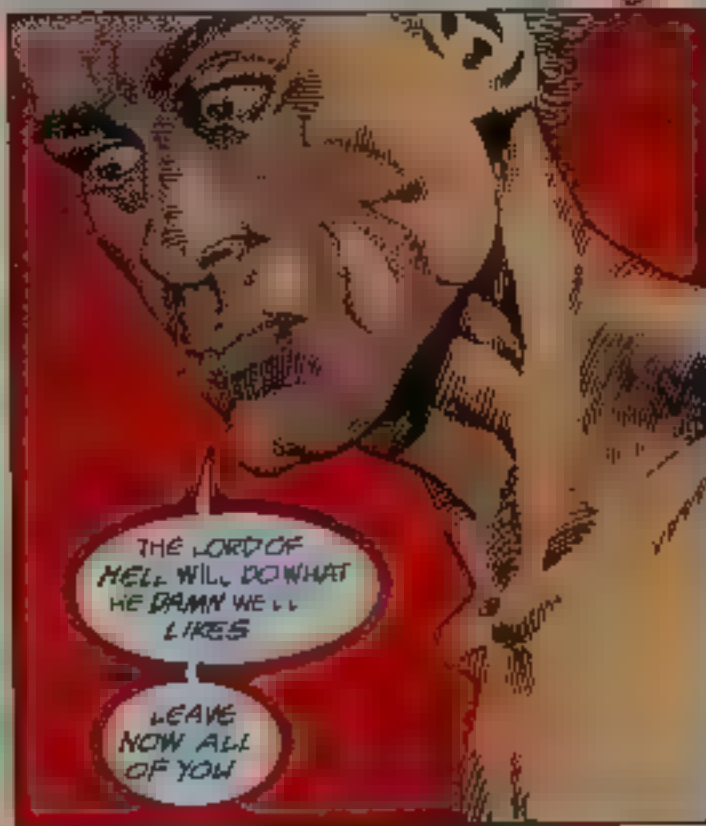
AWAY

HMM -- NOW, DOWN TO  
THE WANNING STRAND FOR THE  
LAST FEW STRAGGLERS

Lucifer  
I do not  
understand--

BUT IT'S PERFECTLY  
PLAIN, MORPHEUS  
IT'S OVER







THERE  
THOSE WERE  
THE LAST OF  
THEM

WE'RE THE  
ONLY ENTITIES  
LEFT IN HELL,  
MORPHEUS

I WAS THE  
FIRST ONE HERE  
AND IT LOOKS LIKE  
I'M GOING TO BE  
THE LAST

Lucifer?  
What is  
happening?

I KEEP TELLING YOU  
DREAM LORD

IT'S OVER

I AM LEAVING  
AND I HAVE CLOSED  
DOWN HELL

How? How can  
you even...?

EASY

TEN BILLION YEARS I'VE  
SPENT IN THIS PLACE THAT'S  
A LONG TIME ..

..AND WE'VE ALL  
CHANGED SINCE THE  
BEGINNING

EVEN YOU, DREAM  
LORD YOU WERE VERY  
DIFFERENT BACK THEN

Lucifer

YOU CAN FORGET  
THE HONORIFIC. RANK  
NEVER MATTERED TO ME.  
NOT REALLY. BUT THE  
DEMONS EXPECTED  
IT

WHICH IS ONE  
REASON I'VE QUIT THERE  
ARE OTHERS...

I'M TIRED,  
MORPHEUS SO  
TIRED.



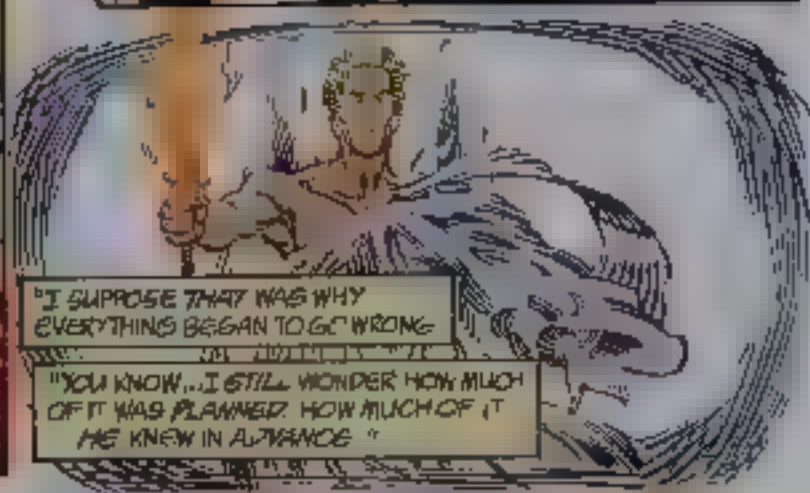
YOU KNEW ME, DREAM  
YOU KNEW ME WHEN I WAS  
AN ANGEL

WHAT  
WAS I  
LIKE?

YOU WERE VERY  
PROUD, SANDALPHON. BUT  
YOU WERE ALSO VERY  
BEAUTIFUL, AND  
WISE — AND  
PASSIONATE.



WAS IT YES  
YES, I WAS. I CARED  
ABOUT SO MANY THINGS.  
I CARED SO DEEPLY.  
BACK THEN IN THE GOLD  
AT THE BEGINNING OF  
THINGS IN THE  
SILVER CITY



"I SUPPOSE THAT WAS WHY  
EVERYTHING BEGAN TO GO WRONG

"YOU KNOW...I STILL WONDER HOW MUCH  
OF IT WAS PLANNED. HOW MUCH OF IT  
HE KNEW IN ADVANCE "



I THOUGHT I WAS  
REBELLING. I THOUGHT I  
WAS DEFYING HIS RULE

NO... I WAS MERELY  
FULFILLING ANOTHER TINY  
SEGMENT OF HIS GREAT  
AND POWERFUL PLAN

IF I HAD NOT REBELLED  
ANOTHER WOULD HAVE IN MY  
STEAD RAIGUEL, PERHAPS.  
OR SANDALPHON



"WE FELL. MY COMRADES  
IN ARMS AND I WE FELL  
SO FAR. SO LONG "



"AND AFTER AN ETERNITY OF  
FALLING, WE CAME TO REST  
IN THIS PLACE "



"AND I KNEW THEN THAT THERE WAS  
NO WAY THAT I WOULD EVER RETURN  
TO PARADISE "

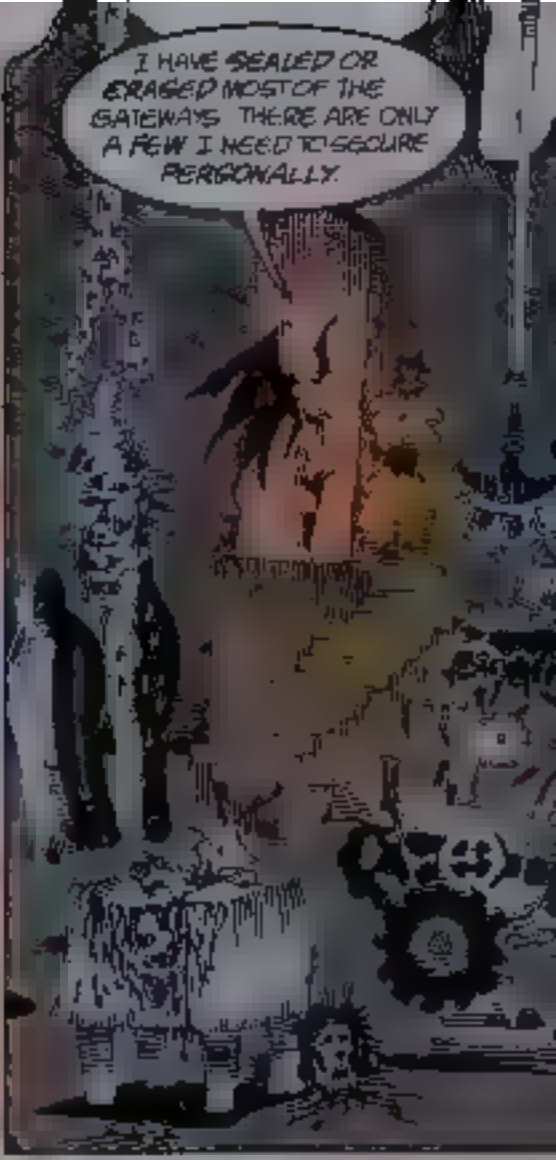




BUT I'M  
WOOLGATHERING  
I APOLOGIZE

YOU DO NOT MIND  
IF I WORK AS WE  
TALK 2 THERE ARE NO  
MORE ENTITIES LEFT  
WITHIN THE BOUNDS  
INFERNAL BUT I  
NEED TO SECURE  
THE LAST  
GATES

Yes I  
do not  
mind.



I HAVE SEALED OR  
ERASED MOST OF THE  
GATEWAYS THERE ARE ONLY  
A FEW I NEED TO SECURE  
PERSONALLY.



YOU ALSO RULE A  
WORLD MORPHEUS A  
WORLD OF SLEEPERS AND  
DREAMERS OF STORIES.  
A SIMPLE PLACE -  
COMPARED TO HELL

I  
ENVY  
YOU



CAN YOU  
IMAGINE WHAT IT  
WAS LIKE 2



BILLION YEARS  
WENT PROVIDING A PLACE  
FOR DEAD MORTALS TO  
TORTURE THEMSELVES.

AND LIKE ALL  
MASOCHISTS THEY CALLED  
THE SHOUTS "BURN ME"  
"FREEZE ME" "EAT ME"  
"HURT ME"

AND WE  
DID.



AND THEN THERE WERE  
THE DEMONKIND. IMAGINE  
BEING THEIR LORD AND  
MASTER

A HANDFUL OF  
THEM WERE ONCE ANGELS,  
WHO FELL WITH ME AT THE  
BAWN. OTHERS STRAYED  
HERE FROM ELSEWHERE  
OVER THE AEONS, MAKING  
THIS PLACE A HOME

AND SOON I FOUND MYSELF THEIR  
LORD AND MASTER. A MILLION OF THEM  
OR MORE, SQUABBLING AND WARRING  
AND CARRYING ON.

I WATCHED THEIR  
STRANGE, LITTLE FASHIONS.  
THE CENTURIES THEY  
SPENT WEARING THE  
BODIES OF ANIMALS...

THE RIDICULOUS  
VOGUE FOR RHYME TO  
DENOTE STATUS. DEMONS  
WHO SPOKE EXCLUSIVELY  
IN VILANELLES, HAICU  
OR TRIOLETS...

AND ABOVE  
ALL, THE FASHION  
IN INTRIGUE

IN THE  
BEGINNING I  
ENJOYED IT

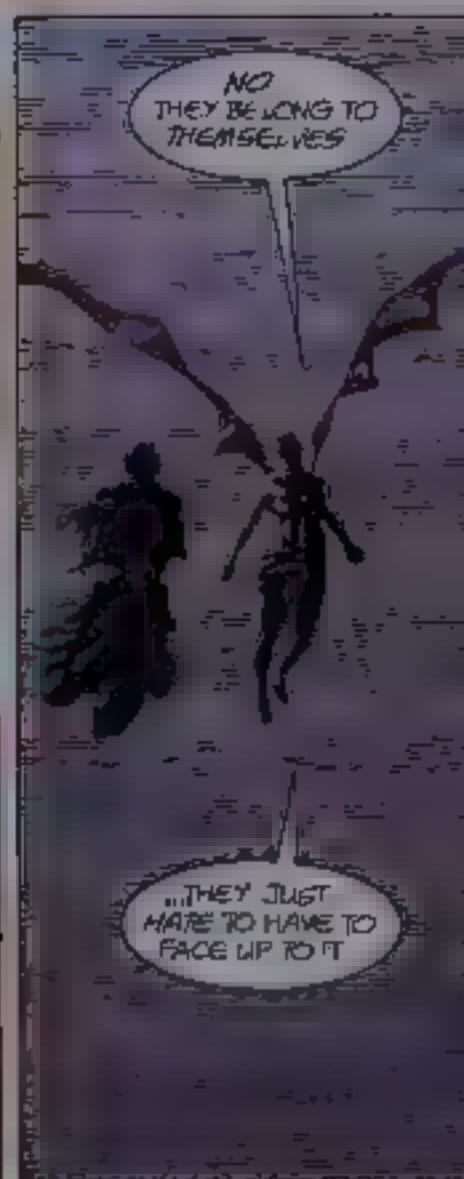
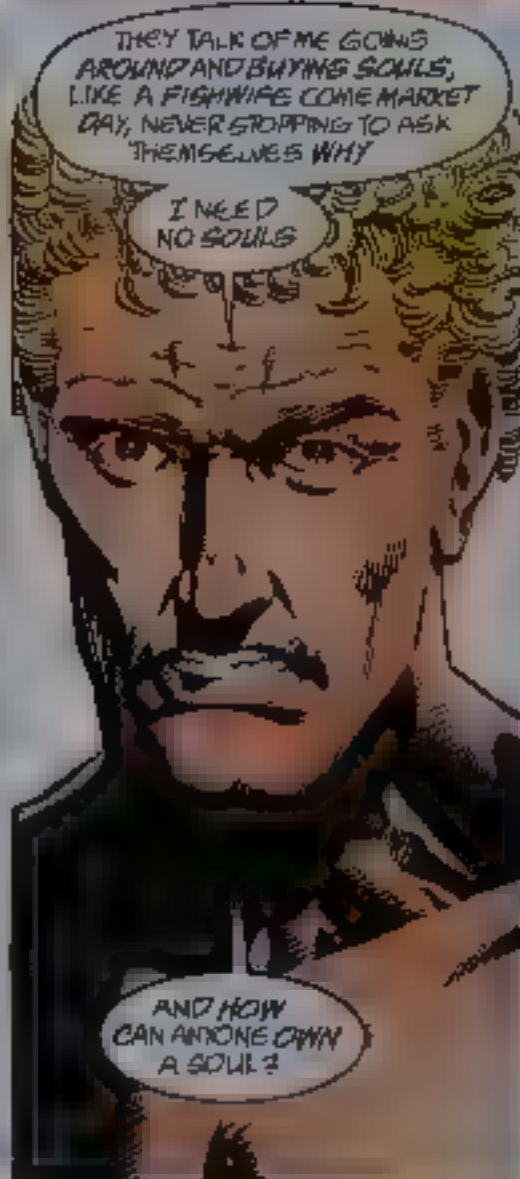
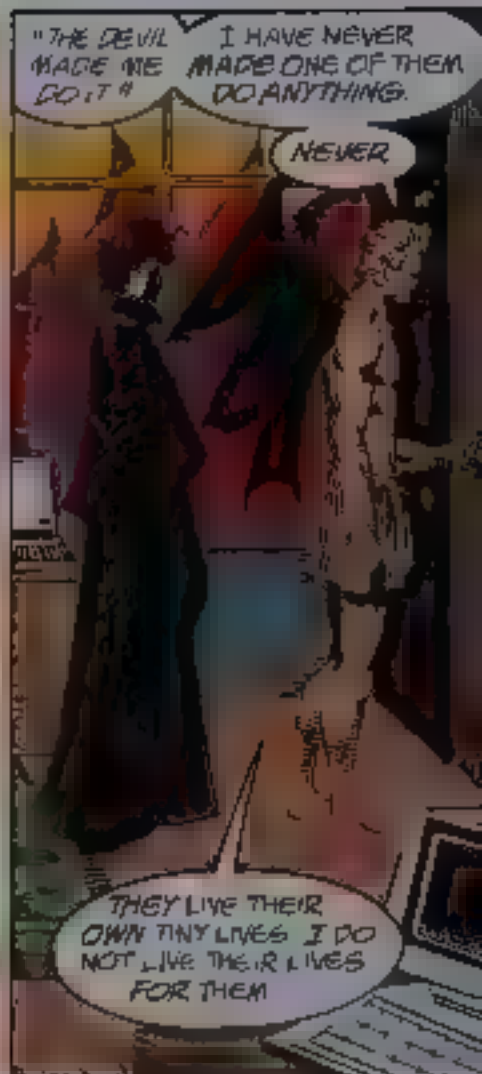
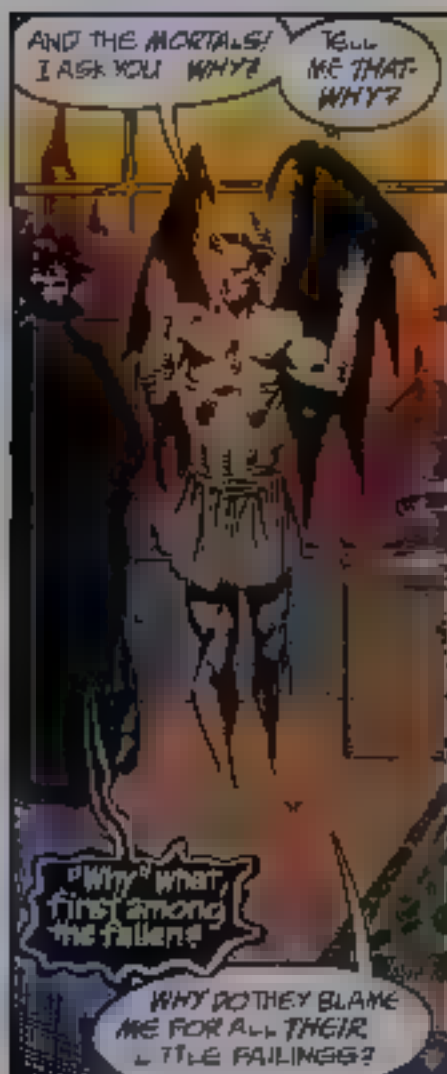
I WAS... I AM... MORE  
POWERFUL THAN ANY OF  
THEM. I COULD HAVE  
DESTROYED ANY OF THEM  
PERHAPS EVEN ALL OF THEM  
WITHOUT MUCH EFFORT

SO I  
MANIPULATED  
THEM, SET THEM ONE  
AGAINST THE OTHER,  
LET THEM FACTION  
AND DIVIDE AND  
PLOT

BUT

BUT I GREW  
WEARY, GREW AM  
LORD MIGHTILY  
WEARY

I CEASED  
TO CARE







YES, I REBELLED.  
IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO  
HOW LONG WAS I MEANT  
TO PAY FOR THAT ONE  
ACTION?

SO NOW  
IT'S OVER

I HAVE SENT ALL  
OF THEM AWAY--ALL OF  
HELL'S INHABITANTS



Where  
have you  
sent them?

AWAY I DON'T  
CARE WHERE THEY'VE  
GONE HEAVEN  
EARTH LIMBO THE  
FAR REALMS. WHO  
KNOWS?

BUT THEY  
WON'T BE COMING  
HERE ANY  
MORE



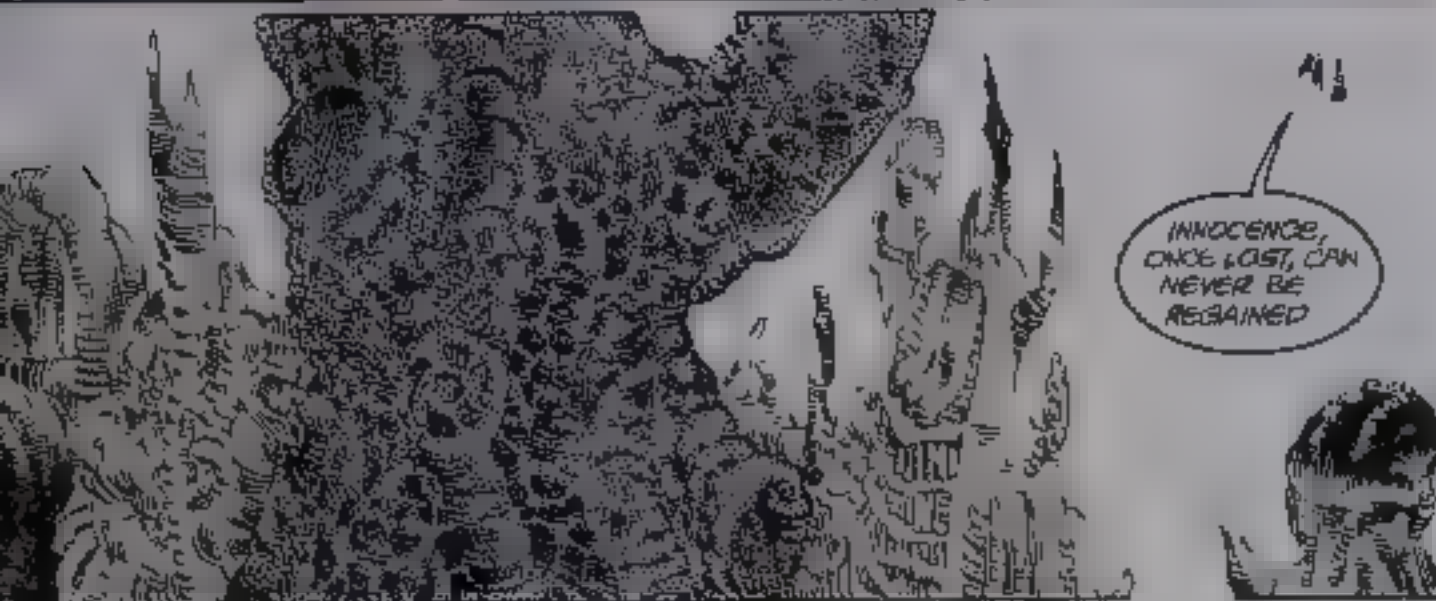
HELL IS  
OVER



And what  
will you do  
now?

I DON'T KNOW  
TO BE HONEST, DREAM  
LORD, I HAVE NOT  
GIVEN IT MUCH  
THOUGHT

I COULD NOT  
RETURN TO THE  
SILVER CITY -EVEN  
IF I WISHED TO  
I COULD NEVER  
AGAIN BE AN  
ANGEL //



INNOCENCE,  
ONCE LOST, CAN  
NEVER BE  
REGAINED





WHAT WILL I DO NOW?

I COULD  
- BE ON A BEACH  
SOMEWHERE. PERHAPS  
LISTEN TO MUSIC?  
BUILD A HOUSE?

LEARN HOW  
TO DANCE OR TO  
PLAY THE  
PIANO?



IT MATTERS  
NOT I HAVE HAD  
MY FILL OF THE OLD  
LIFE AND THAT IS  
ALL I CARE  
ABOUT

STRANGELY  
ENOUGH DREAM  
WORLD, I OWE MY  
DECISION TO  
YOU



TO ME?

YES TO  
YOU

IT WAS WHEN  
I HEARD YOU  
WERE COMING.



THAT WAS WHAT GAVE  
ME THE IMPETUS TO DO THIS  
TO DO WHAT I SHOULD HAVE  
DONE MILLENNIA AGO

PERHAPS THIS IS THE  
ULTIMATE FREEDOM, EH, DREAMLORD?  
THE FREEDOM TO LEAVE .



I thought...  
I thought that we  
would fight, Prince  
Lucifer.



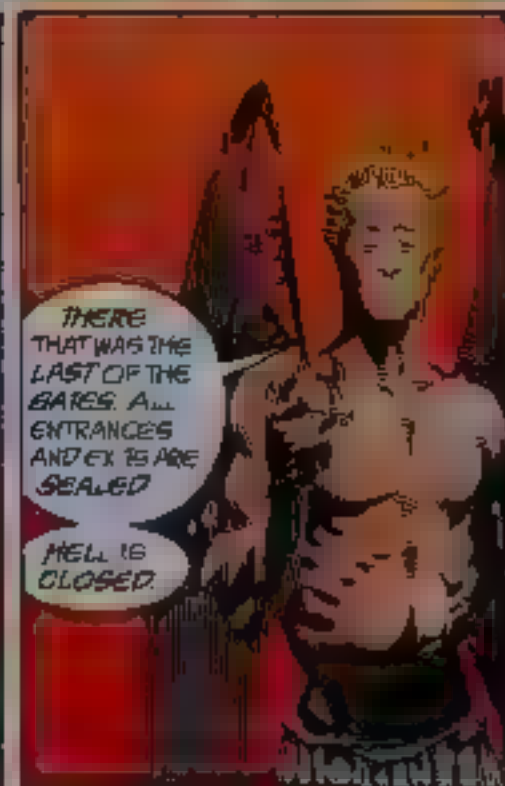
FIGHT? NO  
NO FIGHTING I'M  
TIRED OF FIGHTING,  
MORPHEUS.



But... your  
responsibilities?

I HAVE NO  
RESPONSIBILITIES

NOT ANY  
MORE



THERE  
THAT WAS THE  
LAST OF THE  
GATES. ALL  
ENTRANCES  
AND EXITS ARE  
SEALED

HELL IS  
CLOSED





NGY ROAHD  
USZCIVAH.

NGREEKINGHSZ,  
NGY RROAHD..

MAZIKEEN?  
WHY ARE YOU STILL  
HERE? I AM YOUR  
LORD NO LONGER,  
CHILD



NGO. HEOL ARE SHZKIL  
NGY RROAHD I RILL NGOT  
VORSZHAKHE HEOL..

HAI HRUVV HEOL  
NGARSSHTER..

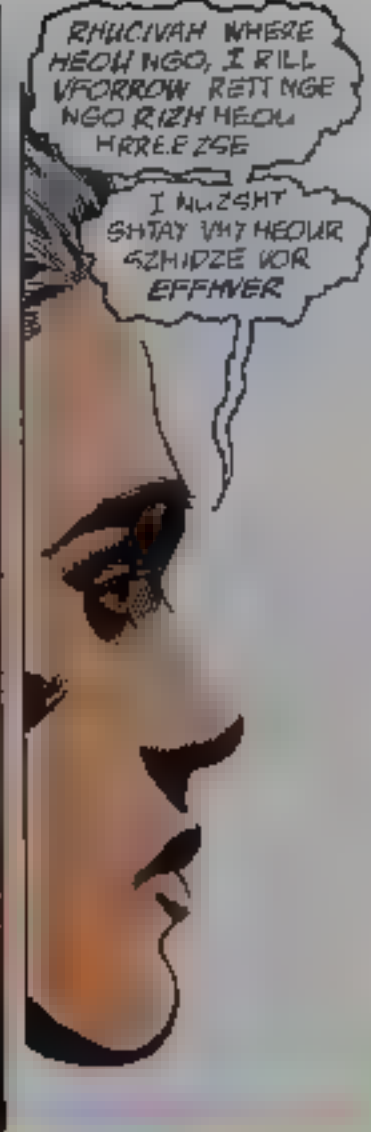


I AM NO LONGER YOUR  
MASTER. MAZIKEEN

BUT YOU MAY LOVE  
ME, F YOU WISH

LET ME INTRODUCE  
YOU DREAM OF THE  
ENDLESS, THIS IS  
MAZIKEEN, A DAUGHTER  
OF LILITH

MAZIKEEN,  
THIS IS DREAM



RHUCIVAH WHERE  
HEOL NGO, I RILL  
VFORROW RETT NGE  
NGO RIZH HEOL  
HRREEZSE

I MUZSHT  
SHTAY VHY HEOLR  
SZHIDZE VOR  
EFFHVER



STAY BY  
MY SIDE?  
HMM

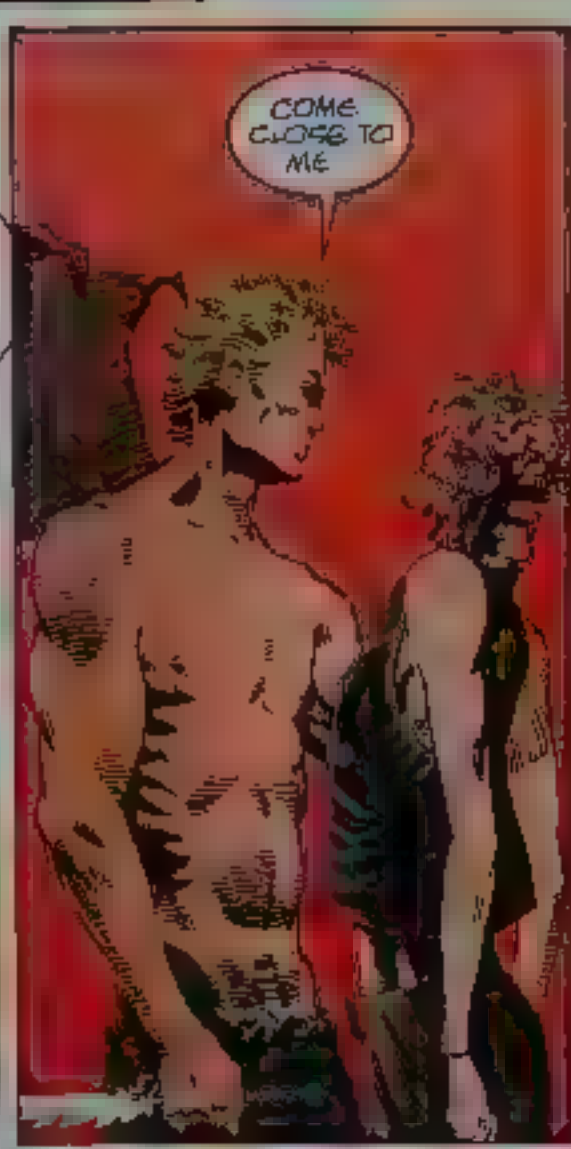
MAZIKEEN  
GIVE ME YOUR  
KNIFE

SZIRE?

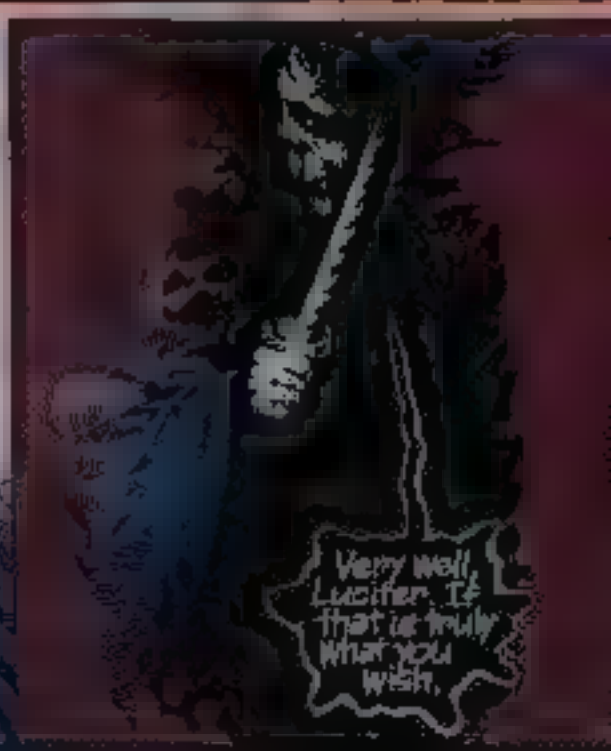
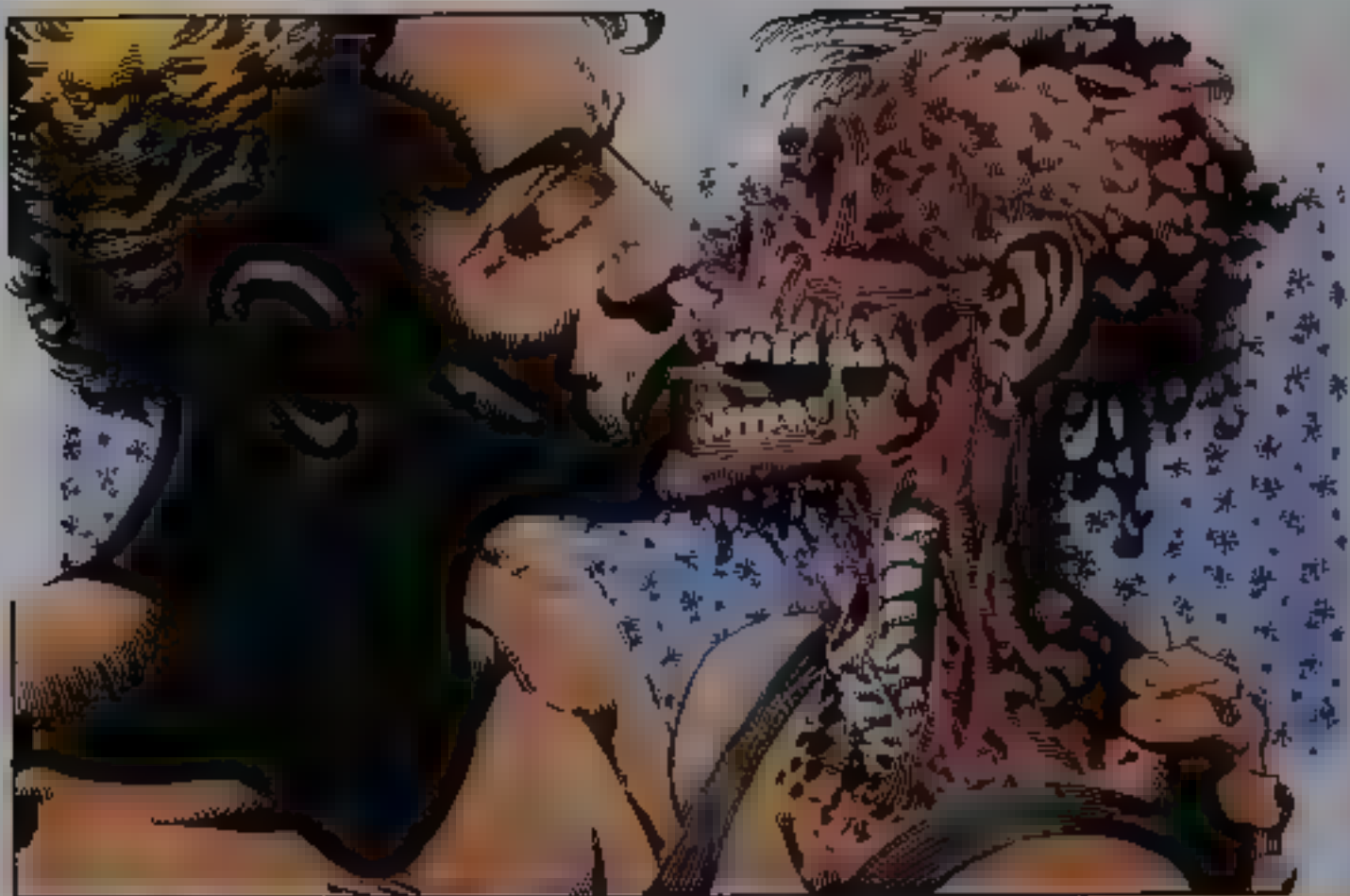


MAZIKEEN  
YOU MAY NOT  
GO WITH ME I  
AM SORRY

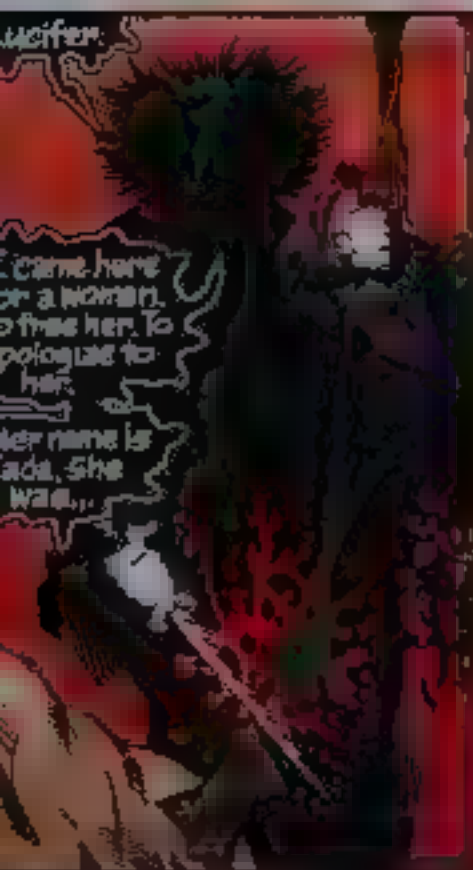
I DO NOT  
KNOW WHERE  
I AM GOING.  
BUT WHEREVER  
I GO, I WILL  
BE TRAVELING  
ALONE



COME  
CLOSE TO  
ME









PERHAPS YOU'LL  
FIND THE WOMAN, DREAM  
KING I WISH YOU LUCK

NOW, YOU RETURN  
TO YOUR REALM, AND  
I WILL TAKE MY LEAVE  
OF MINE



OH, MORPHEUS?

I SWORE  
ONCE THAT I  
WOULD DESTROY  
YOU, DID I  
NOT?

Yes, you  
did.

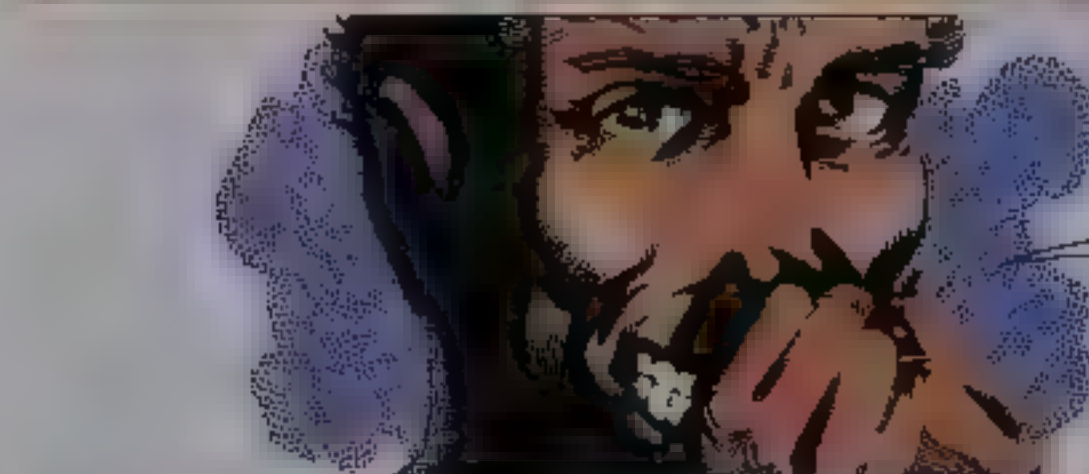
Well, we  
are now outside  
the bounds  
of hell.



THIS IS FOR  
YOU, DREAM LORD  
TAKE IT

This  
key to  
Hell?

EXACTLY  
IT'S YOURS  
NOW



PERHAPS I WILL  
DESTROY YOU, AND  
PERHAPS IT WON'T.

BUT I DOUBT  
IT WILL MAKE YOUR  
LIFE ANY EASIER



IT'S ALL YOURS, NOW,  
MORPHEUS

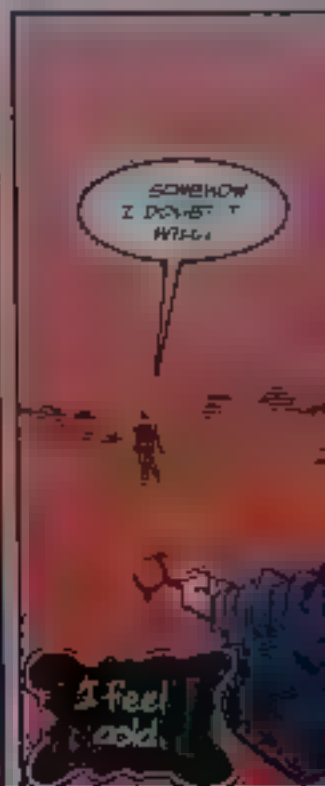
YOU'RE THE  
SOLE MONARCH  
OF A LOCKED AND  
EMPTY HELL



PERHAPS I OUGHT TO HAVE  
GIVEN IT TO YOU WITH MY  
BEST WISHES I COULD  
HAVE TOLD YOU THAT I  
HOPED IT WOULD BRING  
YOU HAPPINESS



BUT  
SOMEHOW.



SOMEHOW  
I DOUBT I  
WILL.

I feel  
cold.







WHICH LUCIFER'S PARTING  
GIFT ATTRACTS UNWANTED  
ATTENTION; AND THE DREAM  
LORD RECEIVES UNWELCOME  
VISITORS.

## EPISODE 3



# Isafura

IN THE HIGH HALL OF BLADENHEIM  
THE LORD OF THE AESIR SITS  
AND WAITS FOR THOUGHT AND  
MEMORY TO RETURN TO HIM

AT HIS FEET TWO WOLVES  
ATTEND HIM

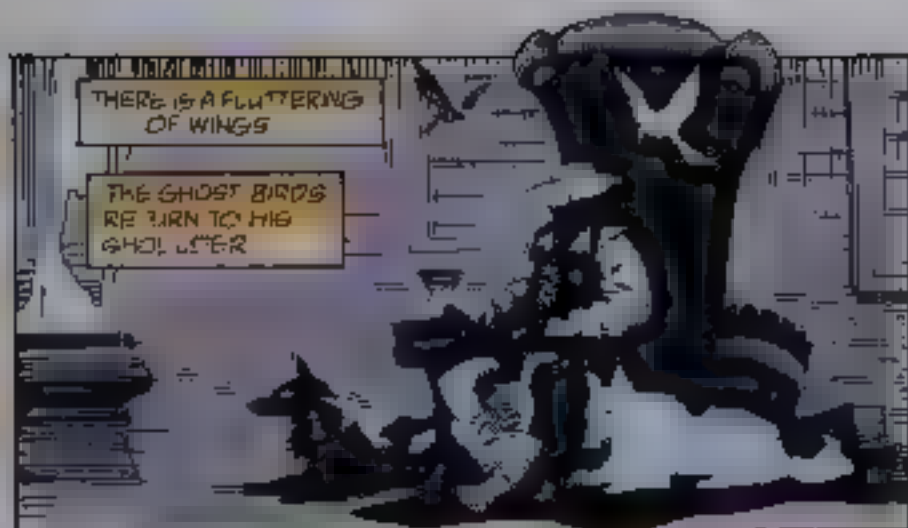
TALKING THOUGHT AND  
MEMORY HE COULD NOT EVEN  
NAME THEM THE FLOOR OF  
THE HIGH HALL IS MUD,  
SCATTERED WITH RUSHES

HE SITS AND WAITS, THE  
GALLONS-GOD, THE  
ONE EYED KING OF  
ASGARD



THERE IS A FLUTTERING  
OF WINGS

THE GHOST BIRDS  
RETURN TO HIS  
GHOST LITER



AND INSTANTLY HE  
KNOWS HE KNOWS  
ALL THEY'VE SEEN

HUSINN AND MUNIIN  
THOUGHT AND MEMORY



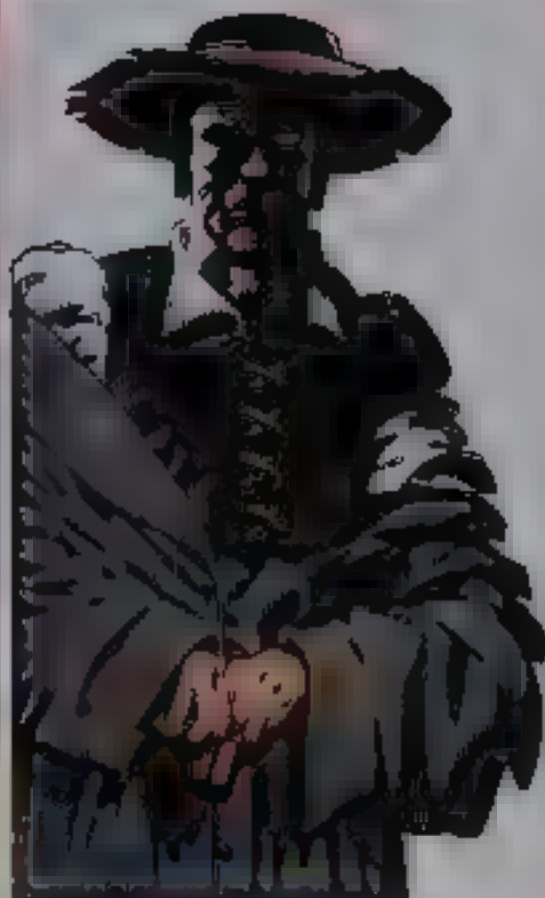
AND HE SMILES THE  
LORD OF THE GALLONS

AT  
LAST



THE MEAD HE DRINKS IS  
NOT THE MEAD OF THE AESIR  
IT IS HIS MEAD, BREWED  
BY DWARFS FROM DEAD  
KVASIR'S BLOOD A DRAUGHT  
OF GOLD VERSE AND MADNESS

THIS IS THE MEAD OF ODIN. HE  
ALL FATHER AND NONE BUT  
ODIN MAY DRINK OF IT



HE GRABS THE  
GOBLET AND  
HE IS GONE

THERE IS A CAVERN BENEATH  
THE WORLD

THIS IS TRUE YOU MUST KNOW  
IN YOUR BONES THAT THIS IS  
TRUE ALTHOUGH ALL LOGIC  
ARGUES AGAINST IT

THE SNAKE IS HIGH IN THE  
DARKNESS OF THE CAVERN,  
CURLED AROUND AN  
ELABORATE ROCK FORMATION

THE WOMAN  
IS CALLED  
SIGN

THE SNAKE HAS  
NO NAME

THE WOMAN HOLDS A BOWL  
ABOVE THE MAN'S HEAD

{DRIP DRIP}

THE SNAKE'S VENOM DRIES FROM  
ITS OPEN MOUTH IT FALLS INTO  
THE BOWL

THERE IS A CAVERN BENEATH  
THE WORLD AND IN THAT CAVERN  
A MAN IS BOUND

IN THE CAVERN THERE IS  
ALSO A WOMAN AND A  
SNAKE

THE MAN IS BOUND WITH  
THE ENTRAILS OF HIS SON

{THEIR SON

THE WOMAN IS  
HIS WIFE }

THE BOWL FILLS GRADUAL  
WHEN IT'S FULL THE WOMAN  
EMPTIES IT INTO A PIT



WHILE SHE IS GONE THE SNAKE IS  
VENOM DRIPS ONTO THE MAN'S FACE



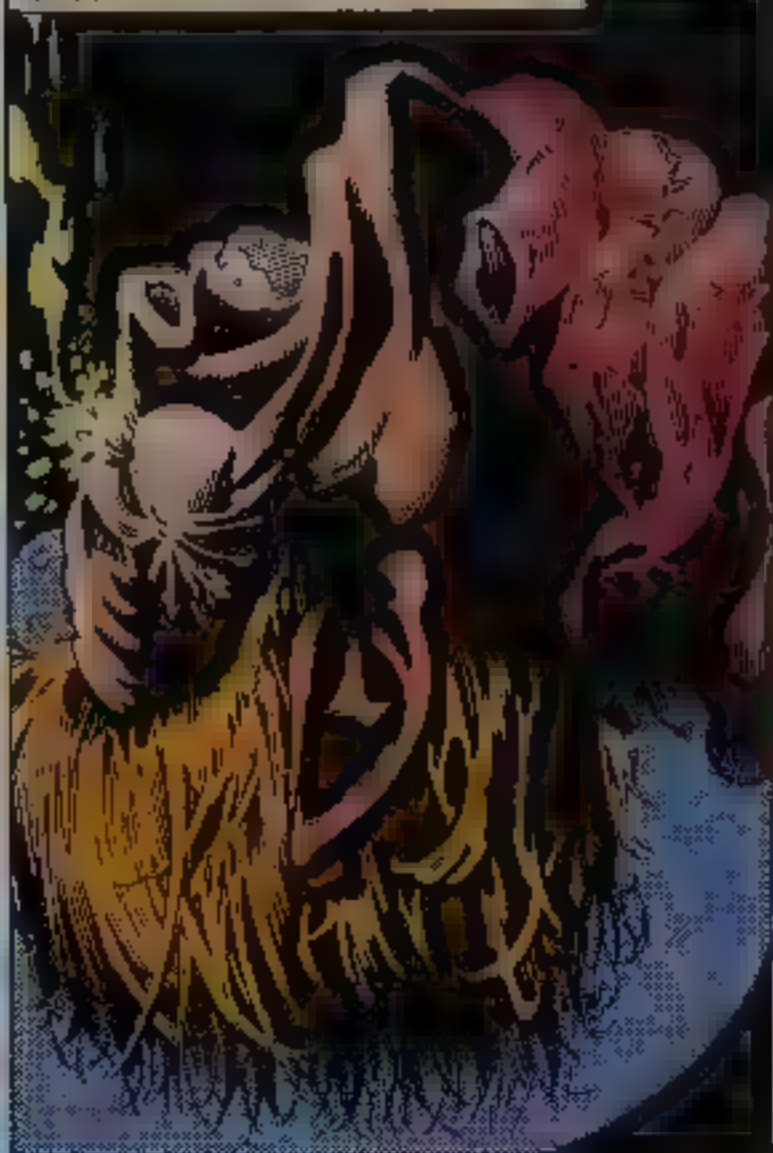
HE TWISTS AND WRITHES AS THE POISON  
EATS INTO HIS FLESH HE SCREAMS AS  
IT ENTERS HIS EYES

HE CURSES  
THE WOMAN  
BUT STILL  
SHE STAYS  
WITH HIM



THE MAN  
THE WOMAN  
THE SNAKE  
THE BOWL

WHEN HE WRITHES THE EARTHQUAKES



IT'S NOT NICE OR PRETTY  
BUT IT'S TRUE

AND IT'S NECESSARY

I HAS BEEN GOING  
ON FOR A VERY  
LONG TIME





ENOUGH

SNAKE  
HOLD YOUR  
VENOM



WHY...

WHY HAVE  
YOU COME HERE  
GLAD-OF-WAR?  
TO GLOAT AT MY  
MISFORTUNE?

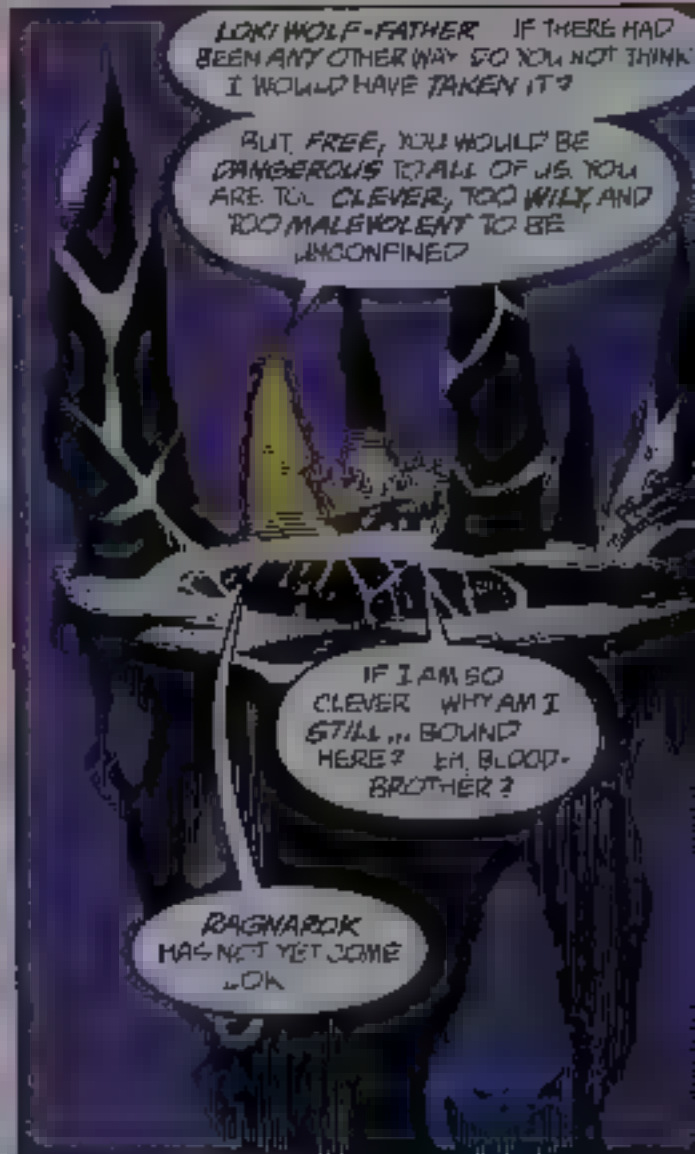
TO  
PASS THE  
TIME...?



NO, LOK  
SKY-WALKER  
I HAVE COME  
TO TALK WITH  
YOU

AND WHAT  
MAKES YOU THINK  
I HAVE ANYTHING  
TO SAY TO YOU?

EH, BLOOD-  
BROTHER...OR HAVE  
YOU FORGOTTEN THAT  
WE MINGLED OUR BLOOD?  
THAT YOU SWORE ON  
YAK'S BONES...THAT  
WE TWO WERE ONE  
FOREVER?



LOKI WOLF-FATHER IF THERE HAD  
BEEN ANY OTHER WAY DO YOU NOT THINK  
I WOULD HAVE TAKEN IT?

BUT, FREE, YOU WOULD BE  
DANGEROUS TO ALL OF US. YOU  
ARE TOO CLEVER, TOO WILY, AND  
TOO MALEVOLENT TO BE  
UNCONFINED

IF I AM SO  
CLEVER WHY AM I  
STILL... BOUND  
HERE? EH, BLOOD-  
BROTHER?

RAGNAROK  
HAS NOT YET COME  
LOK



IT HAS BEEN SAID: "THAT LOKI WILL BE BOUND UNTIL RAGNAROK WHEN THE Fimbulwinter will freeze the world, when great wolves will eat the sun and the moon when the giants will ride to war on a ship made of dead men's nails..."

"AND ON THAT DAY LOKI WILL BREAK HIS BONDS AND FIGHT HEIMDALL, AND THEY BOTH WILL DIE" I KNOW THE OLD TALES AS WELL AS YOU, GALLONS GOD SO?

I NEED NOT HAPPEN, LOKI

PERHAPS ASGARD WILL BE DESTROYED BUT WE CAN BE GONE

GO? GO WHERE? TO JOTUNHEIM, WHERE THE GIANTS LIVE? TO SWARTALFHEIM, WHERE THE DARK-ELVES HIDE? TO NIDAVELLIR WHERE THE DWARFS TOIL?

ALL THOSE PLACES WILL FALL AS ASGARD FALLS

TO THE HELL OF LUCIFER

HAHAHAHAHA! WILL YOU GO TO WAR AGAINST THE FALLEN, ODIN? OHHH, YOU HAVE BECOME SENILE OLD MAN..

NO. NO WAR LUCIFER HAS ABANDONED HIS DOMAIN LEAVING IT EMPTY A PROTECTORATE OF THE DREAM-WEAVER

IT COULD BE OURS FOR THE GRASPING.

AHHH

I NEED YOU, LOKI

YES YES, YOU DO

I AM WITH YOU, THEN, ODIN FOR NOW

AND THEY ARE GONE

STRIPPED OF THEIR FUNCTION, HIS LOVERS WAVE, IN THE CAVERN BENEATH THE WORLD

THE WOMAN

THE SNAKE

WAITING FOR HIM TO RETURN



The Dreaming.

I am back.

ARRINK?

# SEASON of NIGHTS: Chapter = 3

In which Lucifer's parting gift attracts unwanted attention, and the Dream Lord receives unwelcome visitors.

NEIL KELLEY P. CRAIG DANIEL TODD TOM KAREN featuring character  
GAIMAN JONES RUSSELL VOZZO KLEIN PETER BERGER created by Gaiman,  
Walters Penciller Inker Colorist Letterer Post Editor Editor Kieft and Ponggenborg







legend

AND  
YOU TRUST  
HIM?



NO I DO  
NOT TRUST  
HIM, THUNDER  
GOD

BUT  
I NEED  
HIM

AND I NEED YOU  
TO KEEP HIM FROM  
BETRAYING US  
ALL



WELL? AREN'T  
YOU PLEASED TO  
SEE ME? IT'S BEEN  
TWELVE HUNDRED  
YEARS, COUSIN

I AM NO  
COUSIN OF YOURS,  
LOK WOLF'S  
FATHER



AND IF YOU TRY  
ANYTHING TRICKSTER  
I WILL SPLIT YOUR SKIN  
I WILL SMASH YOUR  
BONES

I THINK THIS  
WHOLE AFFAIR IS  
ADDLE-HEADED  
BUT I WILL HARNESS  
MY GOATS

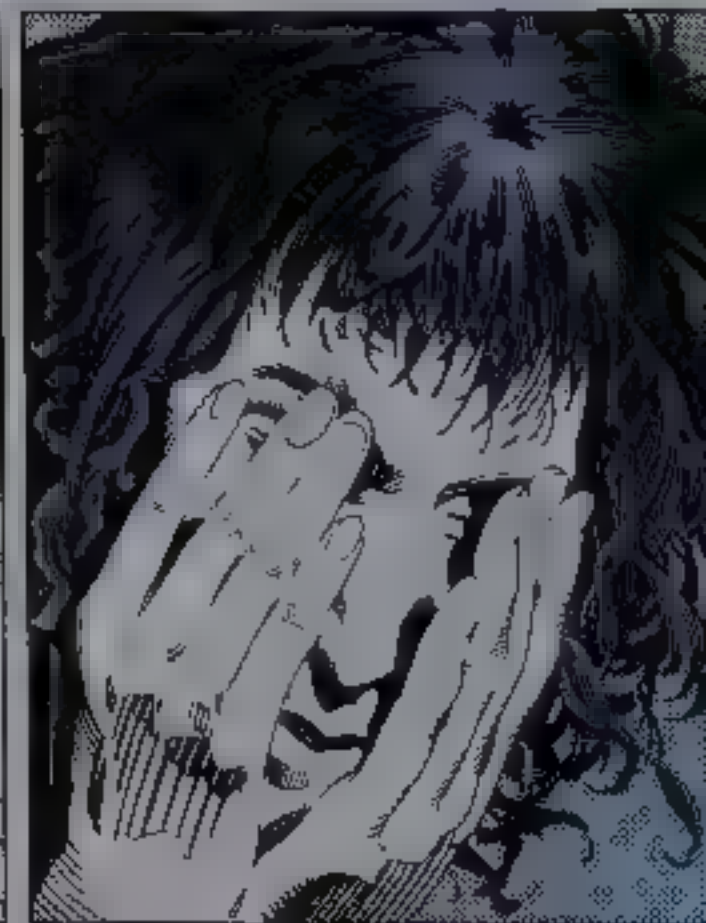


OH, TANNAGNOST!  
ON TANGRISHNI! TO  
DREAMLAND!

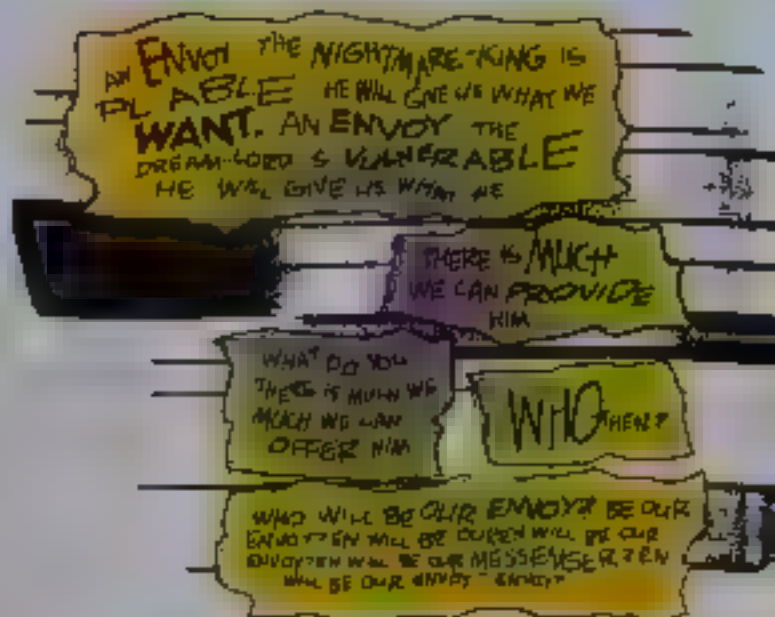
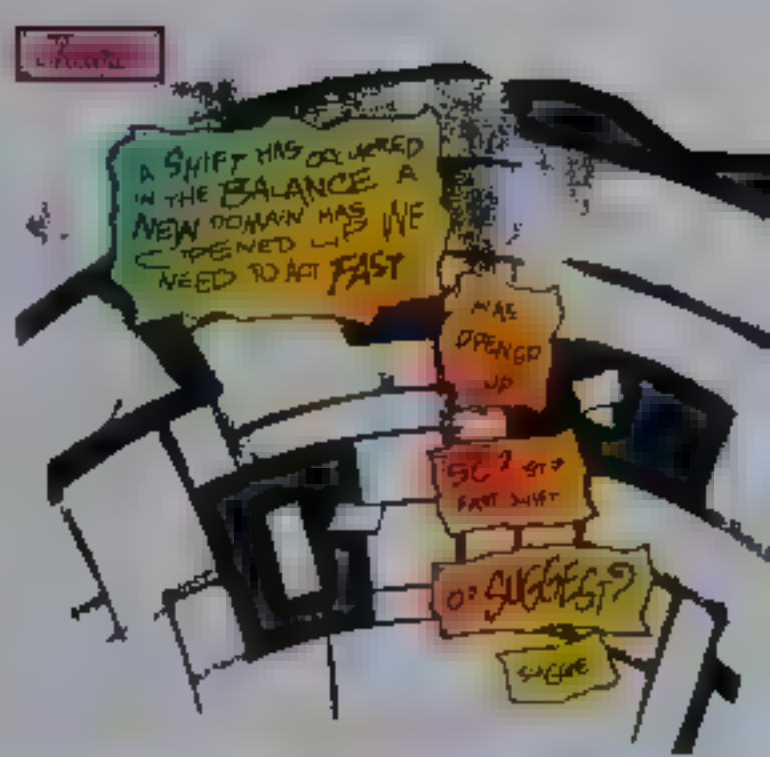
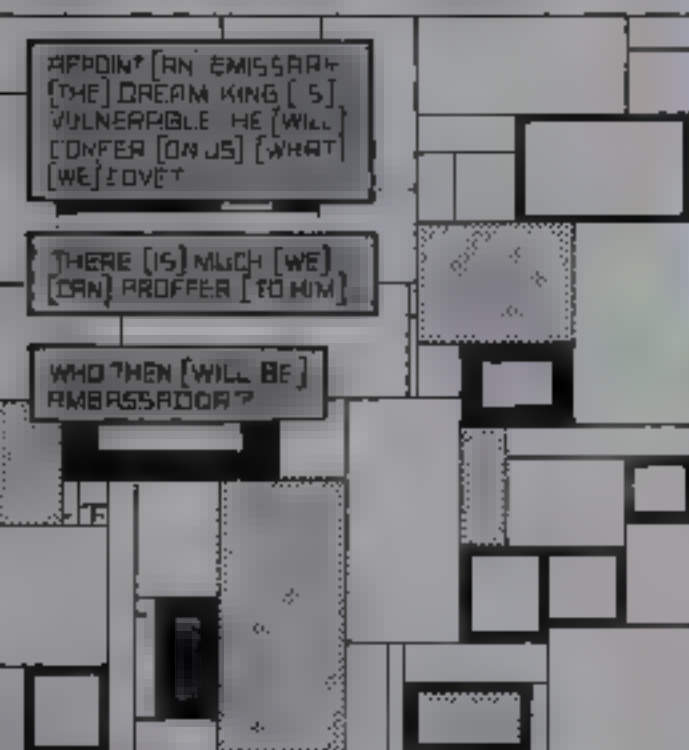
AWE TO  
DREAMS!



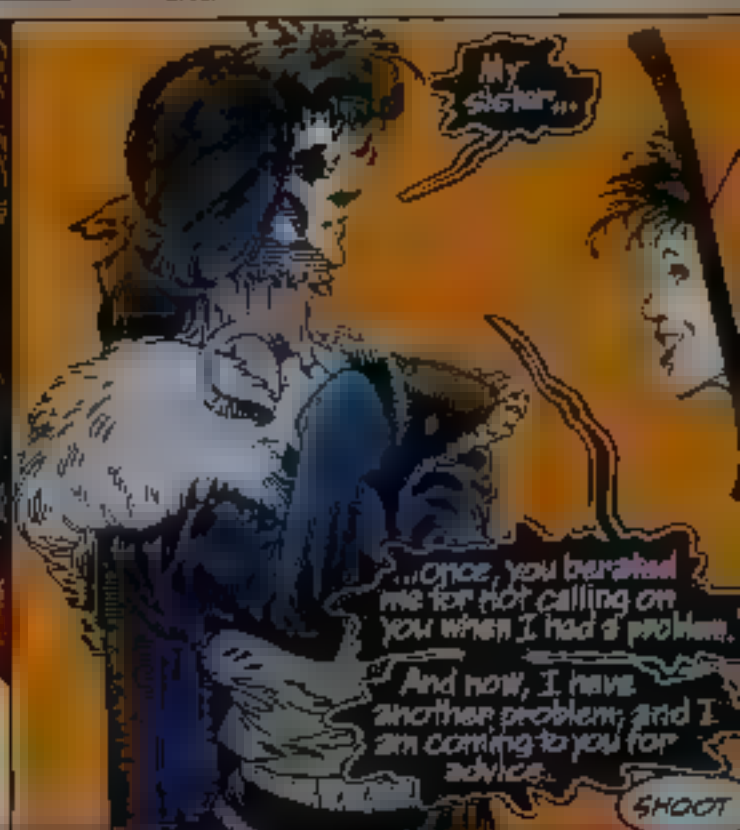
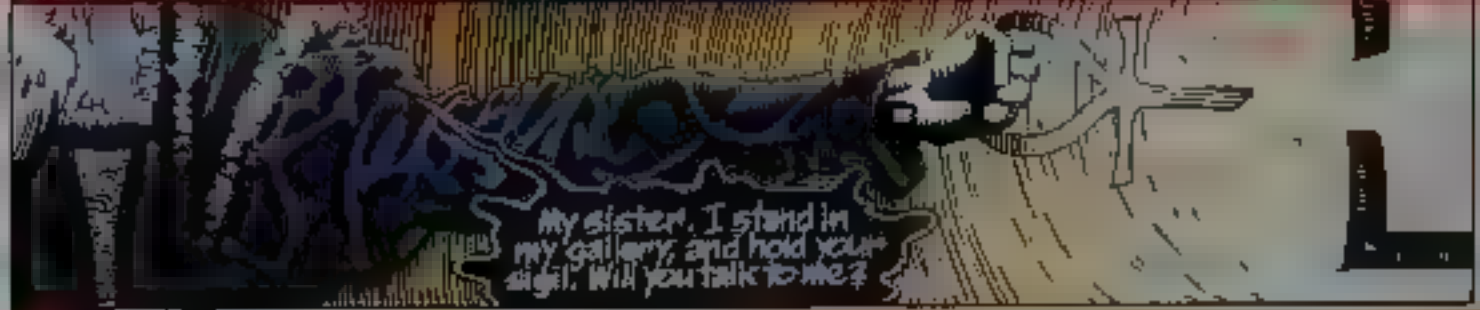


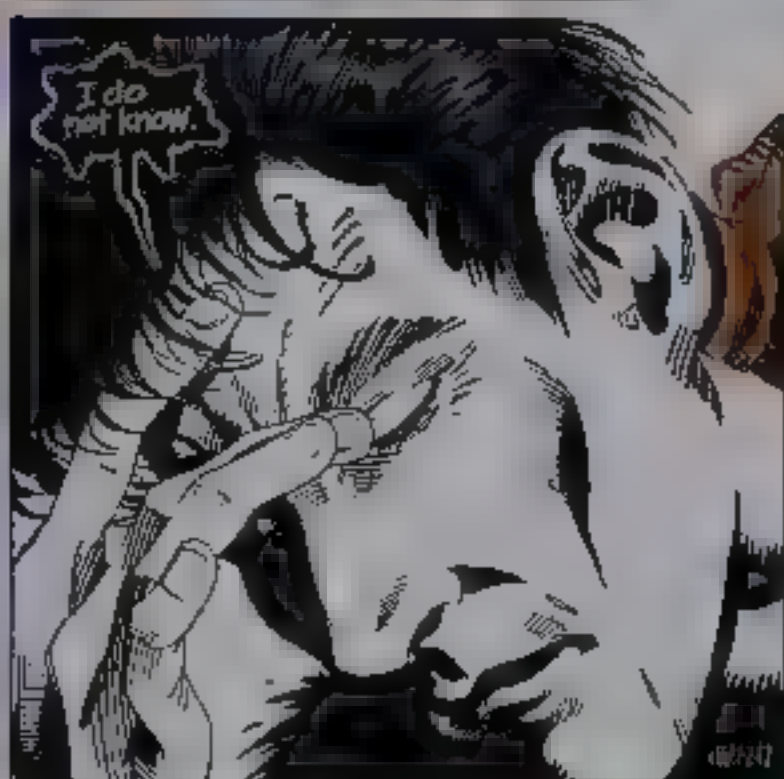
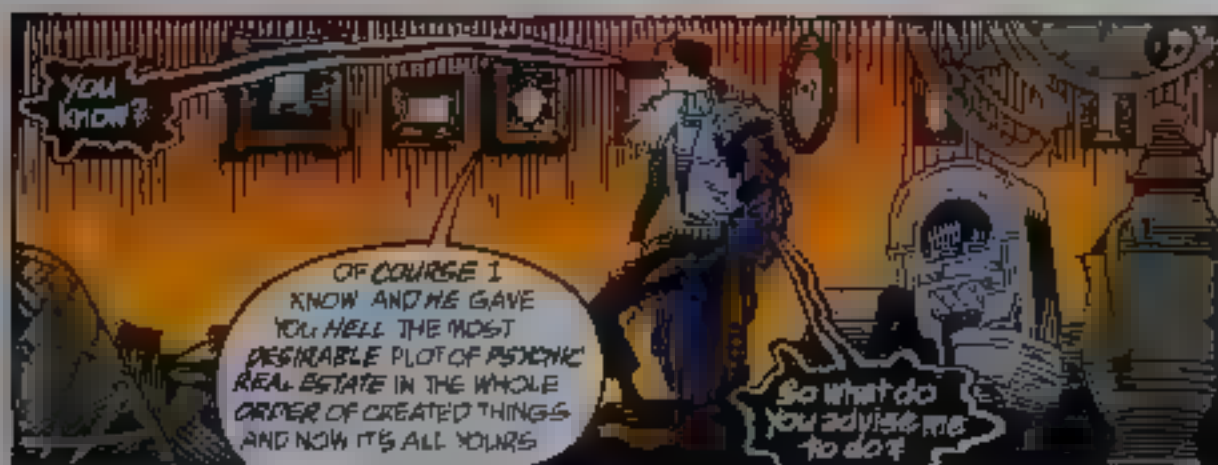














FAR BELOW THE SILVER CITY THE UNIVERSE  
GLITTERS AND GLISTENS, LIKE A CHILD'S TOY  
FROM THIS VANTAGE POINT GALAXIES COIL  
AND GLEAM LIKE MULTICOLORED JEWELS,  
DISTANT NEBULAE FLICKER AND PULSE

THE SILVER CITY

IT CANNOT BE  
VISITED

THE INHABITANTS OF  
THE CITY WERE  
CREATED IN THE SAME  
BREATH AS THE CITY  
ITSELF IN THE  
DARKNESS BEFORE  
TIME

BEFORE THE  
FIRST DAWN  
THE SILVER  
CITY WAS

IT IS NOT  
PARADISE

IT IS NOT  
HEAVEN

THIS IS THE SILVER CITY  
THAT IS NOT PART OF  
THE ORDER OF  
CREATED THINGS



THE INHABITANTS OF THE CITY POSSESS NAMES AND IDENTITIES. PERHAPS THEY POSSESS SOMETHING WE MIGHT RECOGNIZE AS FREE WILL. PERHAPS NOT

NOW TWO OF THEM  
TAKE WING

DUMA  
ANGEL OF  
SILENCE

REMIÉ, WHO  
IS SET OVER  
THOSE WHO  
RISE

TOGETHER THEY BOAR  
ABANDON THE SILVER  
CITY ABANDON THEIR  
CONTEMPLATION

THEY FLY TOGETHER  
IN PERFECT UNISON  
SHINING WINGS  
BEARING THEM  
EFFORTLESSLY  
ACROSS THE VOID

TWO  
ANGELS

FALLING  
TOWARD  
THE WORLD

Limbo

WE ARE  
OUTCASTS

WE ARE  
EXILES!

WE ARE THE  
DISPOSSESSED!

FOR TOO  
LONG WE HAVE  
BEEN DOWN  
TRODDEN

NO  
LONGER

BROTHERS SISTERS  
OTHERS ALL OF US. AT THIS  
MOMENT IN THIS OUR TROUGH  
OF DESPAIR, IT MAY SEEM LIKE  
THE GREATEST SETBACK WE  
HAVE EVER EXPERIENCED.

BUT IT  
IS THE GREATEST  
OPPORTUNITY!

YESTERDAY WE  
WERE CREATURES  
OF HELL TODAY WE  
ARE HOMELESS,  
BANISHED TO THIS  
DEAR LIMBO

BUT TOMORROW -  
OH GLORIOUS TOMORROW!  
TOMORROW WE SHALL  
HAVE HELL AGAIN AS  
OUR DOMAIN

BUT THIS TIME WILL BE  
DIFFERENT! NO LONGER WILL WE  
BE IN THRALL TO A  
FALLEN ANGEL  
NO LONGER SHALL WE  
BE SUBJECTS OF SOME  
SHIFTING  
TRIUMVIRATE

THIS WILL BE A NEW HELL, A FORWARD-  
LOOKING HELL, THAT RECOGNIZES  
INDIVIDUAL WORTH IN WHICH A DAEMON  
CAN RAISE ITS HEAD, OR ANY OTHER  
IMPORTANT MEMBER... HUSH, AND SAY

"THIS IS  
MY LAND

"AND NO ONE  
IS EVER GOING TO  
TAKE IT AWAY FROM  
ME AGAIN"

AZAZEL!  
AZAZEL!  
AZAZEL!





TODAY, I WILL GO  
TO THE DREAM KING.  
AND I WILL DEMAND  
HE GIVE US- RETURN  
TO US- THE LAND THAT  
IS RIGHTFULLY OURS

AND I  
WILL NOT GO  
ALONE

WITH ME WILL GO THE MERKIN- SHE  
WHOSE WOMB SPAWNED SPIDERS THE  
MERKIN HAS BEEN MY AIDE IN WAR AND  
PEACE

SHE WILL BE  
INVALUABLE IN CONVINCING  
THE DREAM MASTER OF THE  
WISDOM OF OUR CASE



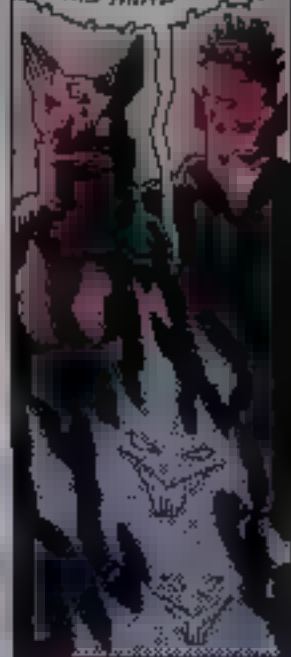
AND CHORONIZON- ONCE A CREATURE OF  
BEELEZBUB'S AND NOW FOULY BETRAYED BY  
THAT SHIFTY DUPE OF LUCIFER NOW ONE OF US.



UNTIL THE  
END OF TIME,  
PRINCE AZAZEL

THE DREAM-CREATURE  
WILL OF COURSE ACCEDE  
TO OUR WISHES. HE MUST  
SEE THAT HELL IS OURS BY  
RIGHT. HE MUST RETURN  
OUR LANDS TO US.

BUT IF HE FAILS  
TO SEE REASON WE  
HAVE SOMETHING TO  
HELP HIM MAKE UP  
HIS MIND



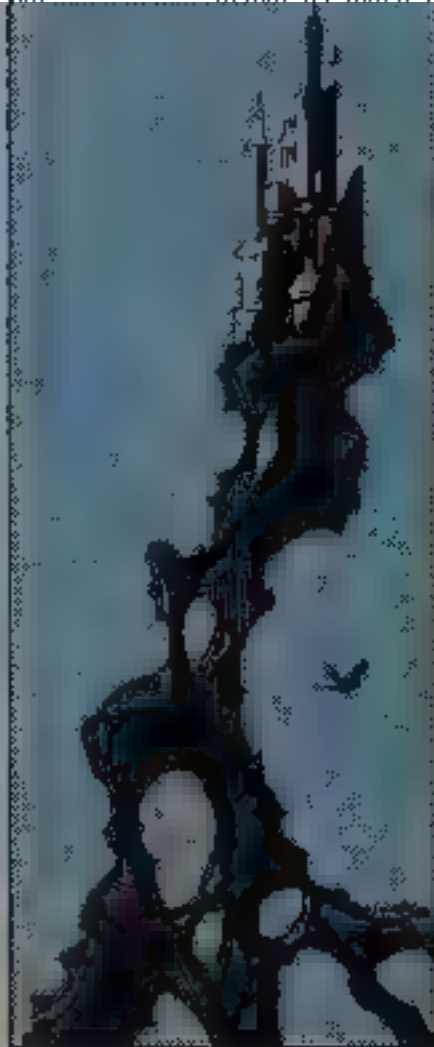
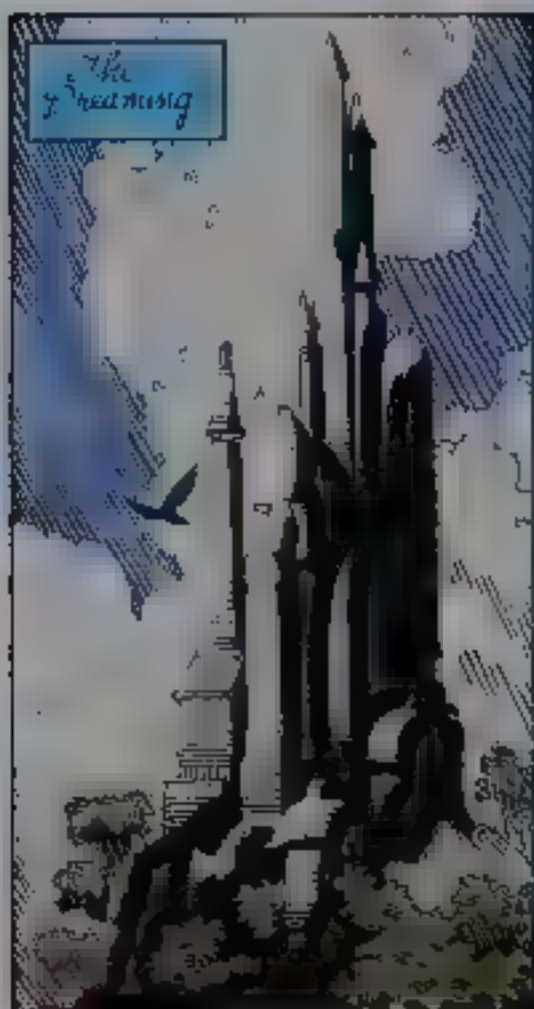
HE IS A  
REASONABLE  
BEING, AFTER  
ALL

AND HE  
WILL BE  
WILLING TO  
TRADE

ISN'T THAT  
RIGHT, LITTLE  
MISS NADIA?







MATTHEW WELCOME BACK  
WHAT NEWS?

OF THE BOSS?  
NOTHING REALLY HE'S  
STILL HUNG OUT IN  
HIS SUITE IN THE  
CASTLE

HE WON'T TALK TO  
ANYONE NOT EVEN  
ME.

HMPH HE'S  
LIKE A LITTLE  
CHILD.



OH AND HE'S MOVED THE  
CASTLE TO THE TOP OF A  
MOUNTAIN

HE'S EXPECTING  
UNWELCOME VISITORS.  
THEN HE ONLY DOES THAT  
WHEN HE'S FEELING  
ANTI-SOCIAL

I'M SURE THIS WILL  
SORT ITSELF OUT THESE  
THINGS USUALLY DO



I HOPE SO I'VE  
NEVER SEEN HIM THIS  
OUT OF CONTROL

NO. BUT YOU HAVE  
NOT BEEN WITH US LONG,  
LITTLE RAVEN HE GETS  
BLACK MOODS ON HIM  
SOMETIMES

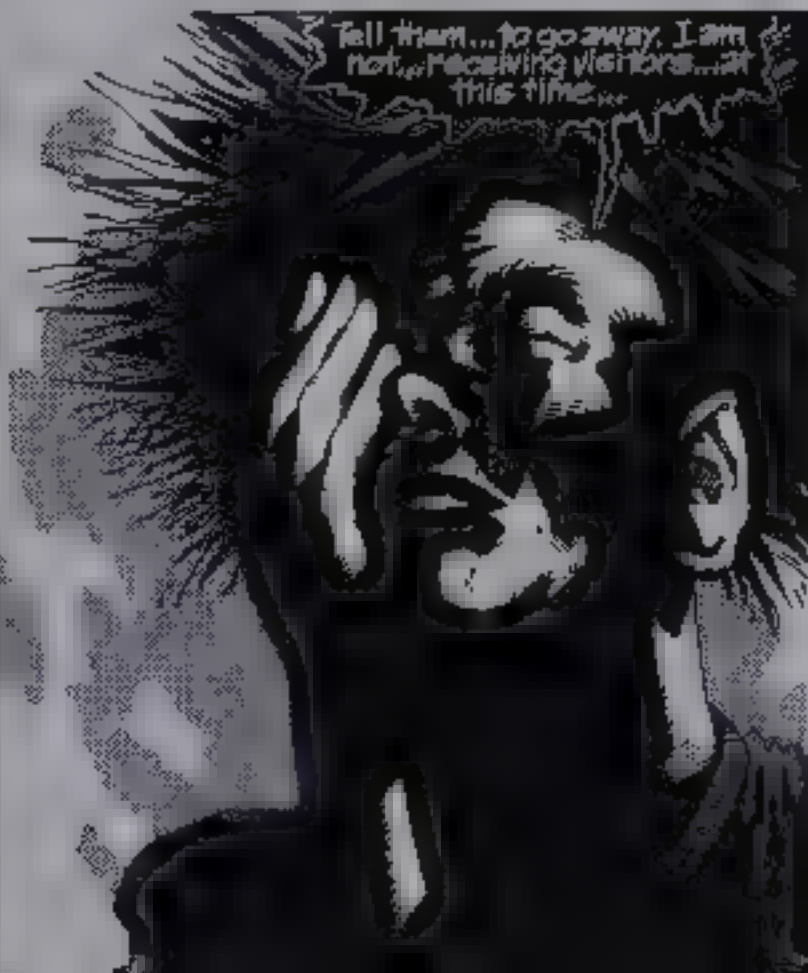
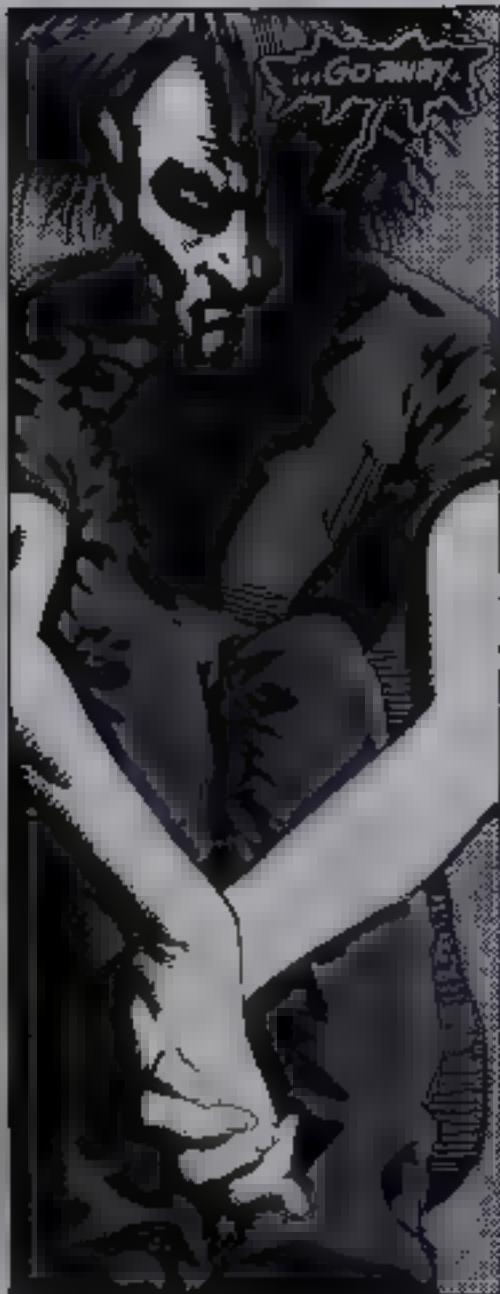
WORSE THAN THE  
SOUNDS. MUCH  
WORSE



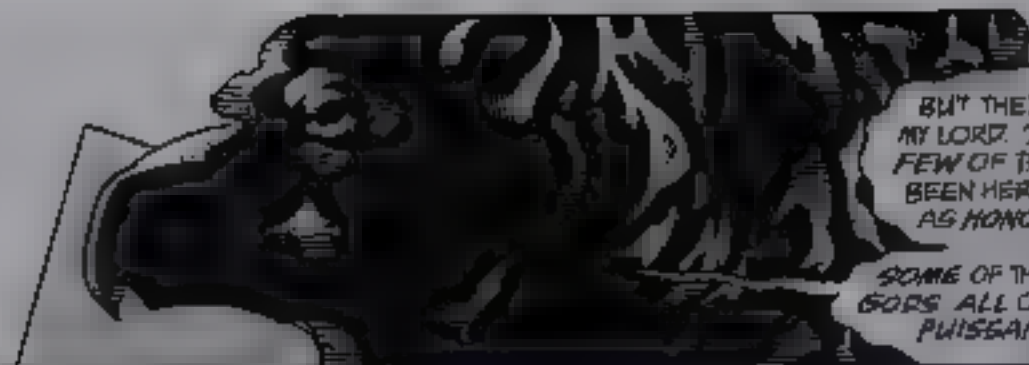
IS THERE ANYTHING  
WE CAN DO?

OF COURSE,  
MY DARLING

WE CAN  
WAIT







BUT THEY ARE ENVOYS  
MY LORD. I RECOGNIZE A  
FEW OF THEM. SOME HAVE  
BEEN HERE BEFORE...  
AS HONORED GUESTS

SOME OF THEM ARE  
GODS. ALL OF THEM ARE  
PUISANT



WE GATEKEEPERS  
CANNOT KEEP THEM ALL  
OUT. SHOULD THEY TAKE  
TO FORCE THEIR WAY IN

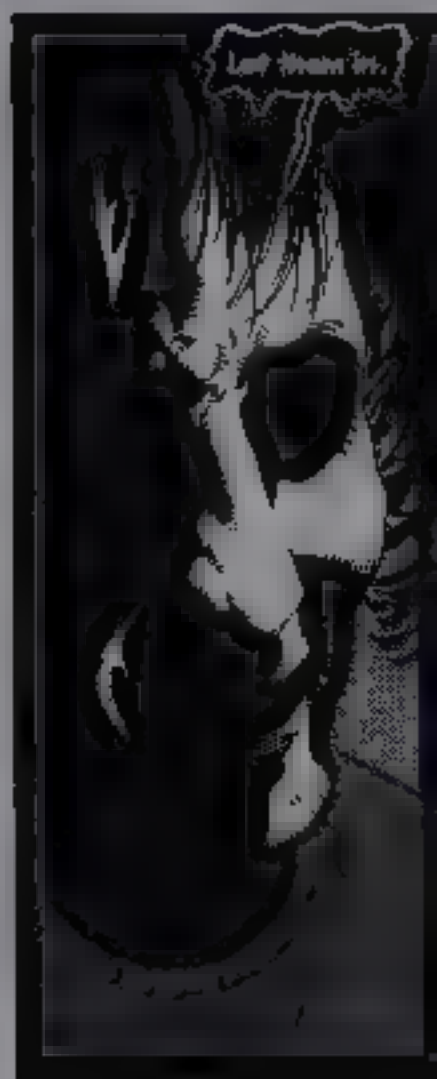
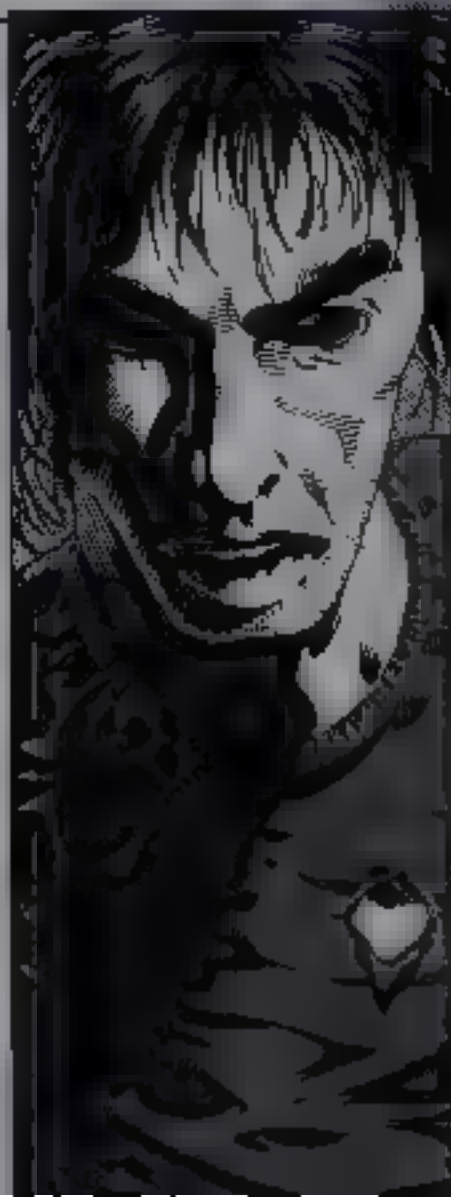
NOT UNLESS  
YOU LEND US POWER,  
LORD

NOT UNLESS  
YOU LEND US  
STRENGTH.

Enough.



WHAT  
SHALL WE DO,  
LORD?



Let them in.





I AM ODIN ALL FATHER, OF THE AESIR WITH ME  
ARE MY SON THOR OF THE AESIR, AND LOKI SKY-  
WALKER-- THE CHILD OF GIANTS, BUT AESIR  
BY RIGHT OF BLOOD-BROTHERHOOD

WE SEEK THE KEY  
TO HELL



I AM ANUBIS,  
LORD OF THE  
DEAD OF THE NILE  
DELTA WITH ME  
ARE BAST, LADY  
OF CATS, AND BES,  
A HOUSEHOLD  
DEITY

WE SEEK THE  
GRANT OF THE  
LAND THAT WAS  
ONCE LUCIFER'S



I AM AZAZEL FORMERLY A PRINCE OF HELL  
WITH ME ARE THE MERKIN, MOTHER OF SPIDERS,  
AND CHORONZON, ONCE A DUKE OF THE  
EIGHTH CIRCLE

WE SEEK  
THE RETURN OF  
OUR LANDS

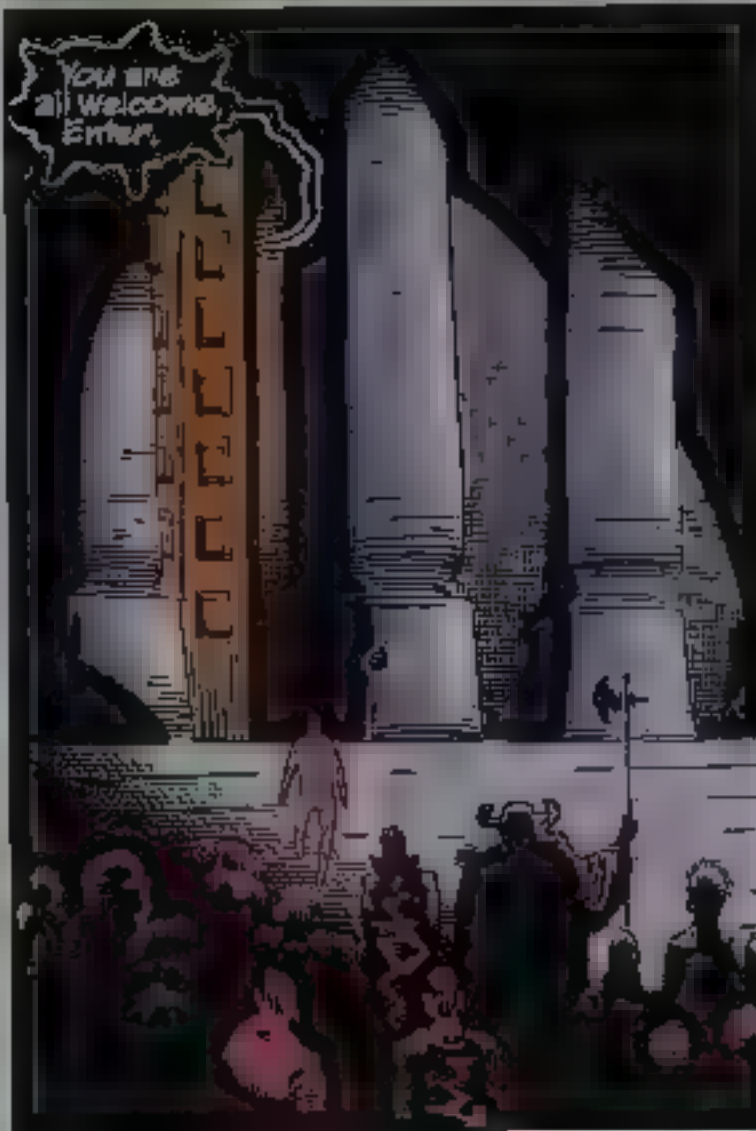
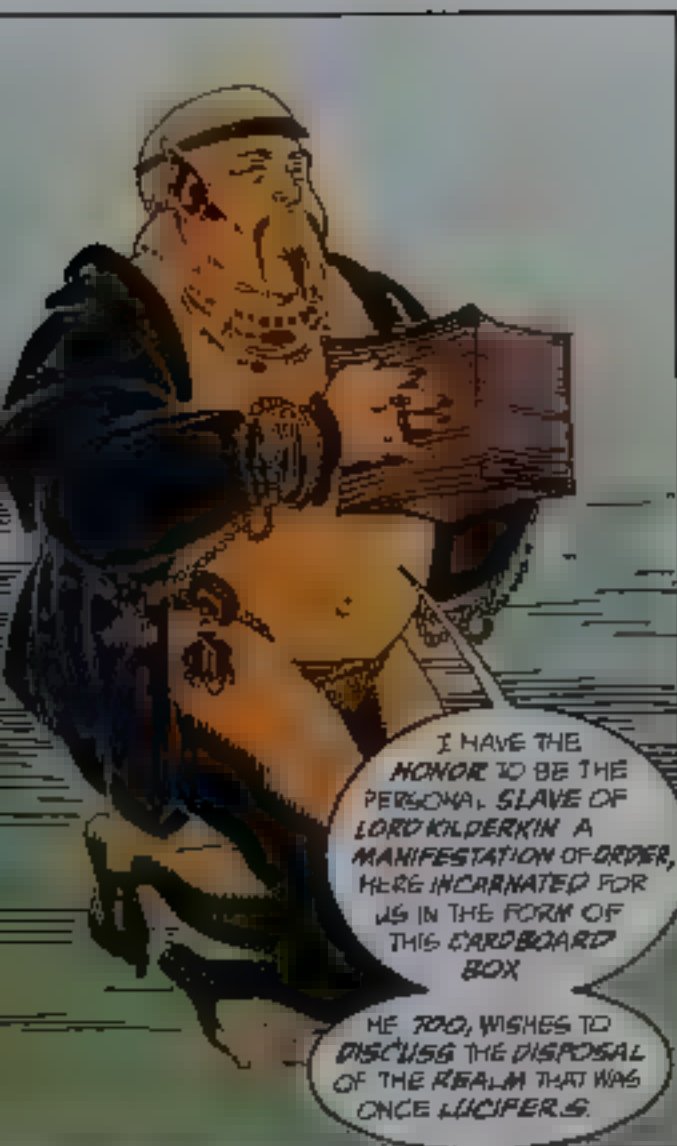


TO HIS SHAME, THIS ONE  
IS SUSANO-O-NO-MIKOTO  
"HIS BRAVE SWIFT IMPETUOUS MALE  
AUGUSTNESS," SON OF IZANAGI,  
"HIS AUGUSTNESS THE MALE  
WHO INVITES" THIS ONE  
COMES ALONE

THERE IS A DISCUSSION  
THAT MIGHT BE HAD AT SOME POINT,  
CONCERNING TERRITORY



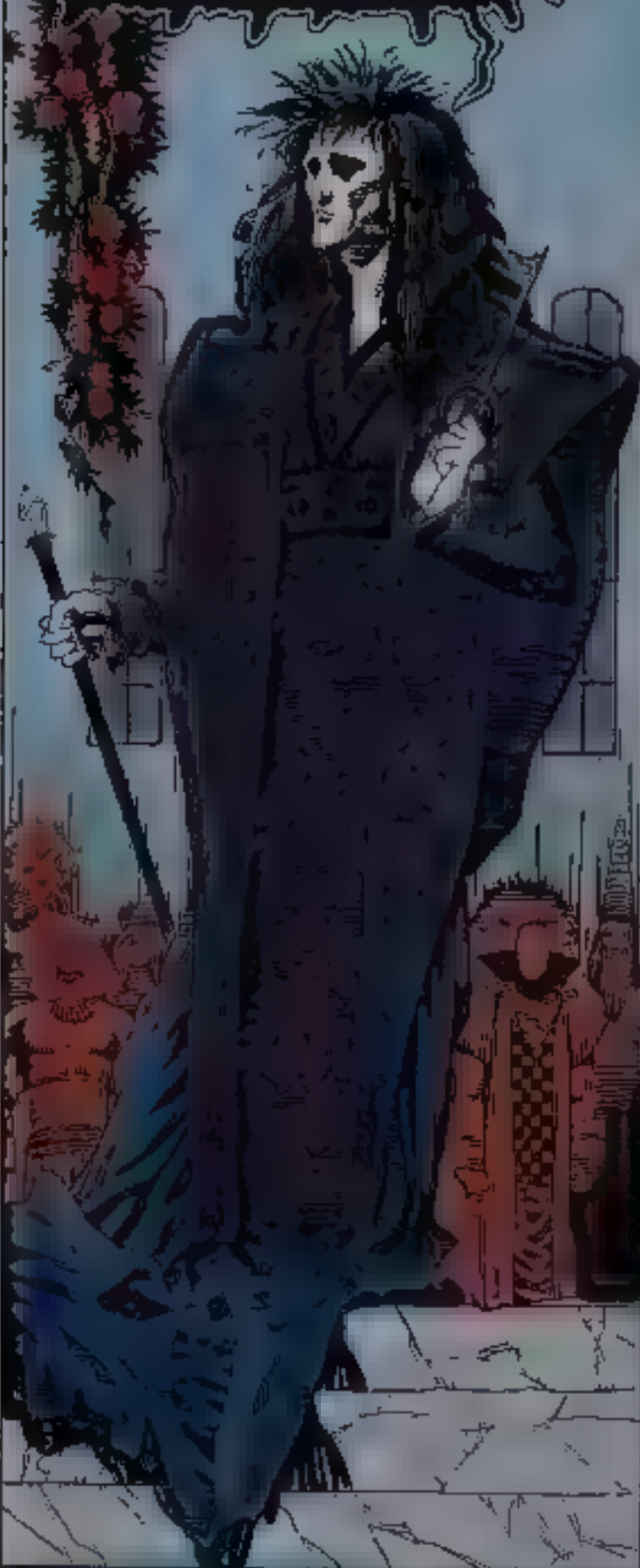






I welcome you to the Heart of the Dreaming.  
I extend my hospitality to you all.

Suites for you are being prepared,  
and your wishes regarding nourishment  
and recreation will be catered for,  
insofar as we are able to provide.



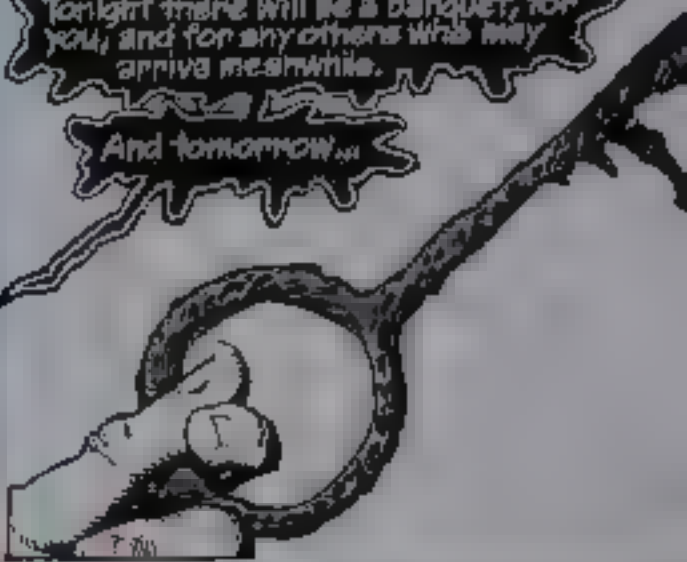
You all, or almost all, seek the same  
thing: this key, and what it represents.

The empty  
Hell that once  
was Lucifer's.

But you have  
journeyed far to  
come here this  
day.

You will be shown to your rooms.  
Tonight there will be a banquet, for  
you, and for any others who may  
arrive meanwhile.

And tomorrow...



...we'll  
talk.







IN WHICH THE DEAD RETURN  
AND CHARLES ROWLAND  
CONCLUDES HIS EDUCATION

## EPISODE 4





# SEASON of MISTS Chapter = 4

In which the dead return,  
and Charles Rowland  
concludes his education

DECEMBER  
1990

ROWLAND?  
ARE YOU AWAKE  
YET?

NEIL GAIMAN, Writer  
MATT WAGNER, Penciler  
MALCOLM JONES III, Inker  
DANIEL VOZZO, Colorist  
TODD KLEIN, Letterer  
TOM PEYER, Assist. Editor  
KAREN BERGER, Editor

## SANOMAN

featuring characters  
created by Gaiman,  
Keith and Bringsenberg

MUMMY?

NO IS ME  
PAIN? DO YOU  
FEEL ANY  
BETTER?

I'M SO  
HOT

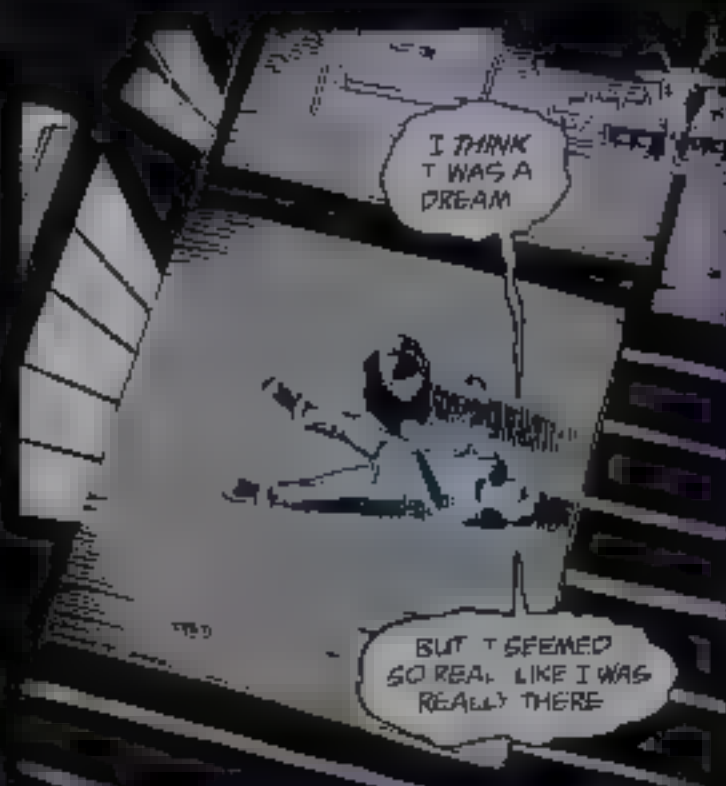
AM I REALLY  
HERE? I HAD  
THIS DREAM

I WASN'T  
SURE WHERE  
I WAS

PAIN?

YES I'M  
HERE

HOLD MY  
HAND



BUT IT SEEMED  
SO REAL LIKE I WAS  
REALLY THERE

"BLOOD-RED WORMS WERE  
FEEDING ON MY ARM



"THEY DIDN'T HURT MUCH, BUT WHEN THEY  
FELL OFF AND WHIGGLED AWAY, I FOUND  
MY ARM WAS RIDDLED WITH HOLES. ... LIKE  
SOMETHING THAT HAD BEEN UNDER THE  
SEA FOR A LONG TIME "



"AND I RAN OUT CRYING INTO THE  
OPEN, BUT IT WAS SNOWING.



"ONLY IT WASN'T SNOW. IT WAS THE  
SKELETONS OF BIRDS. FALLING  
FROM THE SKY THEY CRUNCHED  
UNDERFOOT AS I RAN



"AND THEN I SAW THAT THEY WERE  
TRYING TO MOVE EVEN THE ONES  
I HAD CRUNCHED TO BITS "



"THE WHOLE WORLD  
WAS COVERED WITH  
DEAD BIRDS TRYING  
TO FLY







MONDAY SIX DAYS AGO

EVEN WHEN EVERYONE'S GONE AWAY,  
THOUGHT CHARLES ROWLAND THE  
SCHOOL SMELLS THE SAME

THE SMELL OF SCHOOL IS A STRANGE  
PERVASIVE THING. IT'S DISINFECTANT  
WOOD POLISH AND INK. CHALK DUST,  
PIPE TOBACCO, BOILED CABBAGE,  
PAPER, FLATULENCE AND SOCKS.

THEY SAT AWKWARDLY IN ONE CORNER OF THE  
DINING HALL. WHILE LONG-DEAD HEADMASTERS  
STARED DOWN AT THEM STERNLY FROM DUSTY  
FORMAL PORTRAITS, HIGH ABOVE.

CHARLES ROWLAND HAD  
JUST TURNED THIRTEEN.

SO... WHAT DO YOU  
HAVE PLANNED FOR THIS  
EVENING, THEN. EH,  
YOUNG ROWLAND?

I DON'T KNOW, SIR. I'VE  
GOT TO WRITE A LETTER TO  
MY FATHER AND THEN I'LL  
PROBABLY JUST GO UP  
TO THE LIBRARY AND  
READ.

IF THE FOG  
LIFTS I'LL GO FOR  
A WALK.

MMPH

GOOD, GOOD.  
KEEP YOURSELF OCCUPIED.  
THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING. KEE-  
YOUR MIND OFF IT. I'LL BE IN MY  
STUDY IF THERE ARE ANY  
TELEPHONE CALLS FOR YOU.  
I'LL COME AND MMPH--  
FIND YOU.

THANK  
YOU,  
SIR.

ROWLAND'S FATHER WAS  
IN KUWAIT

EVEN SO, I MUST SAY  
THIS IS MOST AWKWARD ARE  
YOU QUITE SURE YOU HAVE NO  
RELATIVES TO WHOM YOU COULD  
BE SENT FOR THE REST OF  
MUMPH - SCHOOL  
HOLIDAYS?

THERE'S  
NO ONE THAT  
I KNOW OF  
SIR

FATHER  
WAS GOING TO FLY ME  
OUT TO KUWAIT IN THE HOLS  
I'VE ALWAYS SPENT THE  
HOLIDAYS WITH HIM  
UNTIL NOW

MUMPH

DON'T BE HARD ON THE BOY  
HEADMASTER WHAT I SAY IS, ITS  
ALL THAT SADDAM HUSSEIN'S  
FAULT FOR MISTER ROWLAND  
DIDN'T ASK TO BE A HOSTAGE,  
DID HE?

ITS A GOOD THING THAT  
WE'RE BOTH STAYING ON AT SCHOOL  
OVER THE HOLIDAYS, OTHERWISE  
I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE  
LAD COULD GO

YOU'RE RIGHT,  
OF COURSE, MISS  
GRBBLE

OF COURSE I  
AM, AND ROWLAND  
CAN KEEP HIMSELF  
OCCUPIED CAN'T  
YOU, DEAR?

YES,  
MATRON

THAT'S RIGHT, LOVE IF  
YOU GET BORED COME ON  
UP TO THE SAN - I'LL MAKE  
YOU A CUP OF TEA, AND WE  
CAN HAVE A BIT OF A  
NATTER

YES, MATRON

RIGHT, NOW YOU RUN  
ALONG, DON'T WORRY ABOUT  
THE PLATES ALFRED WILL  
CLEAN UP LATER

ALL RIGHT  
THANK YOU,  
MATRON THANK  
YOU SIR



OUTSIDE IT WAS COLD THE DAMP  
WINTER AIR HUNG IN A WET MIST OVER  
ST HILARION'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS,  
OVER THE WORLD CHARLES ROWLAND  
SHIVERED

FOUNDED IN 1812, A  
BOARDING SCHOOL FOR  
THE SONS OF ARMY  
OFFICERS.

THE SCHOOL NOW OFFERED  
EDUCATION TO ANYONE WHO  
COULD AFFORD IT,  
PARTICULARLY TO THOSE  
WHO LIVED ABROAD BUT  
WANTED THEIR SONS  
EDUCATED ON BRITISH  
SOIL.

CHARLES ROWLAND HAD BEEN  
HERE FOR A YEAR AND A HALF  
SINCE HIS FATHER LEFT THE  
COUNTRY

HIS FATHER WAS AN ARCHITECT A TALL,  
NERVOUS MAN WHO DESIGNED HOSPITALS.

HIS MOTHER WAS  
LONG DEAD

HE WALKED OVER TO THE  
EMPTY LIBRARY COMPOSING  
A LETTER IN HIS HEAD TO  
HIS FATHER

IT WAS THE SAME LETTER HE HAD  
WANTED TO WRITE FOR A YEAR  
AND A HALF AND NEVER HAD

"PLEASE, DADDY

"TAKE ME HOME"





She looked through the tattered curtain across at the handsome face of her husband, in whose lazy blue eyes, and behind whose naive smile she could now so plainly see the strength, energy and resourcefulness

which had caused the Scarlet Pimpernel to be revered and trusted by his followers

ROWLAND? CHARLES?



I KNOW THERE AREN'T ANY LIGHTS-OUT BELLS, WITH EVERYONE AWAY BUT STILL, SPIT SPOT TIME FOR YOU TO GET SOME SLEEP, YOUNG MAN



ALL RIGHT, MATRON

EVEN WHEN IT'S EMPTY THOUGH? CHARLES ROWLAND, YOU'RE NEVER ALONE IN A SCHOOL

IT BELONGS TO ALL THOSE DEAD PEOPLE ALL THE OTHER KIDS THE ONES WHO SAT AT YOUR DESK OR SLEPT IN YOUR BED OR RAN DOWN THE CORRIDORS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO



THEY NEVER GO AWAY

EVEN WHEN YOU'RE ALONE--



• YOU'RE NOT ALONE



..PAINE?  
WHAT WAS IT  
LIKE? AFTER  
YOU DIED?

NOT VERY  
NICE I WENT  
TO HELL

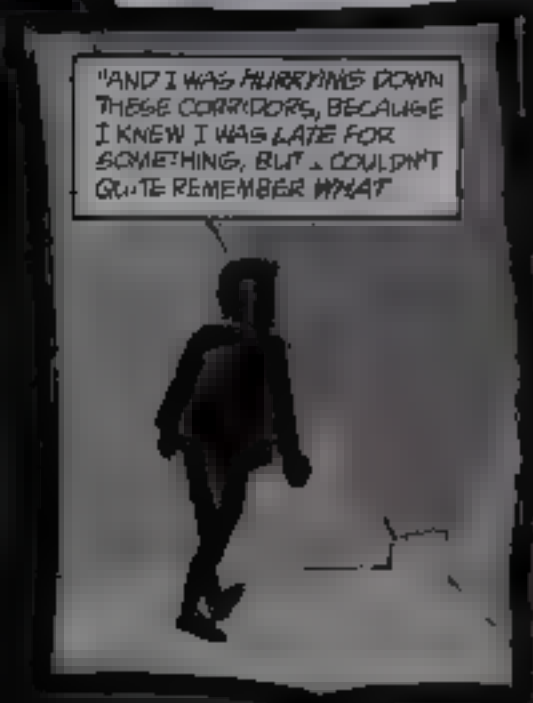


I THINK IT  
WAS HELL

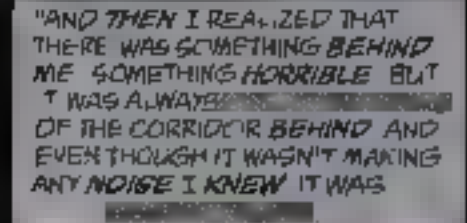


IT WAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE  
THE KIND WHERE YOU KNOW IT'S A  
NIGHTMARE BUT YOU STILL CAN'T  
WAKE YOURSELF UP

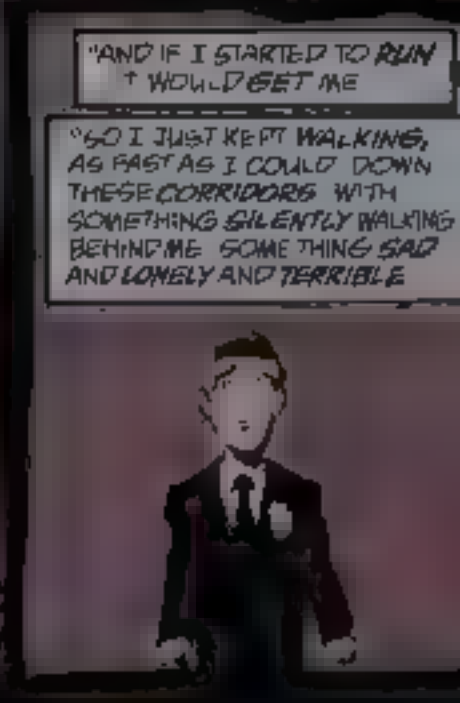
IT WAS JUST  
CORRIDORS



"AND I WAS HURRYING DOWN  
THESE CORRIDORS, BECAUSE  
I KNEW I WAS LATE FOR  
SOMETHING, BUT I COULDN'T  
QUITE REMEMBER WHAT

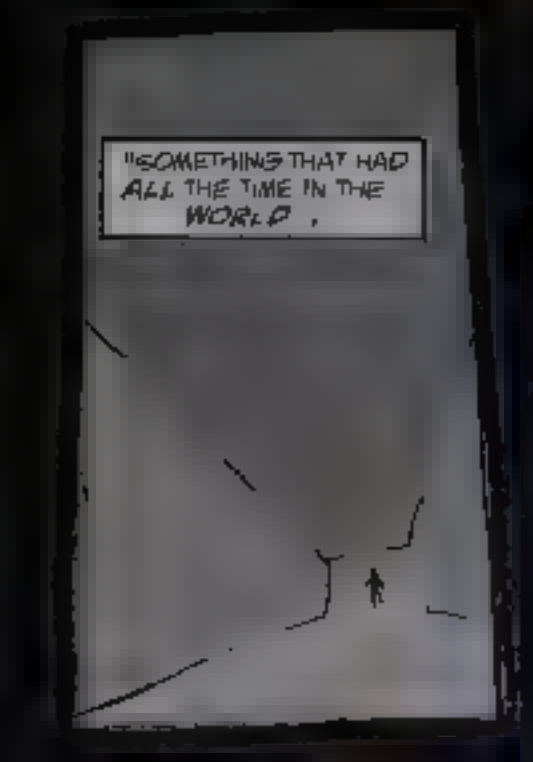


"AND THEN I REALIZED THAT  
THERE WAS SOMETHING BEHIND  
ME SOMETHING HORRIBLE BUT  
IT WAS ALWAYS ~~BEHIND ME~~  
OF THE CORRIDOR BEHIND AND  
EVEN THOUGH IT WASN'T MAKING  
ANY NOISE I KNEW IT WAS



"AND IF I STARTED TO RUN  
IT WOULD GET ME

"SO I JUST KEPT WALKING,  
AS FAST AS I COULD DOWN  
THESE CORRIDORS WITH  
SOMETHING SILENTLY WALKING  
BEHIND ME SOMETHING SAD  
AND LONELY AND TERRIBLE



"SOMETHING THAT HAD  
ALL THE TIME IN THE  
WORLD ,



HOW HOW  
LONG DID THIS  
GO ON FOR?

WHAT  
YEAR ARE WE  
IN NOW?



1990

ABOUT 75  
YEARS, I  
SUPPOSE BUT  
IT SEEMED  
FAR  
LONGER

PAINE?



YES

I'M I'M NOT  
AFRAID OF  
DYING



YOU  
SHOULD  
BE





DEAD

I DIED IN JANUARY, 942 UPON MY DEATH I FOUND MYSELF IN HELL THIS DID NOT COME ENTIRELY AS A SURPRISE TO ME



THEODORE'S FATHER, WHO OUTLIVED ME, HAD QUITE RUINED MY NERVES AND CONSTITUTION BY COMPELLING ME TO SUBMIT TO CERTAIN HUNNISH PRACTICES IN THE MARITAL BED



I SUPPOSE I COULD HAVE ASKED FOR A DIVORCE BUT HOW WOULD THAT HAVE LOOKED?

I COULD NOT HAVE STOOD UP THERE AND TOLD A JUDGE THE REVOLTING THINGS THAT THEODORE'S FATHER FORCED ME TO DO



I BANNED HIM FROM MY BEDROOM, AND HE SLAKED HIS UNNATURAL LUSTS UPON THE HOUSEMAID.



AS I SAID, I WENT TO HELL WHERE I WAS PUNISHED PAINFULLY, AND AT LENGTH



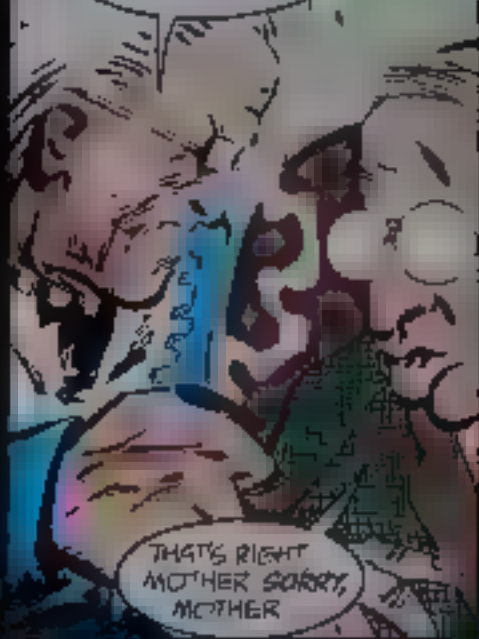
PUNISHED AND PUNISHED AND PUNISHED

THEODORE? WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING? REVOLTING HABIT!

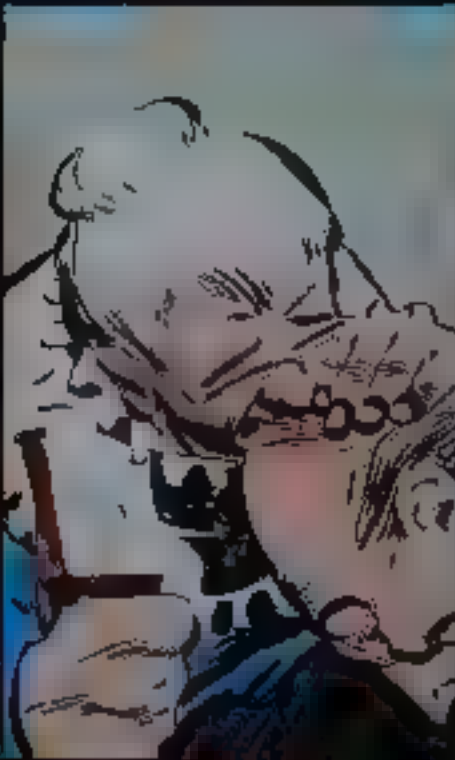
MMPH MOTHER I AM HEADMASTER



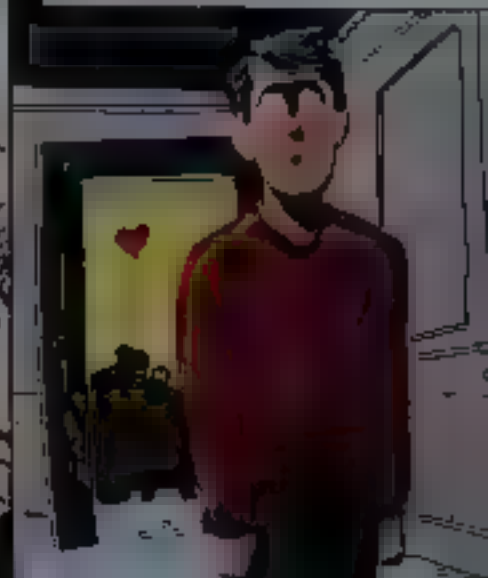
YOU ARE NOTHING OF THE KIND YOU'RE MOTHER'S LITTLE BOY.

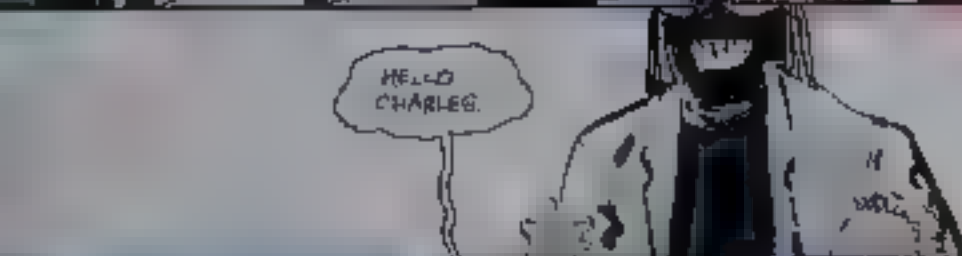


THAT'S RIGHT MOTHER SORRY, MOTHER



STRANGE PEOPLE, THOUGHT CHARLES ROWLAND. HE FOUND HIMSELF WONDERING ABOUT INSANITY BUT ADULTS WERE STRANGE, AND HE HAD FEW CRITERIA BY WHICH TO JUDGE THEM





CHARLES ROWLAND RETURNED TO THE DORMITORY HUNGRY AND SCARED THAT EVENING HE STARED AT THE MIST AS NIGHT FELL

HE SAT UP IN BED THAT NIGHT, HUNGRY AND FRIGHTENED NOBODY CAME TO TURN OFF THE LIGHTS

AND EVENTUALLY, CHARLES ROWLAND FELL ASLEEP

HE WATCHED AS ALFRED, THE SCHOOL GROUNDS MAN, RAN PAST, WHILING SOFTLY, PURSUED BY A WOMAN AND A CHILD THE MISTS SWALLOWED THE THREE OF THEM; HE SAW NONE OF THEM AGAIN

HE LET THEM BURN

WHY ARE YOU UP HERE? I MEAN, WHY DID YOU HIDE IN THE ATTIC?

BECAUSE MY BONES ARE UP HERE IN THAT TRUNK SEE? THIS IS WHERE I DIED

THEY HID HERE NOONE EVER FOUND OUT

HONESTLY I DON'T THINK THEY COULD HAVE LOOKED VERY HARD.

ALL THEIR STUFF IS STILL HERE THEY HARDLY EVEN COVERED THEIR TRACKS. YOU CAN STILL SEE THE CIRCLE THEY DREW ON THE FLOOR OVER THERE

THIS WAS WHERE THEY USED TO COME, YOU SEE

AT NIGHT TRYING TO RAISE DEVILS THAT NEVER CAME

THEY'D DRESS UP AND THEY'D DO STUFF THEY'D KILL FROGS AND RABBITS AND CATS,

AND ME

AND YOU



WEDNESDAY  
FOUR DAYS  
AGO

GOD,  
IT'S A  
BUG!

YUCK!  
A BUG

WAKE  
THE BUG UP,  
CHEESEY

WHAT'S YOUR  
PATHETIC NAME,  
BUG?

GOD,  
WHAT A  
SUB-HUMAN  
MORDH. COME  
ON, SCUMBAG  
WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME?

OWWW!  
PLEASE! IT'S CHARLES  
ROWLAND

OW!

THAT'S  
BETTER BUG. I'M  
CHEESEMAN

I'M BARROW

I'M SKINNER  
WE'RE OLD BOYS

VERY  
OLD. HEE HEE  
HEE

YOU THREE! YOU SILLY BOYS. I KNOW YOU THREE DON'T THINK I DON'T GET AWAY FROM THAT BOY

BARROW, CHEESEMAN, AND, HMM, SKINNER, ISN'T IT?

YES, HEADMASTER  
SORRY, HEADMASTER

I NEVER TRUSTED YOU THREE YOU DID SOMETHING TO THAT BOY, DIDN'T YOU? THE ONE WHO DISAPPEARED

NOT US, SIR NO, SIR

LIARS. STILL IT'S ALL HISTORY NOW

ASSEMBLY IN TEN MINUTES IN THE MAIN HALL. AND YOU-- LIVE BOY!--CLEAN YOURSELF UP

Y-YES, SIR

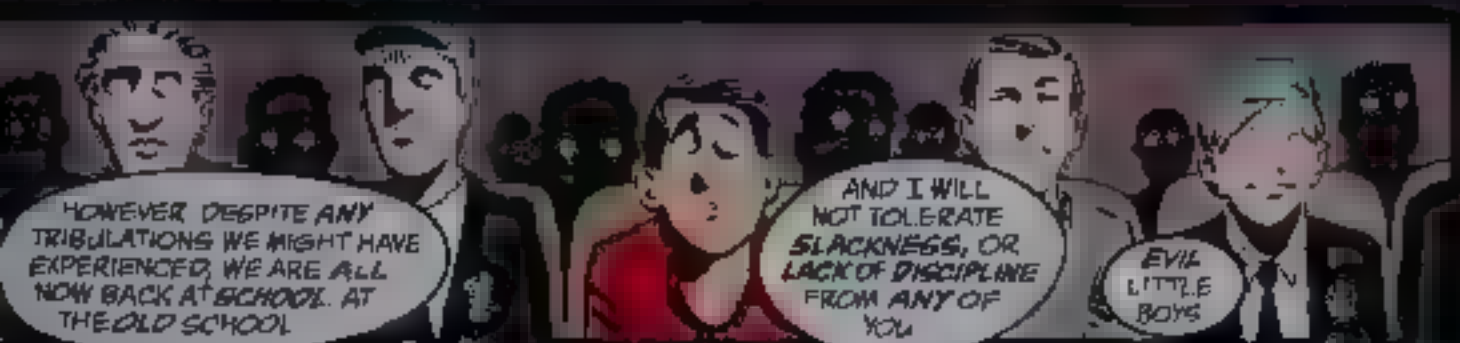
WE CAN WAIT LITTLE BIRD WE CAN WAIT

FOR THOSE BOYS BEFORE OR AFTER MY TIME MY NAME IS PARKINSON I WAS HEADMASTER HERE FROM 1901 UNTIL MY DEATH IN 1916.

AND I AM HEADMASTER HERE TODAY

WE EXIST, AS THE ORIENTALS WOULD HAVE IT, IN INTERESTING TIMES





HOWEVER DESPITE ANY TRIBULATIONS WE MIGHT HAVE EXPERIENCED, WE ARE ALL NOW BACK AT SCHOOL. AT THE OLD SCHOOL

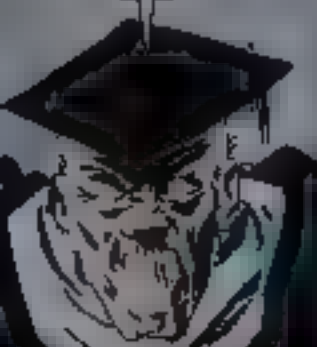
AND I WILL NOT TOLERATE SLACKNESS, OR LACK OF DISCIPLINE FROM ANY OF YOU

EVIL LITTLE BOYS

YOU ALL DIED HERE OR HAD NO PLACE ELSE TO WHICH YOU COULD RETURN

IT SEEMS THAT I AM THE ONLY MASTER WHO HAS RESUMED HIS DUTIES AT ST HILARION'S

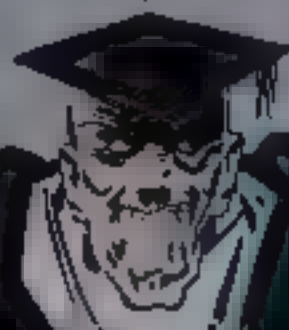
VERY WELL, EVIL LITTLE BOYS I AM THE ONLY MASTER



I WILL TEACH YOU WHAT I LEARNED.

WELL I LEARNED SO MANY THINGS

YOU, BOY THE ROW WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



MOULD, SIR SIMON MOULD, SIR

WHEN WERE YOU HERE?

I DIED IN 1953, SIR I HUNG MYSELF, SIR I'M SORRY, SIR I DIDN'T MEAN TO, SIR



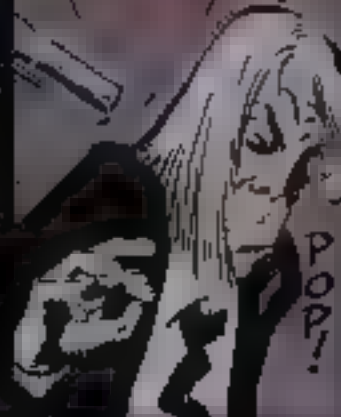
WHAT'S THE POINT? I MEAN, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO STUDY?

DEAD LANGUAGES?



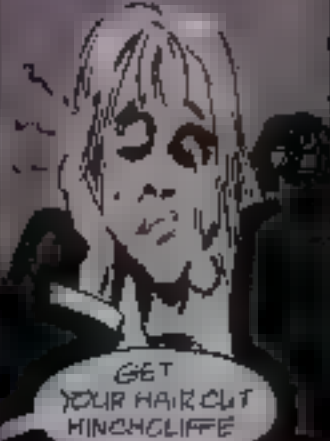
AAGH!

WAKE!



YOU WILL MIND YOUR MANNERS, BOY WHO ARE YOU?

PETER HINCHCLIFFE SIR I CHOKED ON MY OWN VOMIT IN 1977, SIR BOOZE AND PILLS

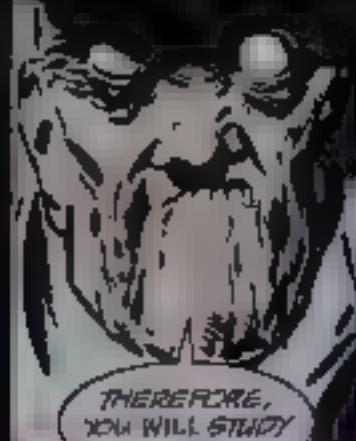


GET YOUR HAIR CUT HINCHCLIFFE

YOU ARE SCHOOLBOYS.

YOU ARE AT SCHOOL

YOU COME TO SCHOOL TO STUDY



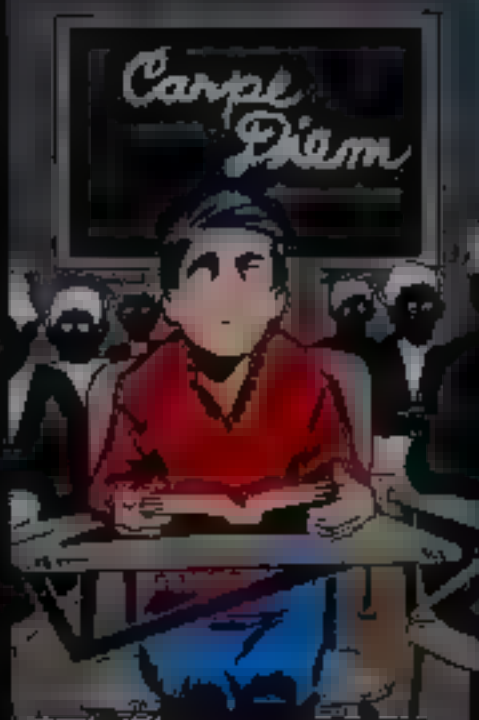
THEREFORE, YOU WILL STUDY



"BENS SAMA IN CORPSE: MURDERED EH, BOYS? "A HEALTHY MIND IN A DEAD BODY..."



CHARLES ROWLAND SAT, HUNGRY,  
IN A ROOM SURROUNDED BY  
DEAD BOYS, AND TRIED TO  
FOCUS ON HIS TEXT BOOK



AFTER A WHILE HE BECAME  
AWARE THAT NO ONE ELSE IN  
THE ROOM WAS BREATHING

IN THE AFTERNOON THE NEW  
HEADMASTER SENT THE BOYS  
DOWN TO THE SCHOOL LAKE,  
TO BATHE

CHARLES FELT HIS LIPS  
TURNING BLUE HIS FINGERS  
AND TOES BECAME NUMB  
NO ONE ELSE SEEMED TO  
NOTICE THE COLD



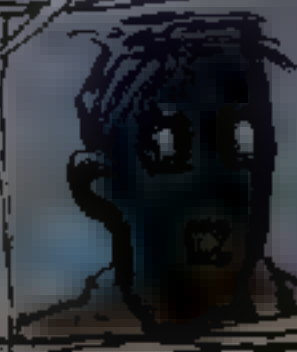
THERE WAS NO FOOD  
THAT NIGHT



AFTER LIGHTS OUT, WHEN THE  
OTHER BOYS WERE LAID OUT  
IN THEIR BEDS, CHARLES  
CREPT OUT OF THE DORM HALL,  
DRIVEN BY HUNGER



WE'LL LOOK  
WHO'S SNEAKING OUT  
OF THE DORM AFTER  
LIGHTS OUT, CHEESY  
IT'S THE NEW BUS



WE SAID WE  
COULD WAIT  
NEW BUG

WE DON'T  
LIKE YOU NEW  
BUG WE THINK  
YOU'RE  
PATHETIC

WE'RE GOING  
TO MAKE YOU SORRY  
YOU WERE EVER  
BORN.

THREE  
AGAINST ONE'S  
NOT FAIR

FAIR?  
WHAT'S  
FAIR?

CHEESEMAN  
WAS KILLED IN THE  
TRENCHES, AFTER HE  
WAS EXPELLED HE  
WAS ONLY SEVENTEEN  
BARROW AND I HAD  
ALREADY DIED OF  
DIPHTHERIA

WAS THAT  
FAIR? WE WERE  
ONLY KIDS

WE SACRIFICED A BOY ALL THREE  
OF US TO THE DEVIL WE DID STUFF FROM  
OLD BOOKS WE DID THINGS YOU  
WOULDN'T BELIEVE

BUT WHEN WE WENT  
TO HELL THEY DIDN'T CARE  
THEY HADN'T EVEN KNOWN  
THEY LAUGHED  
AT US

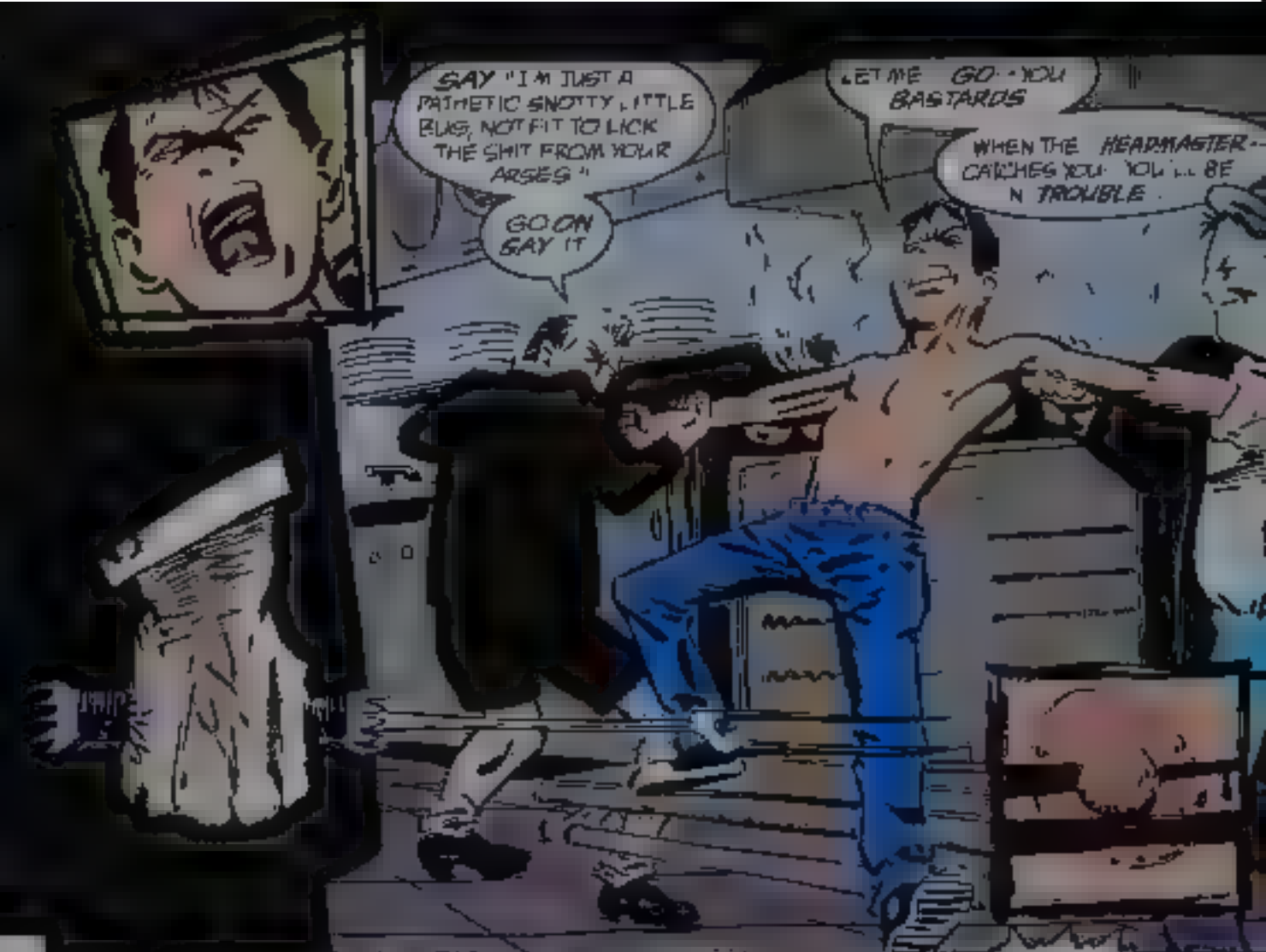
THAT'S NOT WHAT  
I CALL FAIR

ALL THE TROUBLE WE  
WENT THROUGH WITH THE LITTLE  
BRAT DRINKING HIS BLOOD  
HIDING THE CORPSE STEALING  
THE HOST FROM THE CHAPEL

AND  
NOBODY IN  
HELL GAVE  
A TOSS.

WE BURNED  
ANYWAY

JUST LIKE  
YOU'RE GOING  
TO. BUG



SAY "I'M JUST A PATHETIC SNOTTY LITTLE BUG, NOT FIT TO LICK THE SHIT FROM YOUR ARSES"

GO ON SAY IT

LET ME GO - YOU BASTARDS

WHEN THE HEADMASTER CATCHES YOU YOU'LL BE IN TROUBLE



WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO TO US, THEN BUG? EN?

KILL US?

AAAHH!

NOW, SAY IT



I'M A... I'M A

UHN

BLOODY HELL, FELLOWS HE'S OUT COLD ALREADY WE'D HARDLY STARTED

IN OUR DAY A GOOD NEW BUG WOULD LAST FOR MUCH LONGER THAN THAT

REMEMBER SOMERVILLE? OR BARTLETT JONES? OR THE YATES TWINS?

THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS

HAPPIEST DAYS OF OUR LIVES..





AND ON SUNDAY

PAINE?

HAVE THEY  
STOPPED  
SINGING?

YES

THAT'S GOOD

I THOUGHT  
MAYBE,

IT WAS  
ME...

HELLO  
CHARLES

TIME  
TO GO

ON SUNDAY, CHARLES  
ROSE AND DIED



IS THAT ME?  
GOSH I LOOK TERRIBLE

NAH. YOUR BODY DOESN'T LOOK THAT BAD. I'VE SEEN MUCH WORSE



OKAY, CHARLES ENOUGH SIGHTSEEING WE HAVE TO GO NOW

WHAT ABOUT PAIN?

IT'S YOU I'M HERE FOR CHARLES. NOT HIM



IT'S FINE. ROWLAND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME YOU GO

I TOOK HIM ALREADY CHARLES AND HE'S STILL DEAD. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN



NO. IF HE'S NOT GOING, THEN NEITHER AM I HE'S MY FRIEND.



I DON'T HAVE TIME TO ARGUE, CHARLES. THERE'S TOO MUCH GOING ON RIGHT NOW

LOOK YOU'RE COMING WITH ME HE STAYS



TAKE MY HAND! CHARLES



I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE

NOT WITHOUT HIM I'M SORRY I'M JUST NOT GOING



CHARLES...

OKAY OKAY FINE STAY

THERE REALLY ISN'T TIME TO ARGUE ABOUT THIS AND I JUST DON'T HAVE THE ENERGY I'VE GOT TOO MANY OTHER THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT STAY IF YOU HAVE TO. I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU LATER



WIM THANK YOU I REALLY MEAN IT THANKS.

YEAH WELL. I'LL PICK YOU UP AS SOON AS THINGS ARE LESS CRAZY, CHARLES

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELVES



SO, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?

I'M NOT SURE BUT I CAN TELL YOU WHAT WE'RE NOT GOING TO DO: WE'RE NOT STAYING HERE ANY LONGER

HUH?

LEAVE THE ATTIC?

BUT WE CAN'T I MEAN, MY BONES ARE UP HERE

WELL, SO ARE MINE

NOT TO MENTION MY FLESH AND HAIR AND STUFF BUT I DON'T SEE WHY THAT MEANS I HAVE TO SIT AROUND UP HERE UNTIL SHE COMES BACK FOR US

ANYWAY, I DON'T FEEL ALL ANY MORE I FEEL FINE

DEAD, BUT FINE

COME ON

ROWLAND I'M SCARED

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY DO YOU WANT TO BE A GHOST IN AN ATTIC ALL YOUR LIFE?

YES YOU'RE RIGHT IT'S PART OF GROWING UP, I SUPPOSE

YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO LEAVE SOMETHING BEHIND YOU





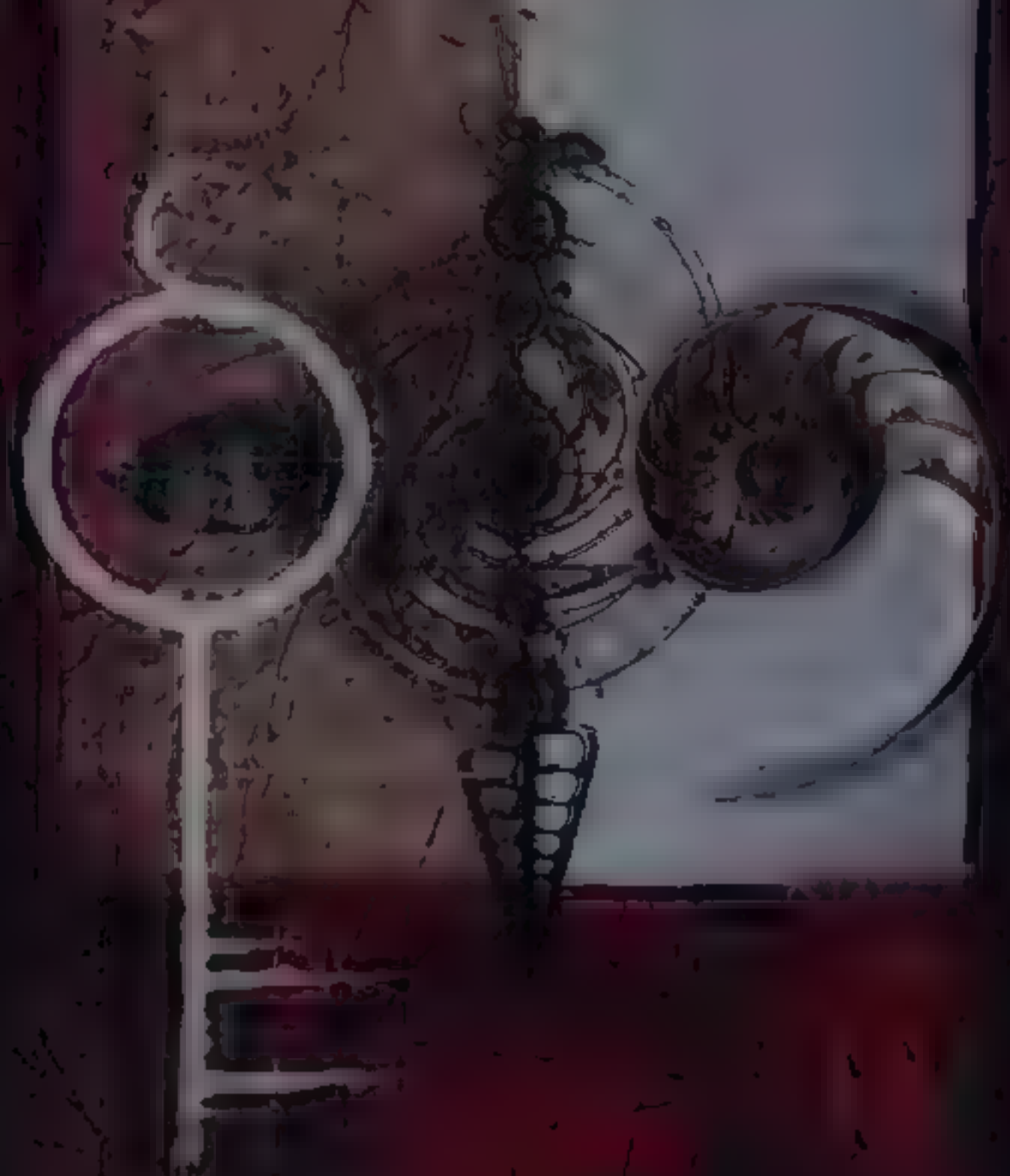


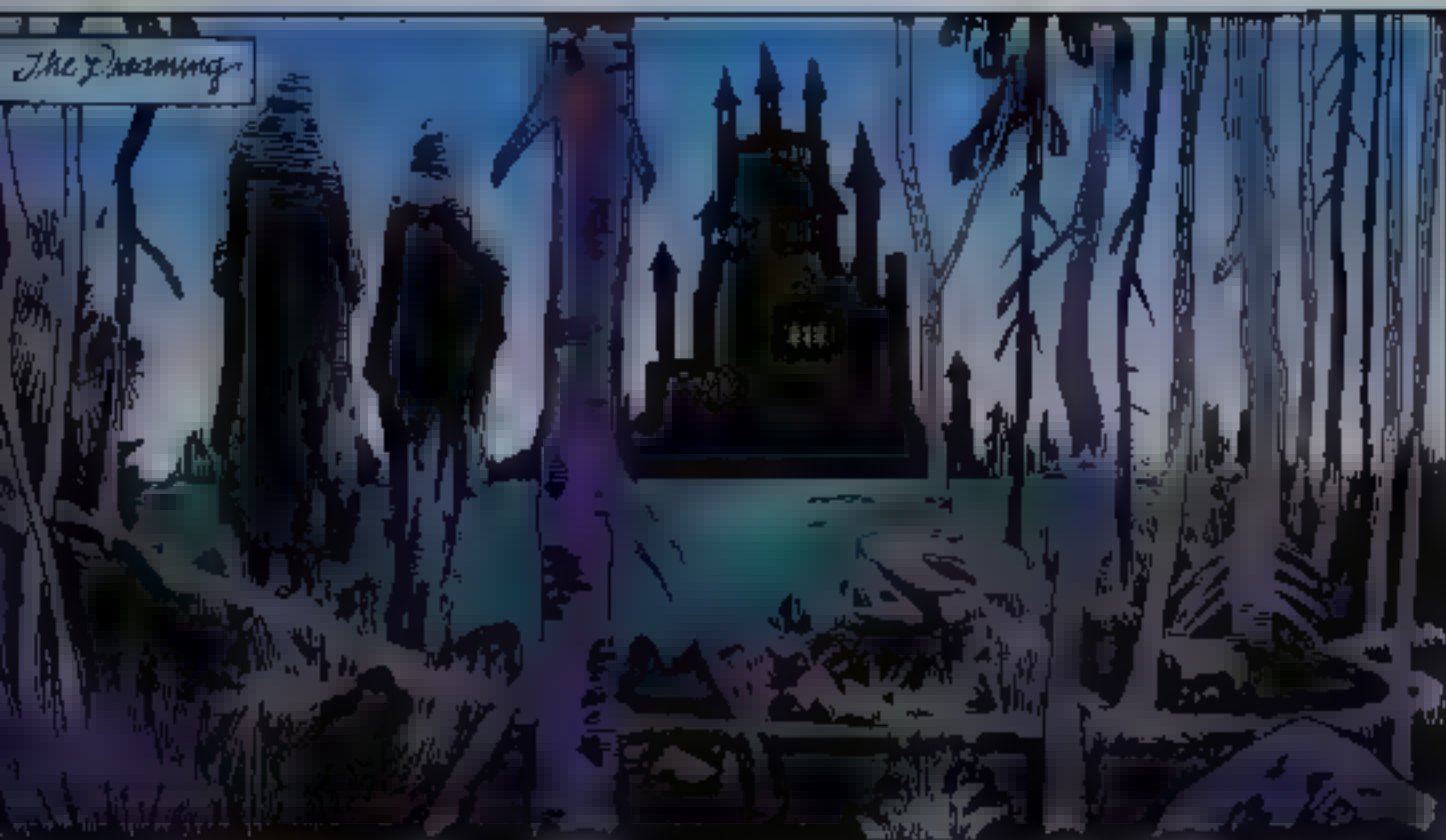


*G*

IN WHICH A FAMOUS SCIENTIST  
AND HIS WIFE DISCOVER  
CONCEALS A DIPLOMACY AND  
REVEALS A BLACKMAIL AND  
CREATES AN UNUSUAL  
RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

EPISODE 5







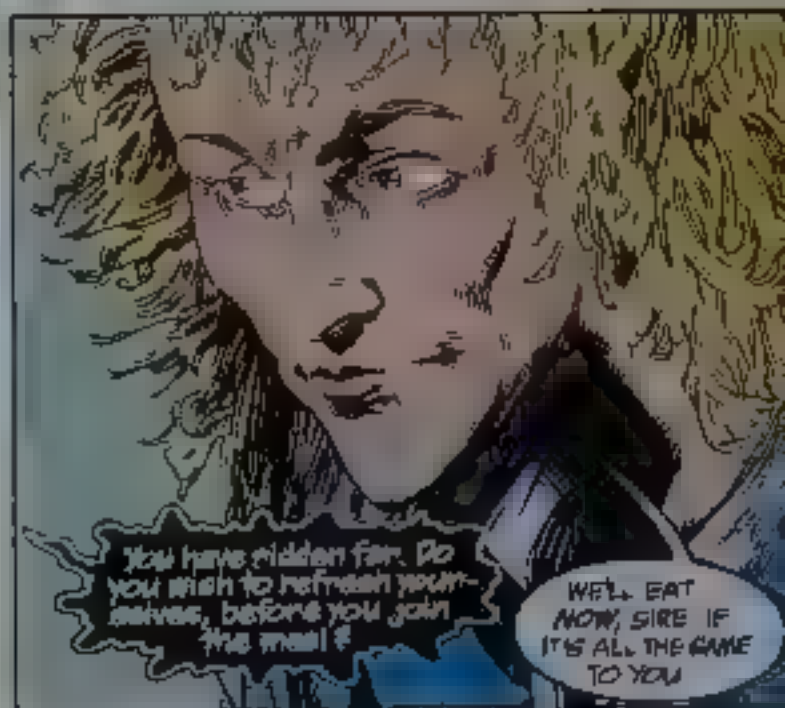


Hello, Churacan.  
Be you welcome in  
my house, this  
night.



THANK YOU, LORD  
SHAPER. I AM SENT HERE  
AS AN AMBASSADOR FROM  
THE COURT OF FARRIE, MY  
SOVEREIGN LADY AND LORD  
PRESENT THEIR COMPLIMENTS.  
THIS LADY IS NUALA,  
MY SISTER.

CHARMED,  
SIRE.



You have ridden far. Do  
you wish to refresh your-  
selves, before you join  
the meal?

WE'LL EAT  
NOW, SIRE. IF  
IT'S ALL THE SAME  
TO YOU.



You are the  
guests here:  
your wishes are  
paramount.

Follow  
me.



D'YOU KNOW WHO THE MIGHTIEST  
OF THE RESIR IS, EH? I TELL YOU  
IT'S ME S'RIGHT

NO! MORE  
ALE OVER HERE AND  
STEP LIVELY!

D YOU WANT TO  
PLAY WITH MY HAMMER?  
EH, MISS PUSSY-HEAD? ITS  
CALLED MJDLLNIR IF I  
RUB T, IT GETS BIGGER  
& TRUE

JUST  
IGNORE THE LOUT  
BAST

NOW ARE NOT EATING, LOK  
WOLF'S FATHER

THE DREAM KING'S  
WINES ARE GOOD. YOU  
SHOULD WET YOUR THROAT  
AT LEAST



CAN I HAVE SOME MORE  
ICE CREAM?

CERTAINLY  
PRINCESS  
JEMMY

I KNEW  
YOU'D SAY  
THAT

AFTER TWELVE  
HUNDRED YEARS? I AM  
JUST OF THE HABIT OF EATING  
ALL FATHER AND I FEAR THAT  
WINE NOW, I GO TO MY  
HEAD

NO. I  
AM CONTENT TO  
WATCH



MY LORD WAS  
CHARGED. HE HAD TO  
BE A WISE MAN WORTH  
WAIT BECAUSE GAVE YOU  
THE MESSAGE FROM  
MY KING AND MY QUEEN

UNDERSTAND  
HIS "HIS MAY NOT BE  
CONVENIENT" BUT

I would not have  
you risk the ire of  
Titania and Oberon,  
Cluracan. Speak  
your piece.

LORD SHAPER YOU  
NOW OWN THE HELL THAT  
TAGG WAS LUCIFERS

BY ANCIENT CONTRACT  
FAERIE MUST PAY THE TEND  
OUR TIME TO HELL. EVERY  
SEVEN YEARS WE ARE FORCED  
TO SACRIFICE TO THEM ONE  
OF OUR WISEST ONE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL.

LORD ALL  
THESE BEINGS ARE  
HERE TO PERSUADE  
YOU TO GRANT THEM  
THE RIGHTS TO  
HELL

BUT I WOULD  
BE TO THE BENEFIT OF  
FAERIE IF HELL WERE  
TO REMAIN EMPTY.

WE BEE YOU  
GIVE IT TO NONE  
OF THEM

I see

OF COURSE IT'S  
NOT JUST A FAVOR WE'D  
BE ASKING THERE IS  
MUCH THAT FAERIE  
CAN OFFER YOU

FOR EXAMPLE  
NHALA, HERE MY SISTER  
SHE'S FOR YOU A GIFT,  
TO SHOW YOU OUR  
GOOD FAITH

MY LORD

There are many visitors here,  
Cluracan. They want many things.

Tomorrow I will talk with  
you all, and make my decision.  
Not now.

Enjoy  
the  
banquet.





BUT MY LORD.



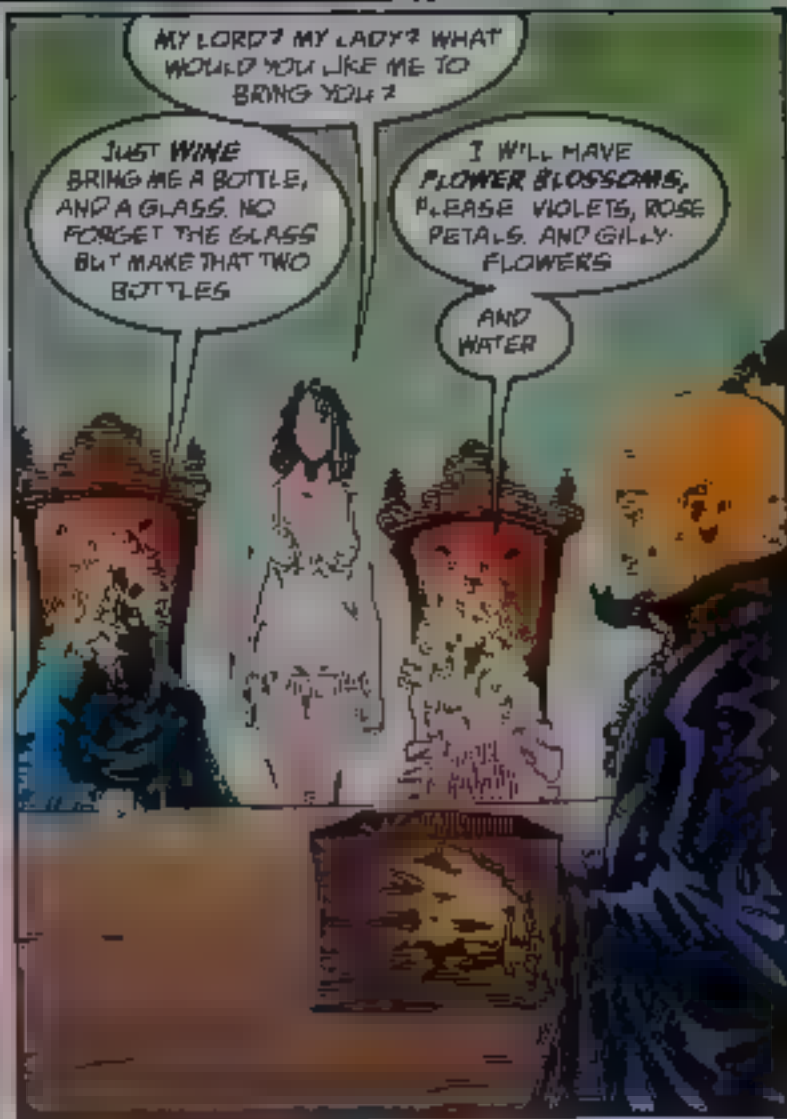
You have delivered your message, and you heard my response. Your obligation is fulfilled.

The matter is ended, Churacan. Your impertinence invites my severest displeasure.



I I BEG PARDON, LORD SHAPER I DID NOT MEAN TO PRESUME.

Enough, Churacan. I will talk to you more later.



MY LORD? MY LADY? WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO BRING YOU?

JUST WINE BRING ME A BOTTLE, AND A GLASS. NO FORGET THE GLASS BUT MAKE THAT TWO BOTTLES

I WILL HAVE FLOWER BLOSSOMS, PLEASE VIOLETS, ROSE PETALS. AND GILLY- FLOWERS

AND WATER



AND WHAT DO YOU SEE  
WHEN YOU WATCH. GIANTS  
SON?

I SEE MANY THINGS,  
GALLOWS GOD AND THEY  
AMUSE ME



"I SEE SUSANO-O-NO-MIKOTO; A  
STORM GOD & KE YOUR SON, A LONE  
MEMBER OF HIS ANCIENT PANTHEON

HE DRINKS  
RICE WINE AND  
EATS RAW  
FISH "



"I SEE ANUBIS, GOD  
OF THE DEAD, OF THE  
NILE DELTA, FEASTING  
UPON HUMAN HEARTS  
-OR UPON THE  
DREAMS OF HUMAN  
HEARTS. PERHAPS



"THE FAIRY WOMAN. AS SHE EATS  
THE PETALS OF FLOWERS I WONDER  
WHY SHE IS HERE. WHAT SHE IS  
THINKING ABOUT

"AND I WONDER WHAT SHE  
WOULD BE LIKE BETWEEN  
THE SHEETS

"IT'S BEEN TWELVE  
YEARS  
SINCE I DID THAT,  
AS WELL "



"I WATCH THE DEMON CONTINGENT  
THERE IS A PECULIAR FLIRTATION  
OCCURRING BETWEEN CHORONZON  
AND THE MERKIN, MOTHER OF SPIDERS

"WATCH "



DOES  
THAT HURT  
DARLING?



OH YEGGS



"I WATCH THE  
LORD OF ORDER  
HIS FORM THAT OF  
ORDER MADE  
MANIFEST: AN  
EMPTY RECEPTACLE

"AND LIKE ALL OF US, NIDDERKIN  
OF ORDER IS HERE FOR HELL



"I WATCH THE PRINCESS OF CHAOS  
INCARNATE AS A TINY CHILD

"I WATCH OUR SERVANTS  
SLEEPING HUMANS, SHANGHAIED  
INTO A MOST PECULIAR DREAM, IN  
WHICH THEY SERVE A GABBLE OF  
BEINGS FROM THE DEPTHS OF  
THEIR COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS  
A MEAL F T FOR THE GODS "



"AND, ABOVE ALL, I  
WATCH THE ANGELS  
THEY DO NOT EAT OR  
FLIRT OR CONVERSE

"THEY OBSERVE

"I WATCH THEM IN AWE, ALL FATHER.  
THEY ARE SO BEAUTIFUL AND DISTANT  
THE FEET OF ANGELS NEVER TOUCH THE  
BASE EARTH, NOT EVEN IN DREAMS

"I CAN READ  
NOTHING FROM  
THEIR FACES,  
MUCH AS I TRY

"AND WHAT THEY ARE  
THINKING I CANNOT  
EVEN IMAGINE"

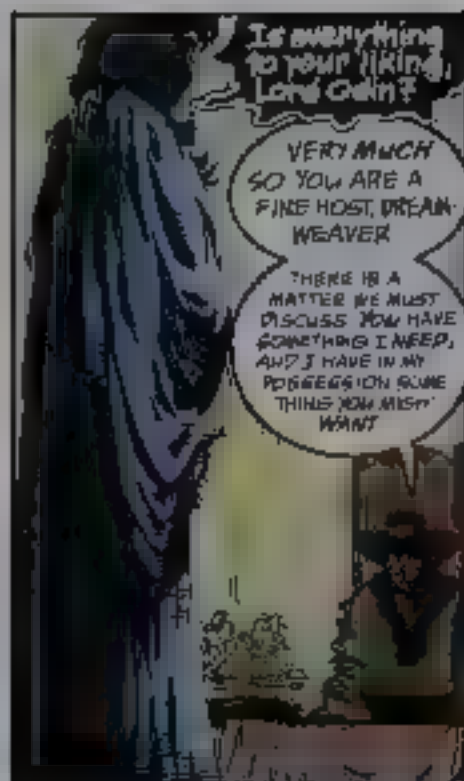
# SEASON of WISDOM Chapter = 5

in which a banquet is held, and if who come after  
speak by diplomacy and hedonistic machines and  
thoughts and on one who needs to change

NEIL GAIMAN Writer  
KELLEY JONES, Penciller  
GEORGE PRATT Inker  
JAN VOZZO, Colorist  
TODD KLEIN, Letterer  
ALISA KWITNEY, Asst. Editor  
KAREN BERGER Editor

SANDMAN,  
Featuring  
characters  
created by  
Gaiman,  
Keith and  
Dringberg





Is everything  
to your liking,  
Lord Cain?

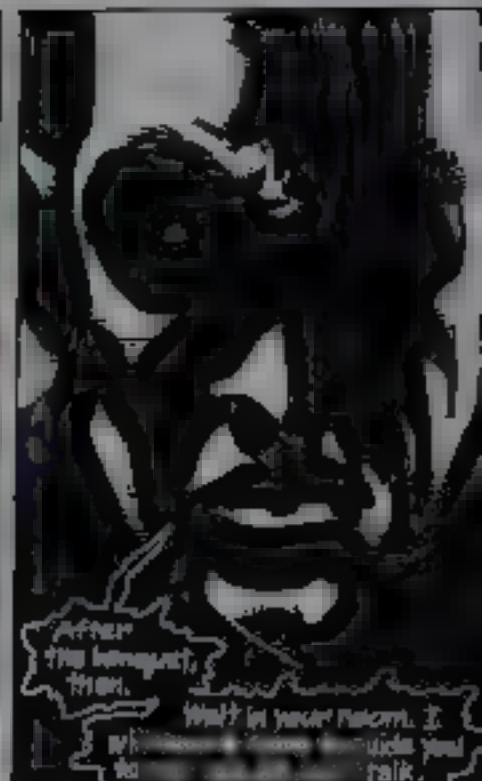
VERY MUCH  
SO YOU ARE A  
FINE HOST, DREAM-  
WEAVER

THERE IS A  
MATTER WE MUST  
DISCUSS. YOU HAVE  
SOMETHING I NEED,  
AND I HAVE IN MY  
POSSESSION SOME  
THINGS YOU MIGHT  
WANT



I WOULD  
TALK WITH YOU

I WOULD



AFTER  
THE BANQUET,  
THEN.

Wait in your room. I  
will be back to talk.



There will be an entertainment  
at the conclusion of this  
meal, Lord Cain. I trust  
you will enjoy it.



WHO ARE YOU? I KNOW I'VE  
SEEN YOU BEFORE. WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME?

PLEASE I HAVE  
TO SERVE THIS FOOD.



COME ON, MISSY  
PUSSY YOU AN' ME JUS  
ONE LITTLE KISS, AN'  
JUS ONE LITTLE FEEL  
AN MAYBE AFTER  
THAT



SO WHAT'S THIS EXTRA INDUCEMENT  
LORD AZAZEL IS GOING TO OFFER  
MORPHEUS, TO MAKE HIM GIVE US BACK  
OUR LANDS, MY SWEET?

LATER,  
PRECIOUS  
IN MY  
BEDROOM

EEOHWW!



YOU DIN' HAVE TO DO THAT. I'D  
OF TAKEN NO FOR AN ANSWER 'BUT

WOMEN  
I'M A GOD, BUT  
THEY DON'  
CARE ..

YOU'RE  
JUST LIKE SHE  
JUS' LIKE ALL  
OF THEM



GOOD EVENING. I AM THE AMAZING CAIN, MASTER OF MYSTERY AND ILLUSION, AND THIS IS MY GLAMOROUS ASSISTANT GREGORY!

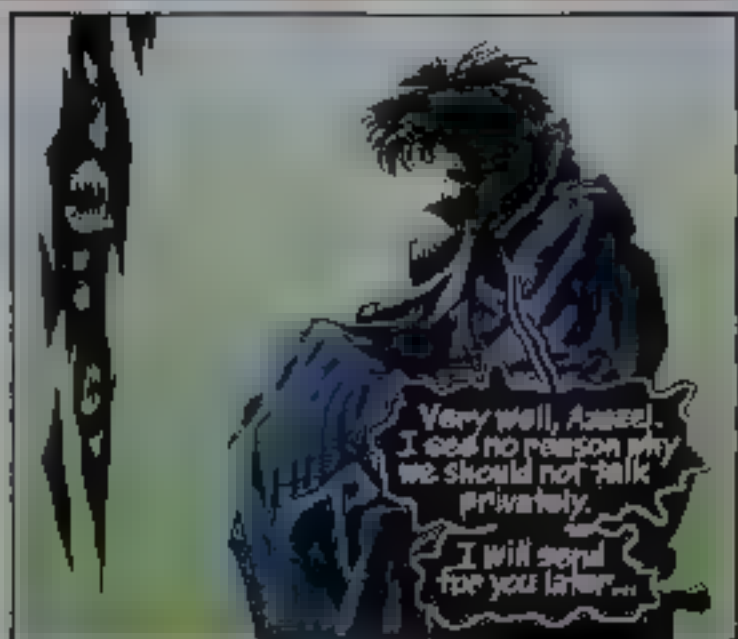
MY FIRST TRICK I CALL, "SAWING A FAT NINNY IN HALF!"

HOW, DON'T WIGGLE THIS TIME BOULDERBRAIN!



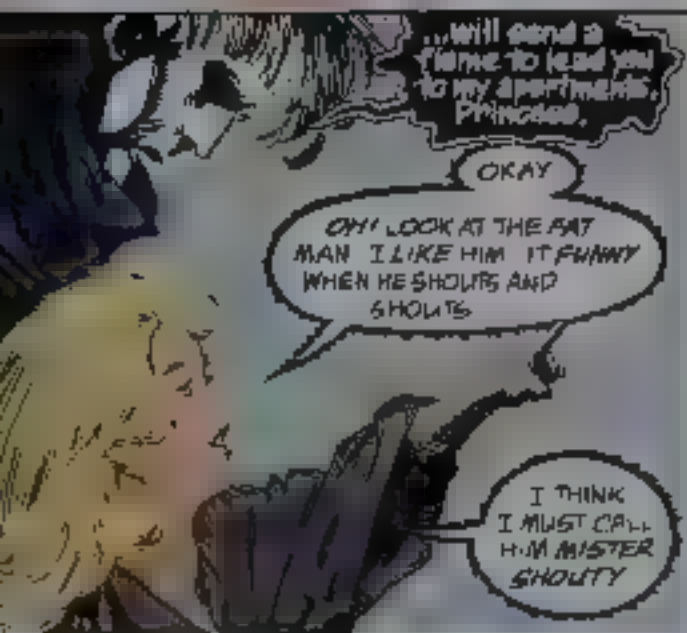
I MEANT COME TO PASS THAT ONE COULD DISCUSS CERTAIN MATTERS WITH HIS VENERABLE WISDOM THE SHAPER OF DREAMS, IN A PRIVATE PLACE

That would honor this person greatly, Lord Sugano-o-ka-Mikoto...



Very well, Azzel. I see no reason why we should not talk privately.

I will send for you later...



...will send a flame to lead you to my apartments, Princess.

OKAY

OH! LOOK AT THE FAT MAN I LIKE HIM IT FUNNY WHEN HE SHOUTS AND SHOUTS

I THINK I MUST CALL HIM MISTER SHOUTY



SIRE! MY MUNIFICENT MASTER, KILDERKIN OF ORDER--HERE INCARNATED FOR OUR DELIGHT AS A MOST SACRED CARDBOARD BOX--HAS MANIFESTED A MESSAGE, TO BE GIVEN ONLY TO YOUR STAR-LIKE EYES

Very well. Bring your master to me later. I will send for you both.



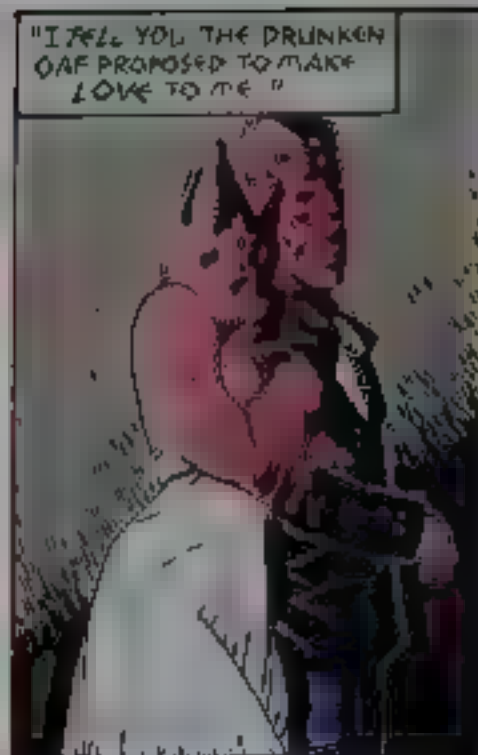
WE MUST TALK





TAA DAAH!  
NOW MY LITTLE  
TROLLEY DOLLER  
CAN YOU WIGGLE  
YOUR RIGHT FOOT  
FOR THE NICE  
PEOPLE?

UHM CAN YOU, ERM  
YOU RUN REALLY CAN UHM P  
PL ME BACK TOGETHER  
AGAIN UHM, I CAN'T YOU?



"I TELL YOU THE DRUNKEN  
OAF PROPOSED TO MAKE  
LOVE TO ME"



As host, I can but apologize,  
Lady Bael. You were obviously  
provoked, and I will speak to  
lord Odin about it. Where is  
Thor now?

I LEFT HIM LAYING  
UNDER THE TABLE,  
CHANTING SOME SONG  
TO HIMSELF



IT BEGAN "MY  
HAMMER HAS A HUGE  
HARD HANDLE"

THE SOT WAS ALSO  
TRYING TO WIPED HIS VOMIT  
FROM THE CARPET WITH  
HIS BEARD

Again, lady,  
I apologize.



IT'S NO MATTER  
DREAM LORD THAT  
WAS NOT WHY I  
WISHED TO TALK  
WITH YOU

No?  
Then,  
why?



"WE MUST TALK IN PRIVATE YOU  
HAVE SOMETHING THAT WE WANT.  
VERY BADLY AND WE HAVE  
SOMETHING YOU DESIRE."

"Very well. Later. I will  
send for you, Lady Bael."



AND WHAT'S IN THE EMPTY  
BOX? BLESS MY SOUL!  
IT ISN'T EMPTY!

UHM UHM CAN UHM  
UHM RUNRUMRUM

SHUT UP  
YOU ORETHA YOU  
SAID YOU WANTED  
TO BE IN SHOW  
BUSINESS, DIDN'T  
YOU?

CLAP  
CLAP  
CLAP

LOOK  
T MISTER  
SHOUTY HE'S  
A POOEY  
MAN



AND FOR MY  
NEXT TRICK

GREGORY  
THE WINCHING MACHINE  
PLEASE



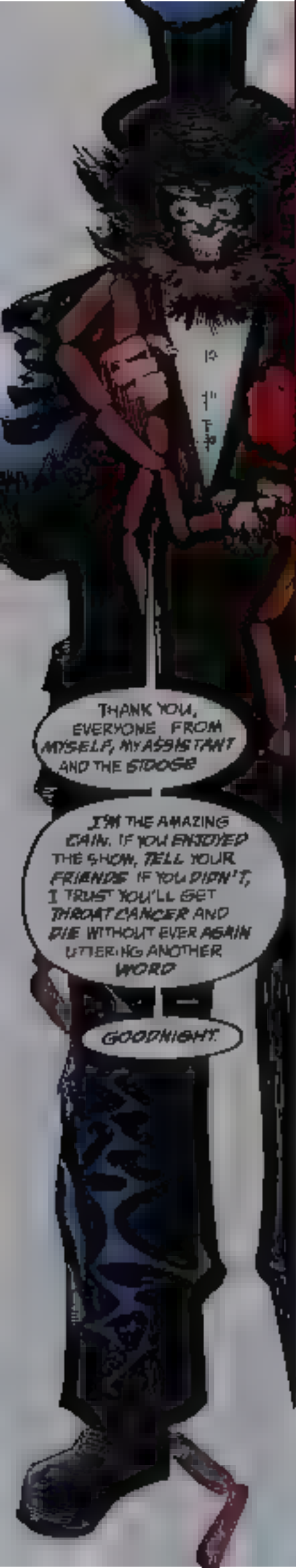


YOU ASKED WHAT THE OTHER PRIZE WAS, DIDN'T YOU? WHAT ELSE OUR LORD AZAZEL WAS GOING TO OFFER THE DREAM KING, IN EXCHANGE FOR HELL

WELL, I MUST BE OBVIOUS NOW MY DARLING.



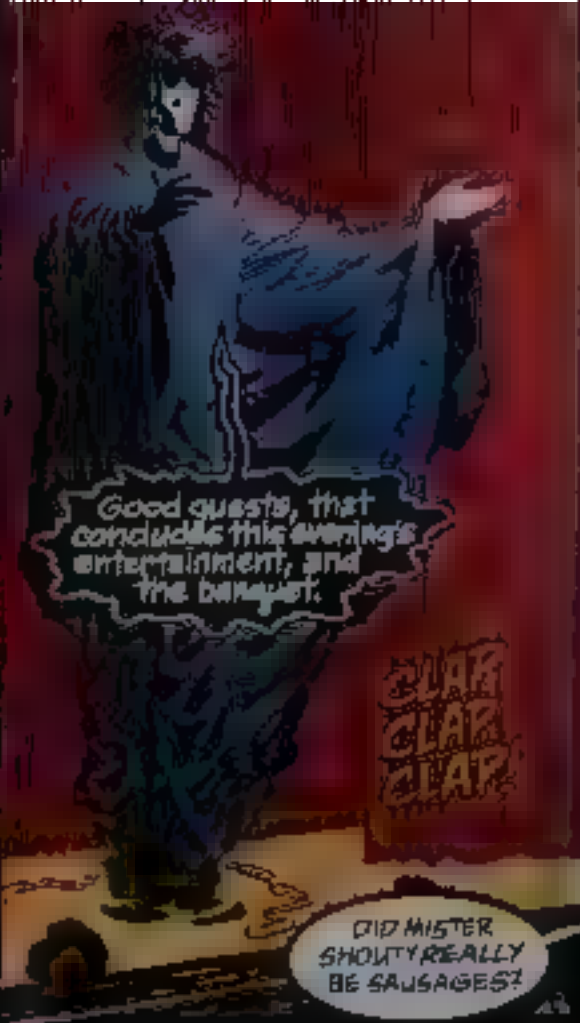
IT'S YOU



THANK YOU,  
EVERYONE FROM  
MYSELF, MY ASSISTANT  
AND THE STODGE

I'M THE AMAZING  
CAIN. IF YOU ENJOYED  
THE SHOW, TELL YOUR  
FRIENDS IF YOU DIDN'T,  
I TRUST YOU'LL GET  
THROAT CANCER AND  
DIE WITHOUT EVER AGAIN  
UTTERING ANOTHER  
WORD

GOODNIGHT.



Good guests, that  
conclude this evening's  
entertainment, and  
the banquet.

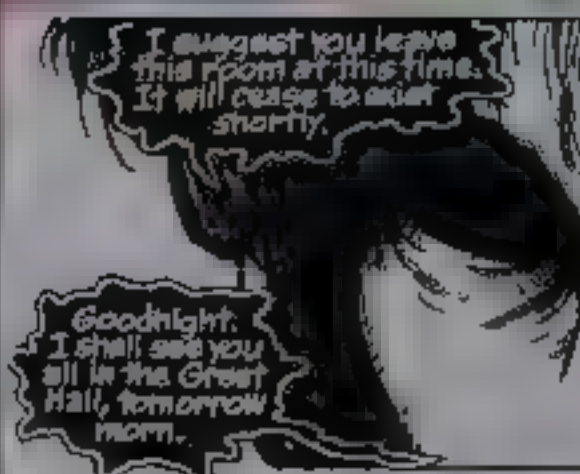
CLAR  
CLAR  
CLAR

DID MISTER  
SHOUTY REALLY  
BE SAUSAGES?



We have a long day  
ahead of us tomorrow.  
I will hear your formal  
pleadings, and I will  
announce my decision.

The time has  
come to go to the  
quarters I have assigned  
to you. I hope you will  
all find them to your  
liking.



I suggest you leave  
this room at this time.  
It will cease to exist  
shortly.

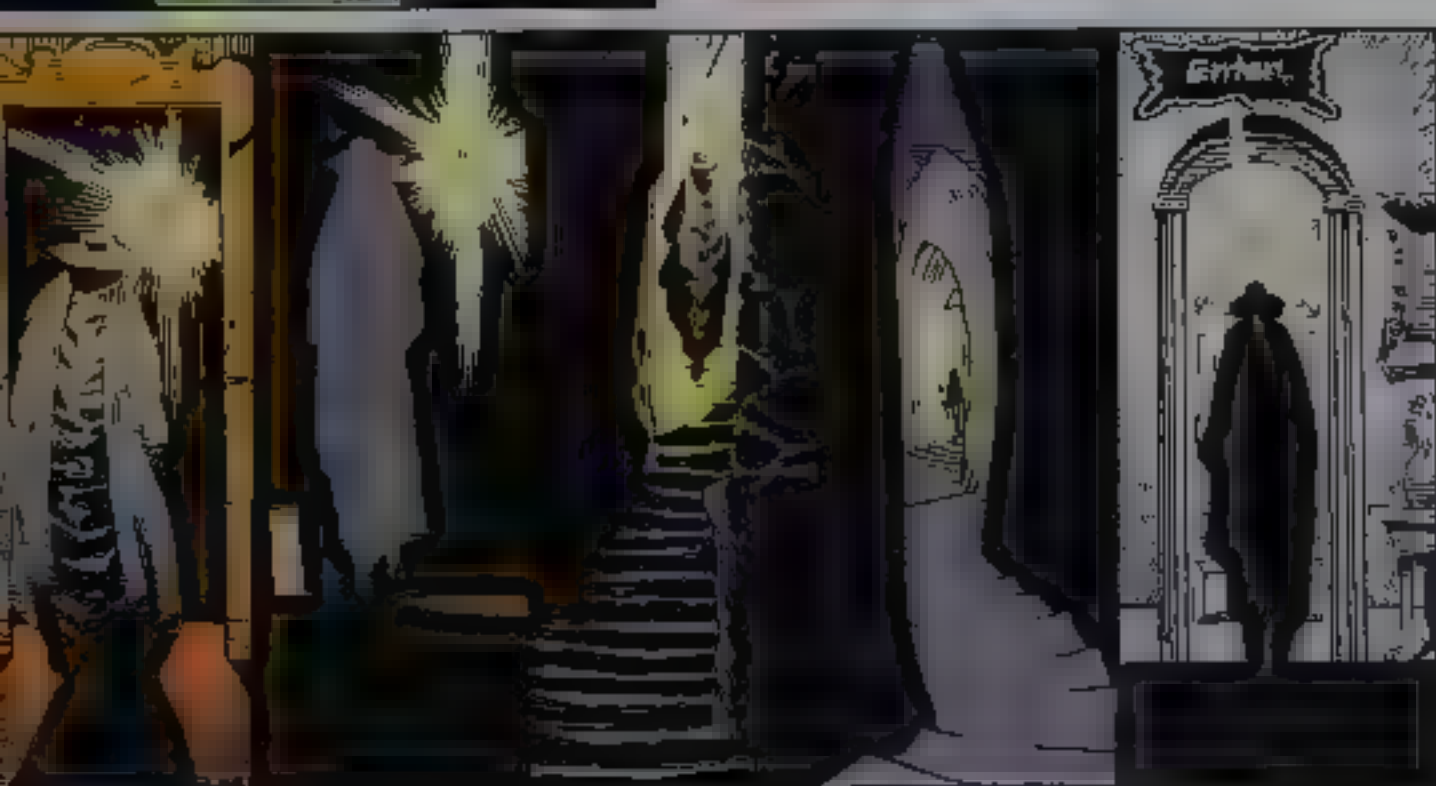
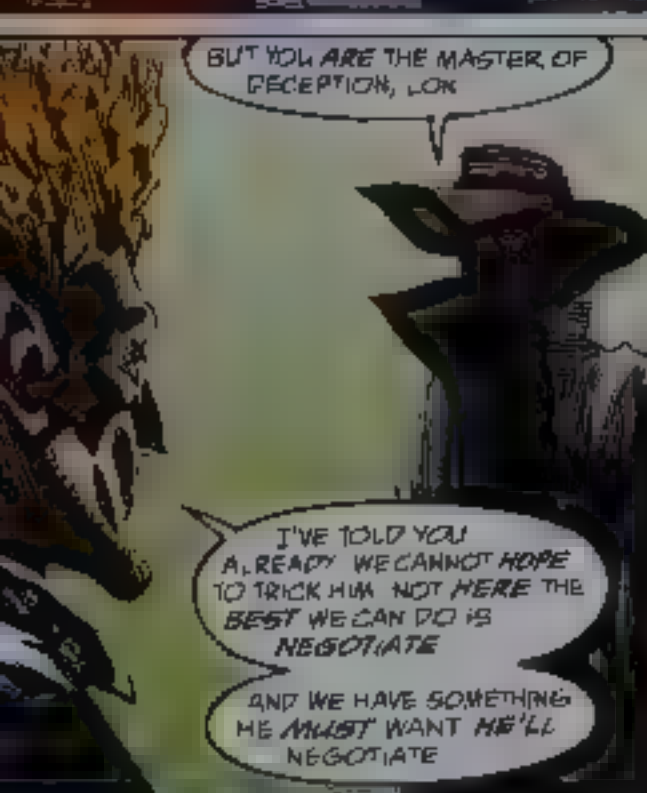
Goodnight.  
I shall see you  
all in the Great  
Hall, tomorrow  
morn.



PLEASE DON'T GO I STILL  
DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR  
NAME

I CAN'T HELP  
I'M SORRY  
TO THE DOORBELL  
I THINK ..







I THANK YOU FOR  
AGREEING TO SEE ME.  
DREAM WEAVER

The pleasure is  
all mine, Rune-Lord.  
I regret our  
discussion must  
be brief.  
I have much to  
do this night.

SOME  
OTHERS TO SEE.  
I'D HAZARD

Perhaps.

We have no time  
for nice words,  
Odin One-Eye.  
You wish me to  
grant you the  
Hell that once  
was Lucifer's.

I have not  
decided what to do  
with the place. Tell  
me, truth, why should  
it be yours?

I AM A BRAVE GOD YOU KNOW  
THAT TO BE TRUE THERE IS ONLY ONE  
THING THAT FRIGHTENS ME

Ragnarok.

THESE DAYS TOO MUCH  
OF MY TIME IS SPENT HATCHING  
SCHEMES TO CIRCUMVENT  
THE DARKNESS AHEAD OF  
ME AND MINE

I PICK AT IT,  
RATIONALLY, AS A MAN  
PICKS AT A SORE

SOME YEARS AGO, IT  
OCCURRED TO ME THAT IT  
IS EASIER TO FIGHT SOME  
THING ONE KNOWS SOME  
THING ABOUT

I CREATED A  
WORLD-- A NOTIONAL  
DIMENSION--AND IN IT,  
I FASHIONED A TINY  
RAGNAROK

I DO NOT KNOW HOW  
THEY GOT THERE, NOR WHY  
THEY FIGHT, THESE LITTLE  
MORTAL HEROES

IN MY WORLD, THE  
LAST BATTLE IS FOUGHT,  
DAY IN, DAY OUT, FOREVER  
I HAVE LEARNED MUCH  
FROM IT

ONE THING THAT  
SURPRISED ME, THOUGH,  
WAS WHEN MY LITTLE WORLD  
GAINED FURTHER WARRIORS  
ONES I HAD NOT  
CREATED

BUT LOOK,  
THEY WAR ALONGSIDE  
MY WEE AESIR IN THE  
BATTLE WHENDING



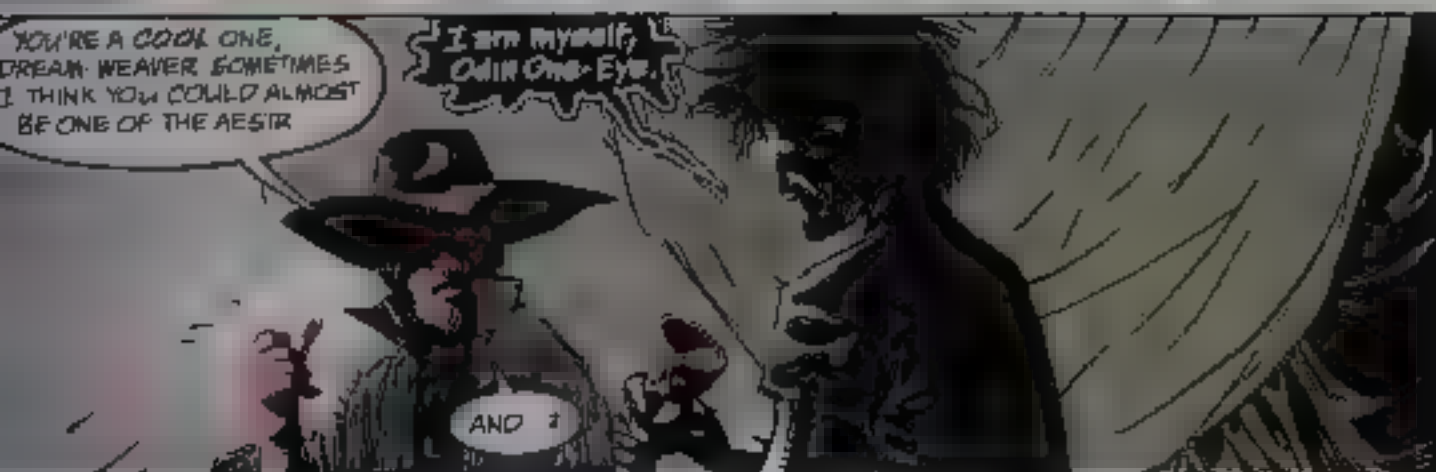
AND THIS WILL INTEREST YOU DREAM-WEAVER ONE OF THEM HAS SOME OF YOUR ESSENCE IN HIM HE IS A VESSEL FOR A FRACTION OF YOUR SOUL



WERE YOU TO GRANT ME THE HELL THAT WAS LUCIFER'S AS MY DOMAIN I WOULD GIVE HIM TO YOU

THERE

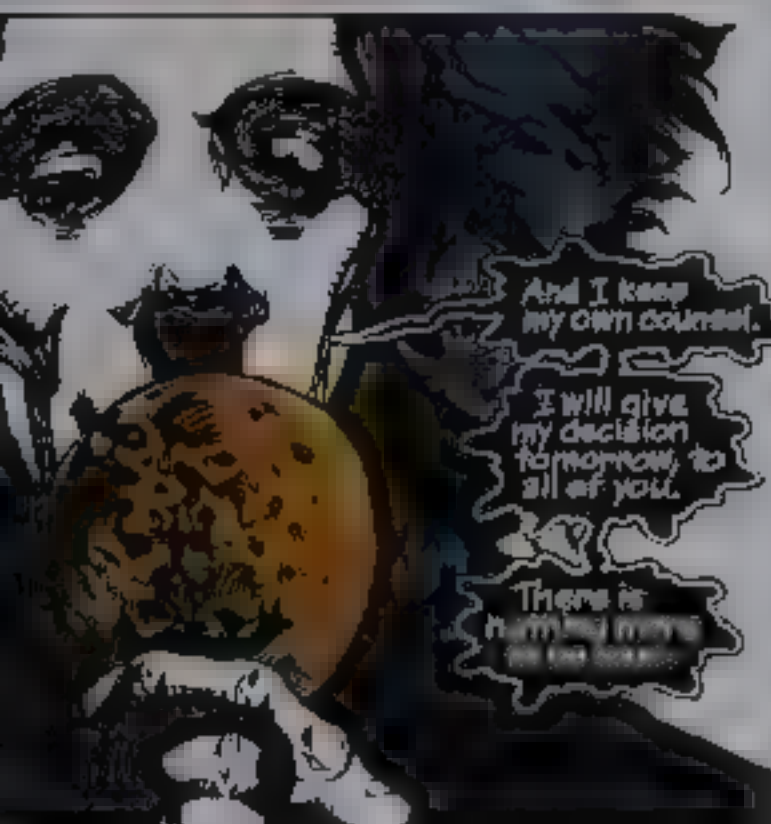
I see



YOU'RE A COOL ONE, DREAM-WEAVER SOMETIMES I THINK YOU COULD ALMOST BE ONE OF THE AESTR

I am myself, Odin One-Eye.

AND ?



And I keep my own counsel.

I will give my decision tomorrow, to all of you.

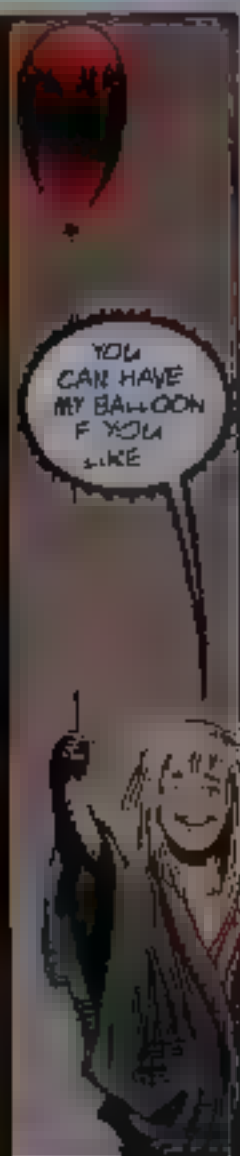
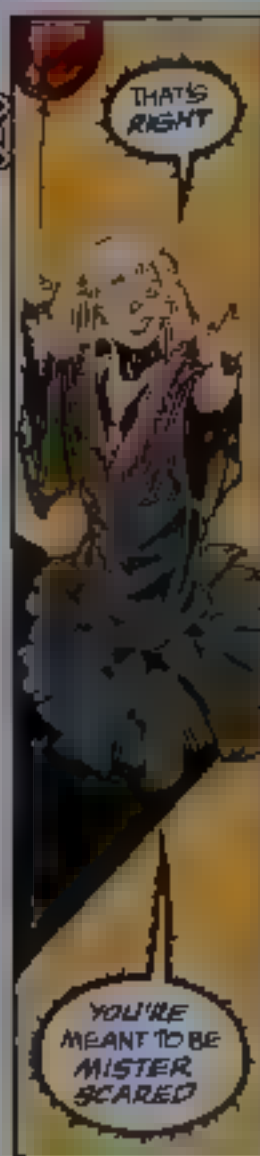
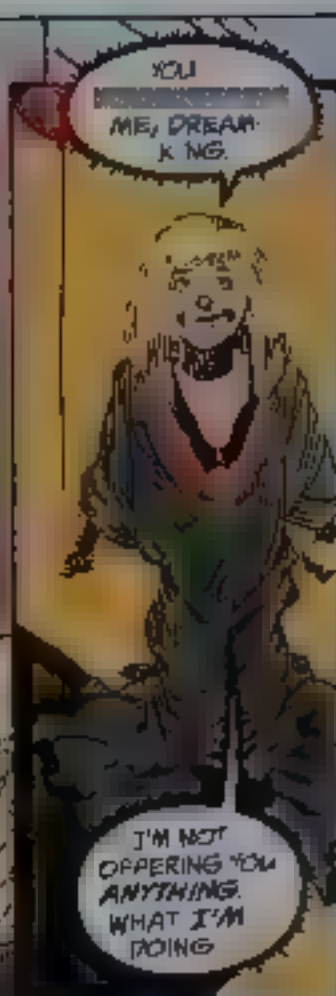
There is nothing more to be said.



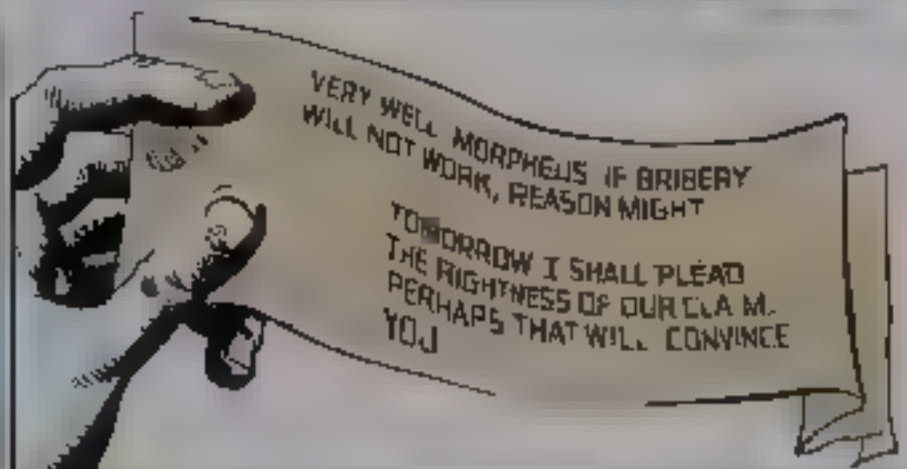
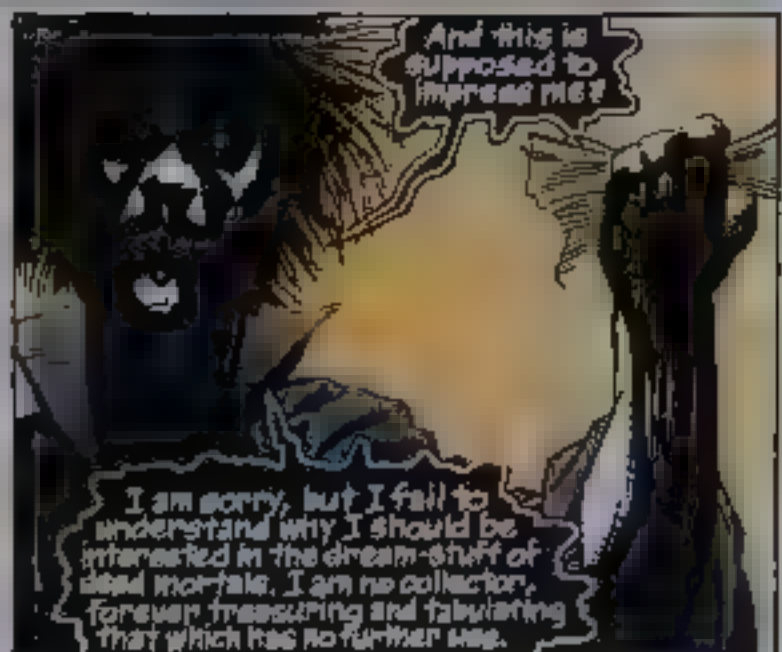
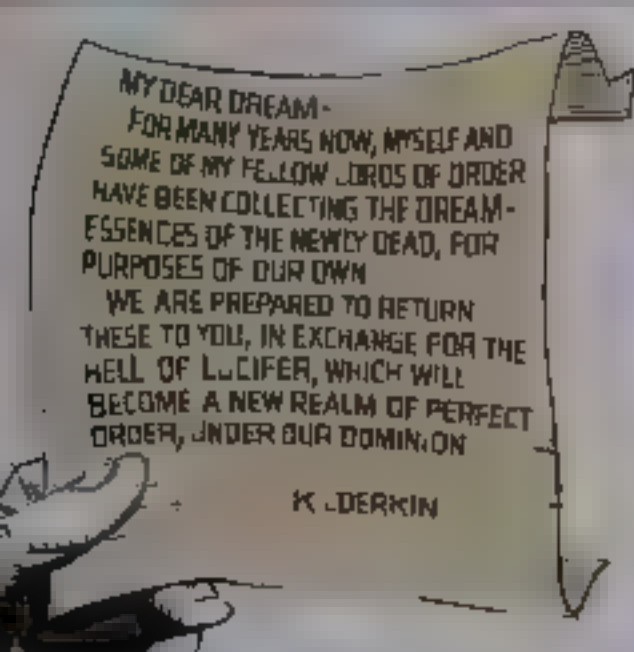
The flame will guide you directly back to your rooms, Lord Odin.

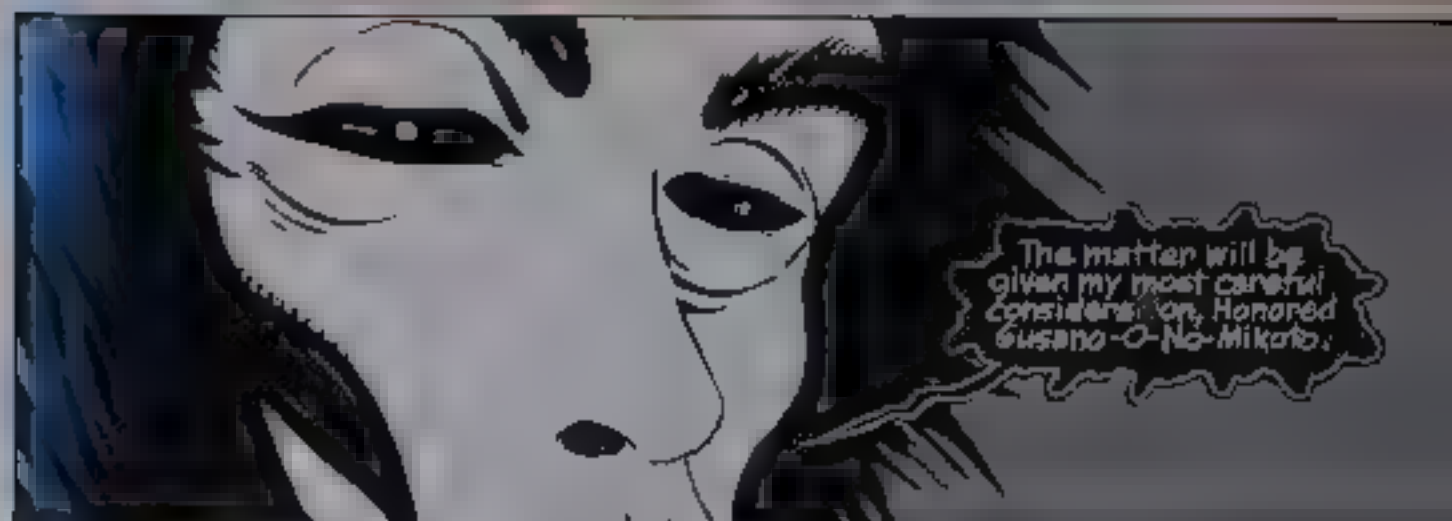
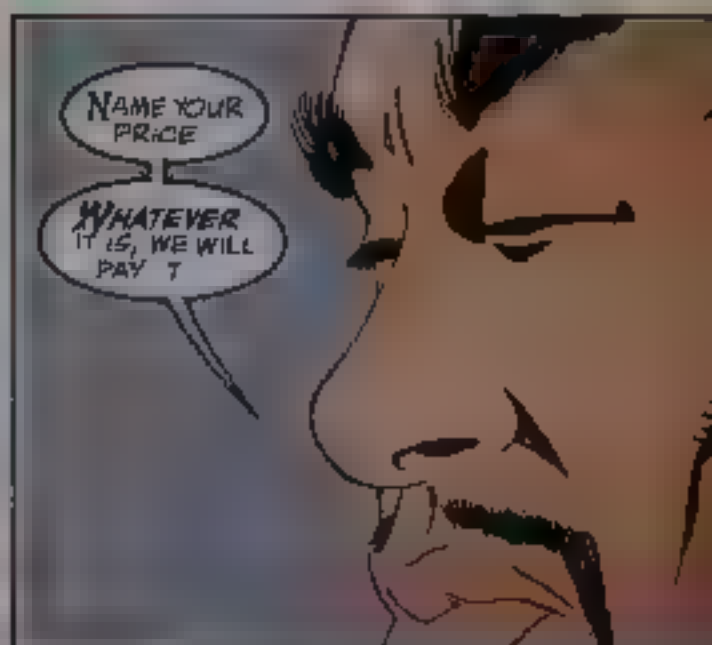
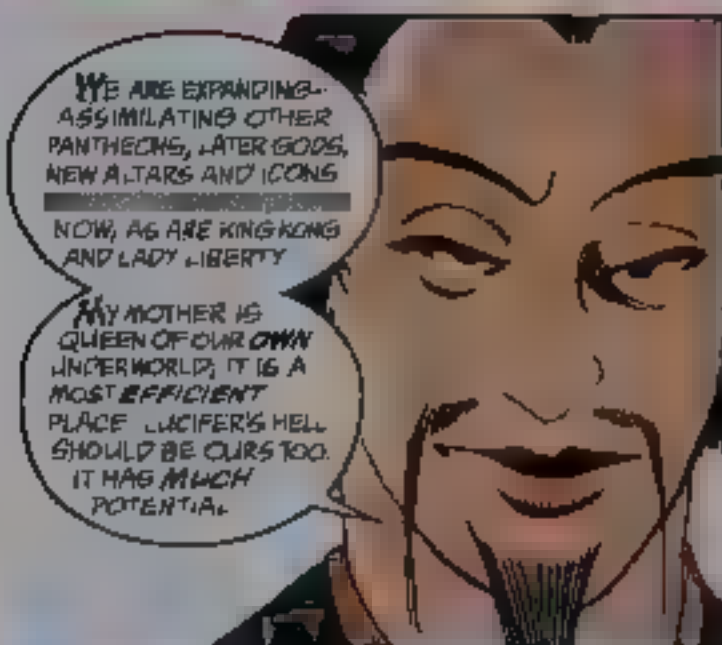
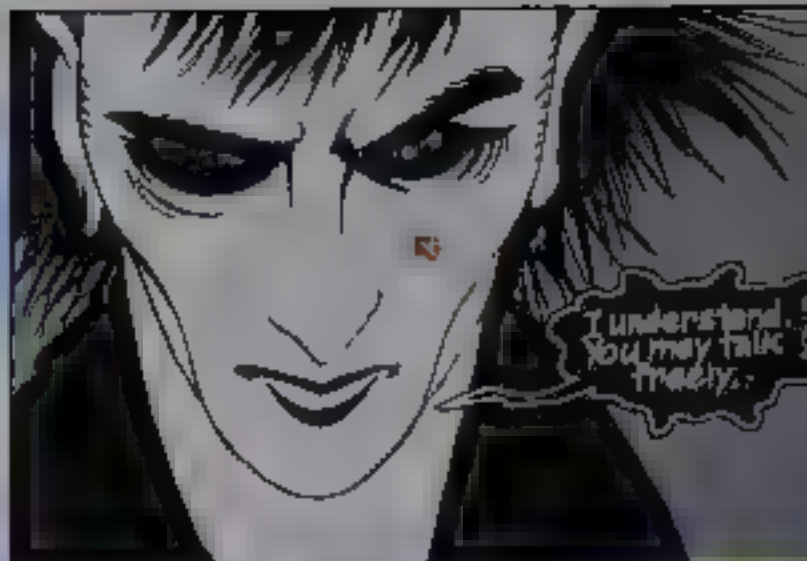
Do not stray off the path. I cannot guarantee your safety elsewhere in the palace, and it would grieve me to see you harmed.

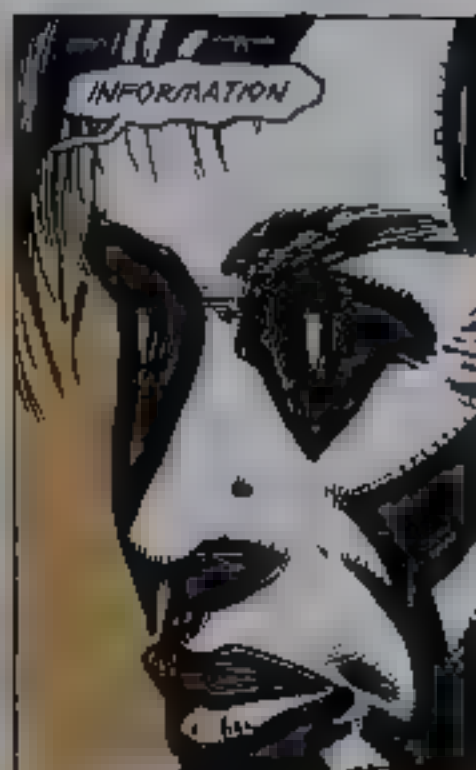




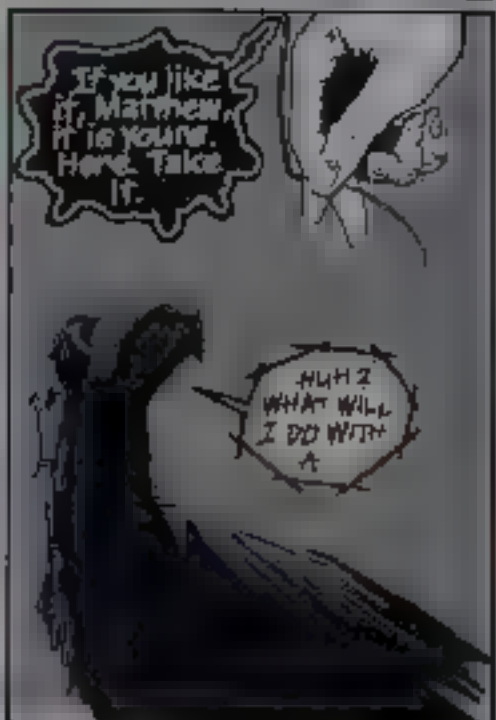
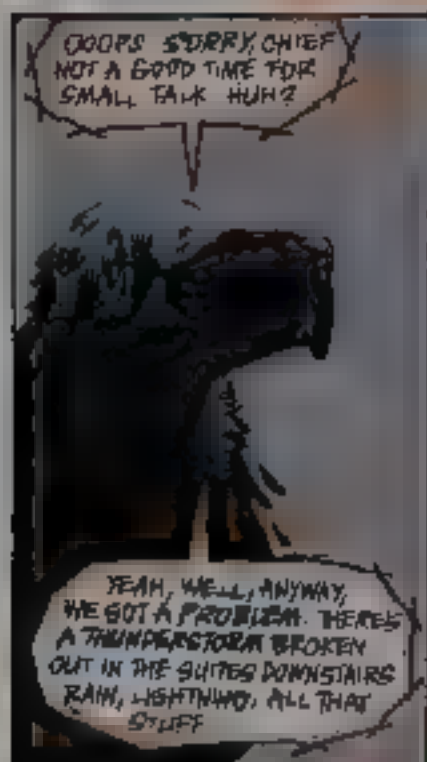
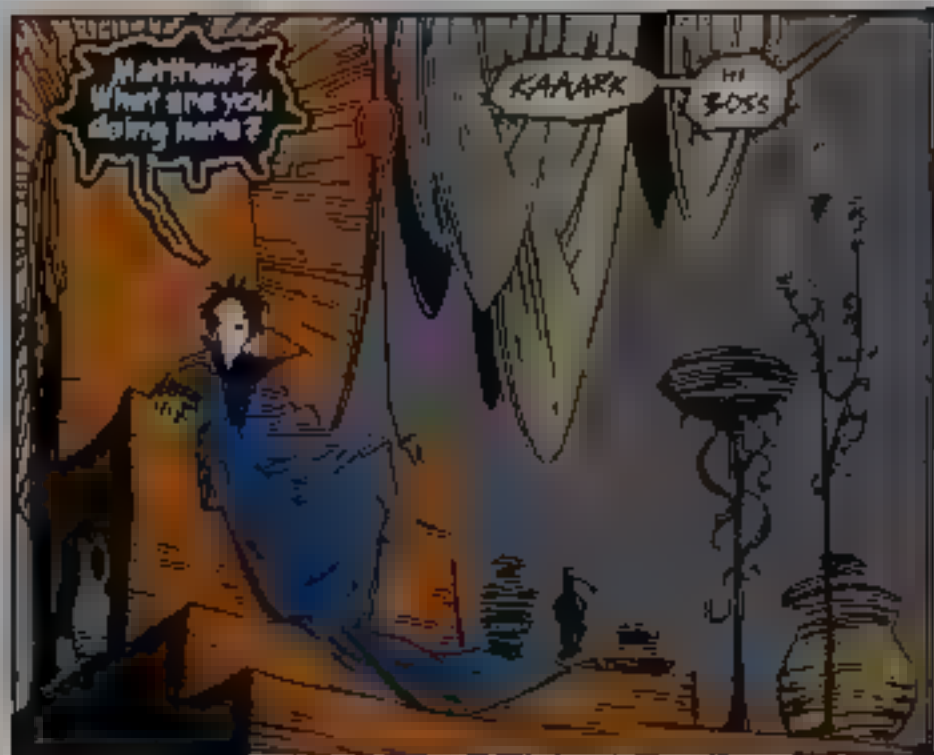






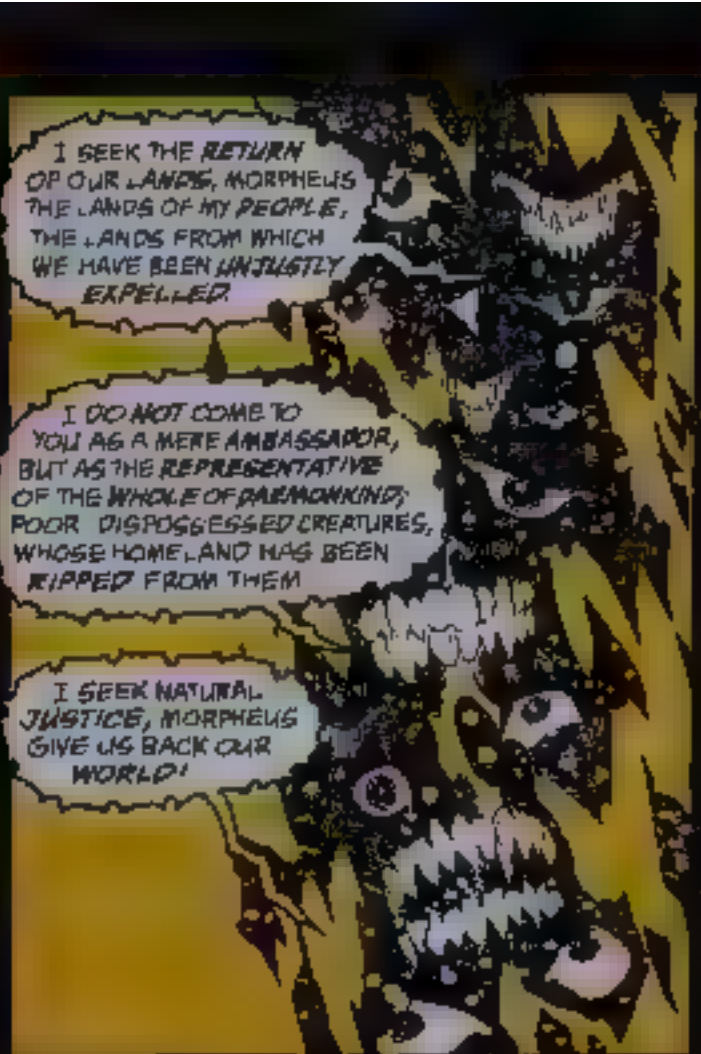








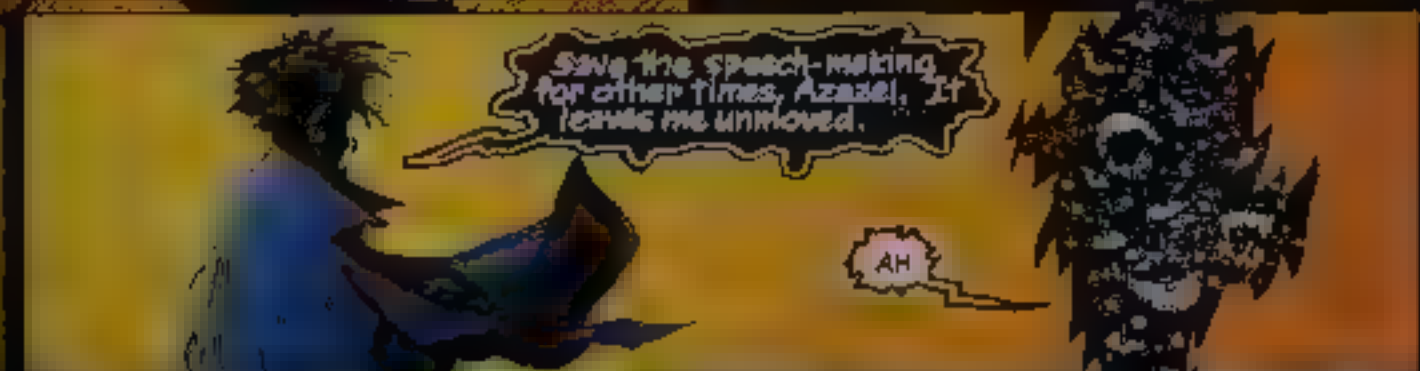
Azazel.  
Welcome.



I SEEK THE RETURN  
OF OUR LANDS, MORPHEUS.  
THE LANDS OF MY PEOPLE,  
THE LANDS FROM WHICH  
WE HAVE BEEN UNJUSTLY  
EXPELLED.

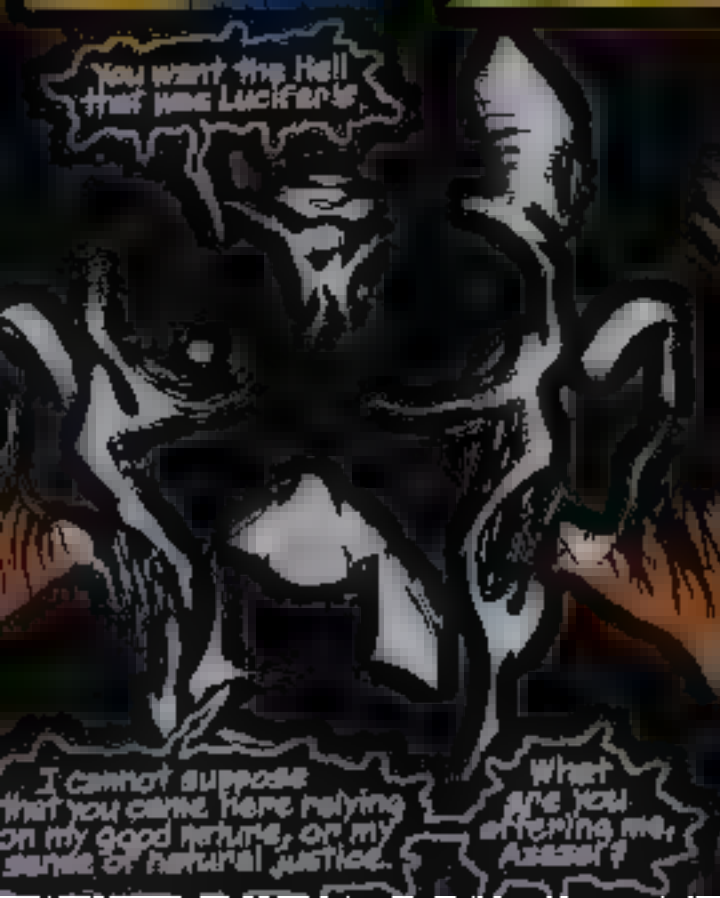
I DO NOT COME TO  
YOU AS A MERE AMBASSADOR,  
BUT AS THE REPRESENTATIVE  
OF THE WHOLE OF DAEEMONKIND;  
POOR DISPOSSESSED CREATURES,  
WHOSE HOME LAND HAS BEEN  
RIPPED FROM THEM.

I SEEK NATURAL  
JUSTICE, MORPHEUS.  
GIVE US BACK OUR  
WORLD!



Save the speech-making  
for other times, Azazel. It  
leaves me unmoved.

AH



You want the Hell  
that was Lucifer's?

I cannot suppose  
that you came here relying  
on my good nature, or my  
sense of natural justice.

What  
are you  
entering me,  
Azazel?



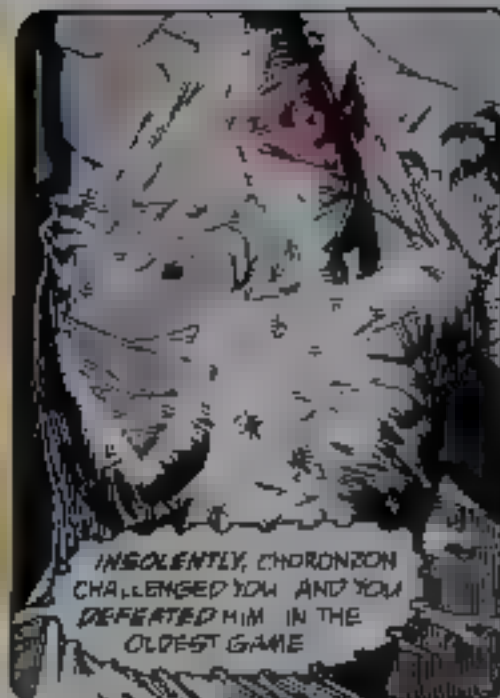
NOT ONE THING, BUT  
TWO, DREAM-LORD.





FIRSTLY: YOU CAME TO  
HELL TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO. TO  
CHALLENGE ME?

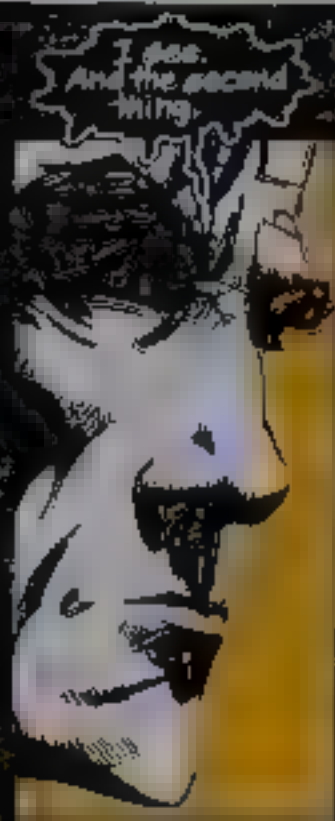
I WAS IN THE  
POSSESSION OF ONE  
CHORONZON, A DUKE  
OF THE EIGHTH CIRCLE  
AND A CAPTAIN OF  
BEEZEBUB'S HORDES.



INSOLENTLY, CHORONZON  
CHALLENGED YOU AND YOU  
DEFEATED HIM IN THE  
OLDEST GAME



I BROUGHT HIM TO THE  
DREAMWORLD JUST FOR YOU,  
MORPHEUS. HE IS HELPLESS. HE  
CAN BE YOURS TO TAKE VENGEANCE  
ON YOU. CAN LEAVE HIM SCREAMING  
FOR AN ETERNITY...



I see.  
And the second  
thing.

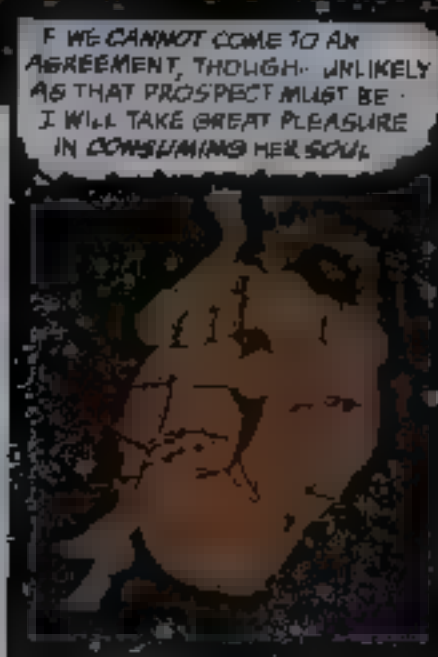


AH THAT'S  
NOTHING. VERY  
MUCH.

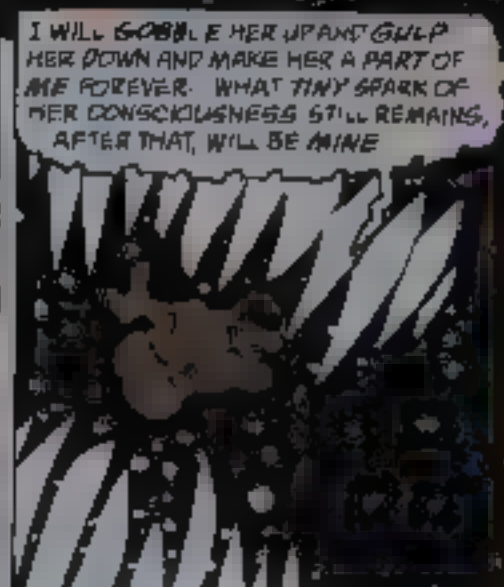
JUST A HUMAN  
FEMALE, CONDEMNED  
TO HELL TEN THOUSAND  
YEARS PAST BY A  
RESENTFUL LOVER.

BUT ISN'T  
SHE A SWEET  
AND TOOTH-SOME  
MORSEL?

IF YOU GIVE ME THE  
KEY TO HELL, I'LL THROW  
HER INTO THE DEAL AS  
A SWEETENER, YOU  
MIGHT SAY.



IF WE CANNOT COME TO AN  
AGREEMENT, THOUGH, UNLIKELY  
AS THAT PROSPECT MUST BE,  
I WILL TAKE GREAT PLEASURE  
IN CONSUMING HER SOUL.



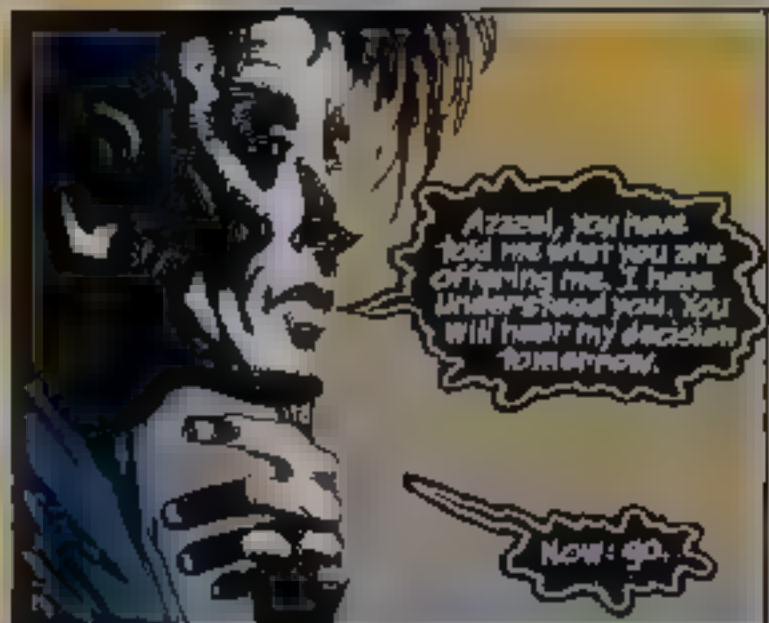
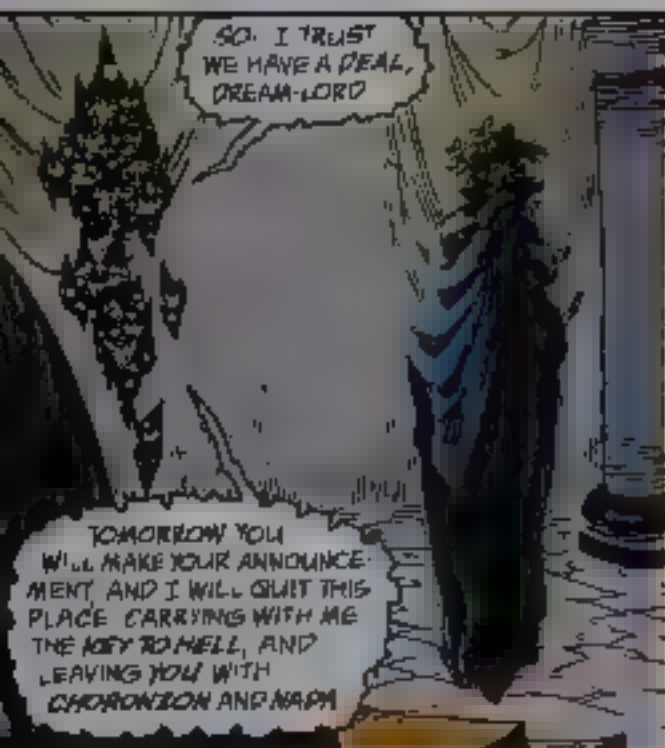
I WILL SOBBLE HER UP AND GULP  
HER DOWN AND MAKE HER A PART OF  
ME FOREVER. WHAT TINY SPARK OF  
HER CONSCIOUSNESS STILL REMAINS,  
AFTER THAT, WILL BE MINE.

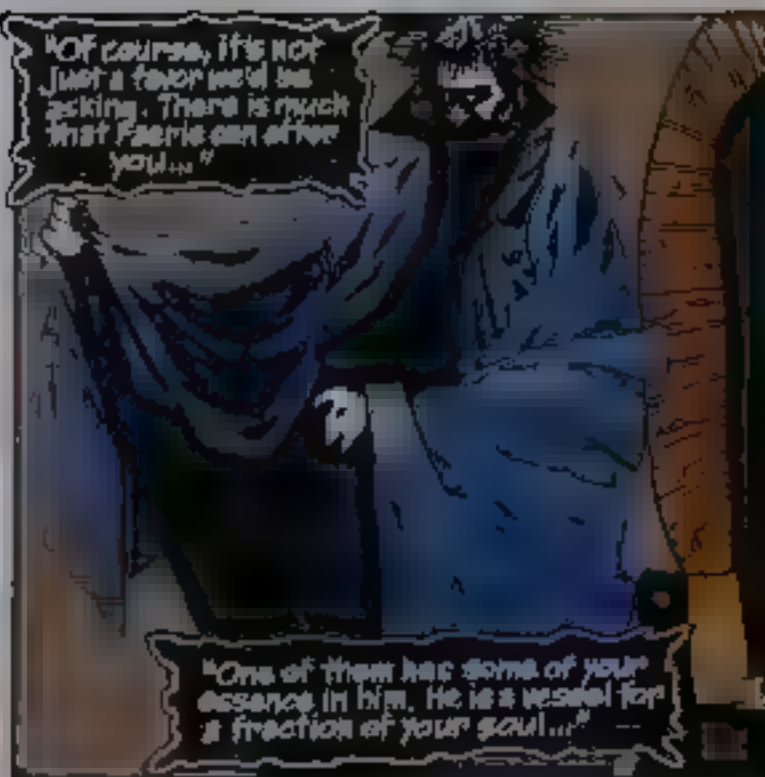


DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND  
ME?

I do.

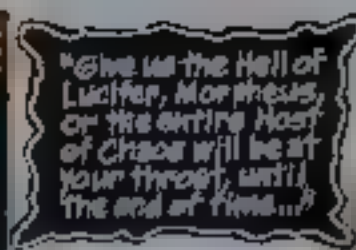




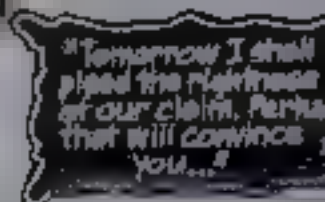


"Of course, it's not just a favor we'd be asking. There is much that Faerie can offer you..."

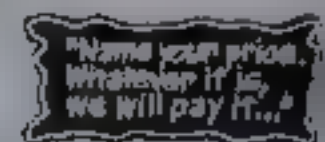
"One of them has some of your essence in him. He is a vessel for a fraction of your soul..."



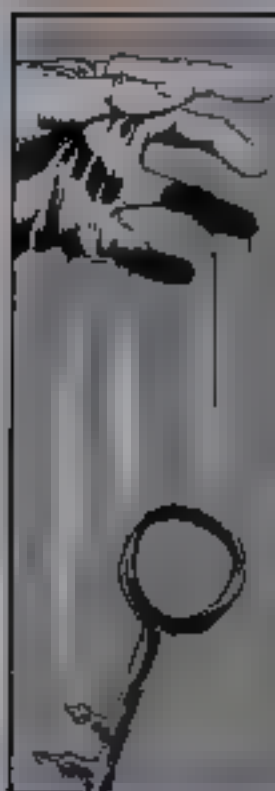
"Give us the Hell of Lucifer, Morpheus, or the entire Host of Chaos will be at your throat, until the end of time..."



"Tomorrow I shall plead the righteousness of our claim. Perhaps that will convince you..."



"Name your price. Whatever it is, we will pay it..."



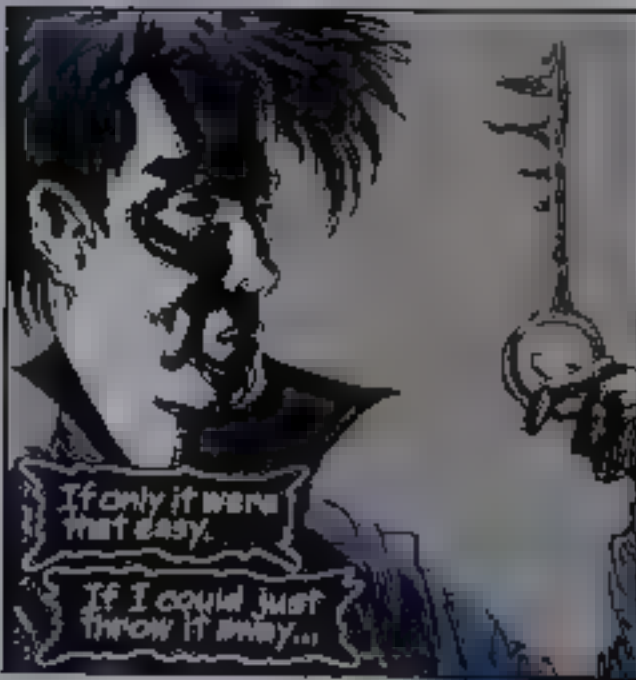
CHINK

CHINK

CHINK

"I know where your brother can be found..."

"If we cannot come to an agreement, though—unlikely as that prospect must be—I will take great pleasure in consuming her soul..."



"If only it were that easy."

"If I could just throw it away..."



To Be Continued



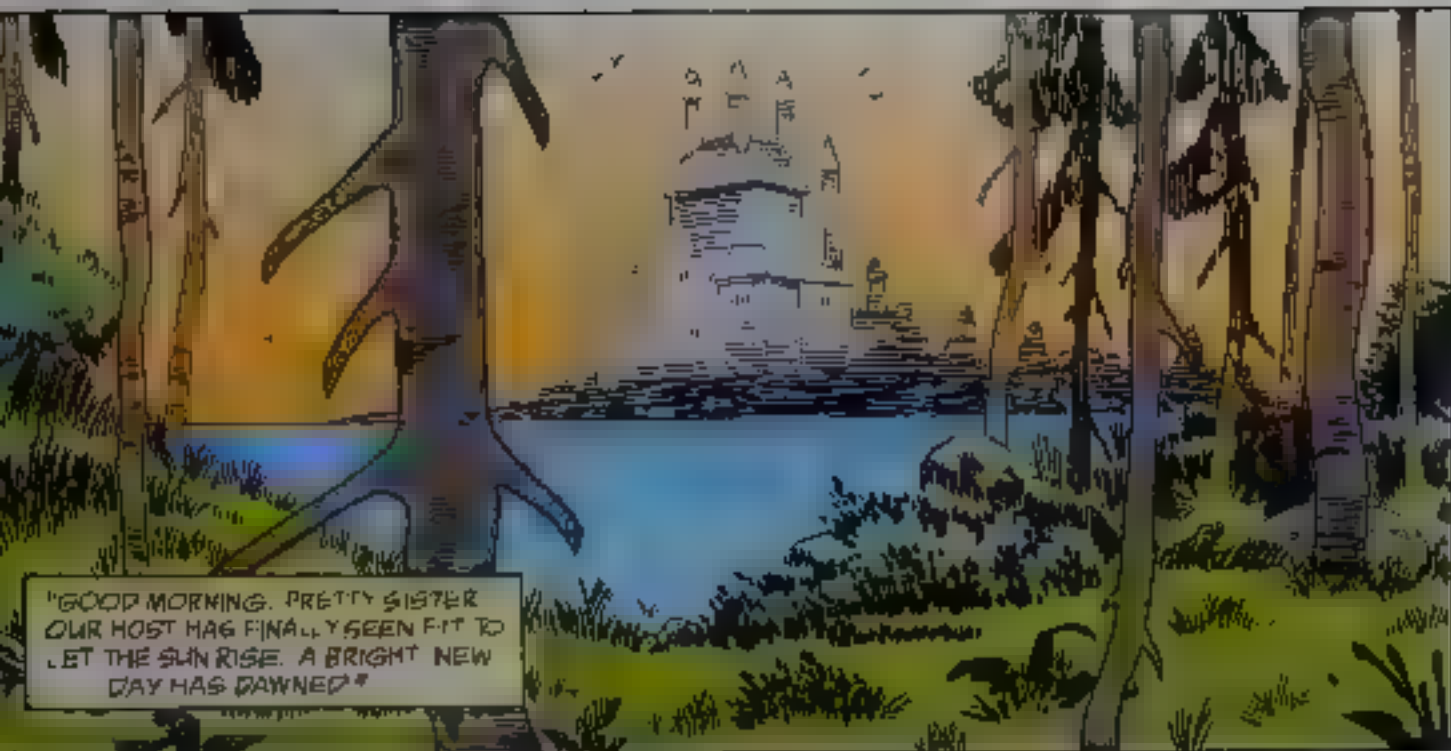


Q

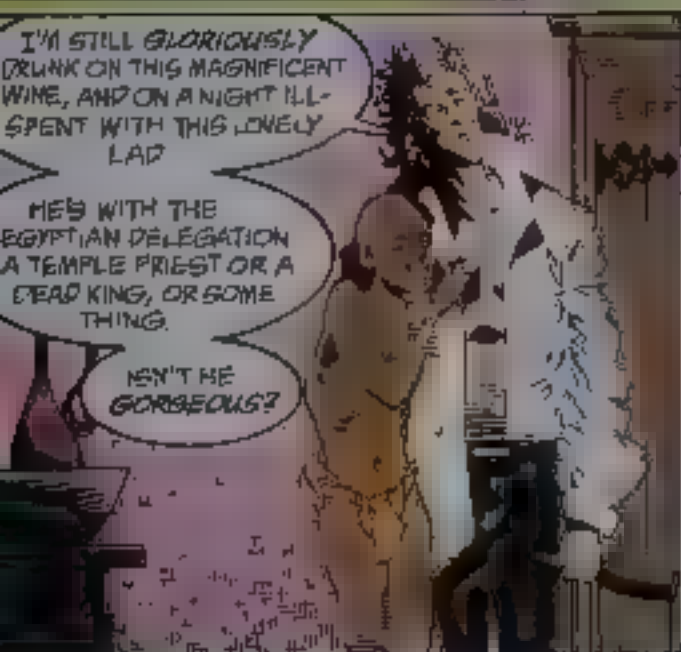
WHICH THE YOKING QUESTION  
OF THE SOVEREIGNTY OF HELL  
IS FINALLY SETTLED TO THE  
SATISFACTION OF SOME THE  
FINER POINTS OF HOSPITALITY  
AND IN WHICH IT IS DEMONSTRATED  
THAT WHILE SOME MAY FALL  
OTHERS ARE PUSHED

## EPISODE 6





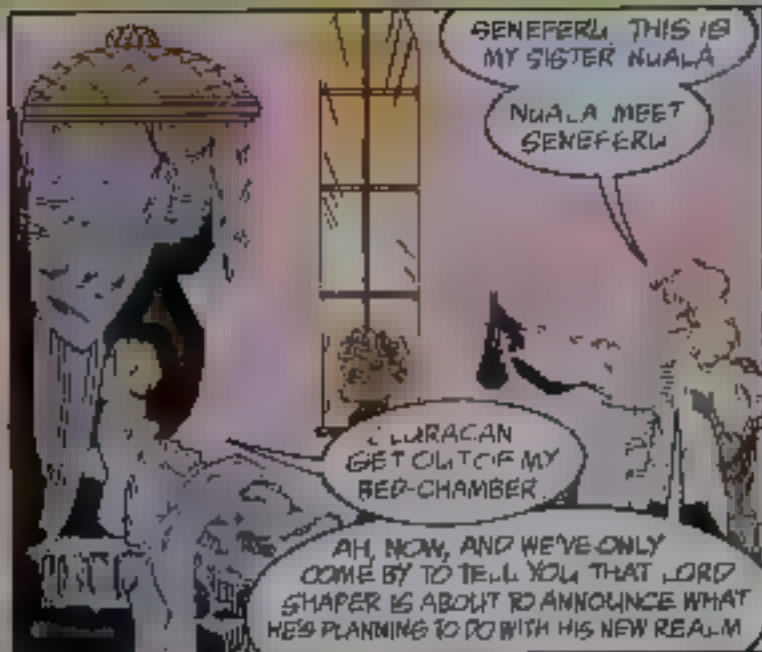
"GOOD MORNING. PRETTY SISTER  
OUR HOST HAS FINALLY SEEN FIT TO  
LET THE SUN RISE. A BRIGHT NEW  
DAY HAS DAWNED"



I'M STILL GLORIOUSLY  
DRUNK ON THIS MAGNIFICENT  
WINE, AND ON A NIGHT I'LL  
SPENT WITH THIS LOVELY  
LAD

HE'S WITH THE  
EGYPTIAN DELEGATION  
A TEMPLE PRIEST OR A  
DEAD KING, OR SOME  
THING.

ISN'T HE  
GORGEUS?



SENEFERU THIS IS  
MY SISTER NUALA

NUALA MEET  
SENEFERU

LURACAN  
GET OUT OF MY  
BED-CHAMBER.

AH, NOW, AND WE'VE ONLY  
COME BY TO TELL YOU THAT LORD  
SHAPER IS ABOUT TO ANNOUNCE WHAT  
HE'S PLANNING TO DO WITH HIS NEW REALM



SO GET A  
FROCK ON, LITTLE  
SISTER, AND COME  
AND HEAR THE  
GOOD WORD

DO YOU THINK  
HE WILL ACCEDE TO  
OUR WISHES? THAT  
HE'LL KEEP HELL  
EMPTY AND FORGIVE  
US THE T T T T?



NOT A HOPE  
THERE'S TOO MANY  
BIG BOYS LEANING  
ON HIM. YOU SAW  
THEM ALL LAST  
NIGHT

PERSONALLY I  
FIGURE THE BEST I CAN  
HOPE TO GET OUT OF  
THESE SHENANIGANS  
IS EXCELLENT WINE...  
AND GREAT SEX

HEE YOU  
DOWN THERE



AND ALL I GET  
OUT OF IS A GOOD  
NIGHT'S SLEEP I  
SUPPOSE

OH WELL

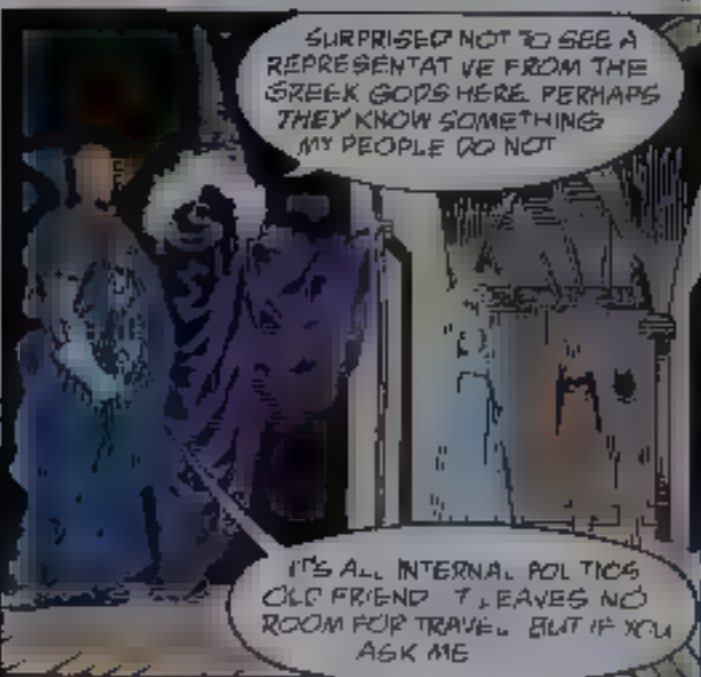
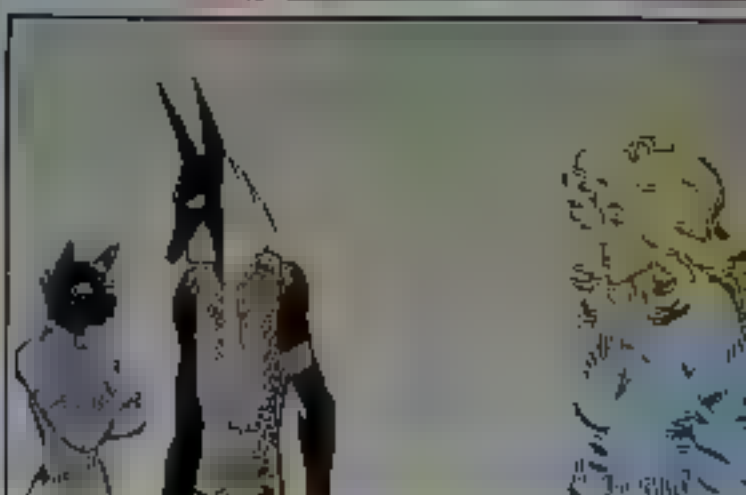


IT'S ALL  
GIVE US THE HELL OF  
SURVIVE THEN HE  
IT'S ALL



IF I CAME TO THAT I WOULD SIMPLY HAVE TO  
ADMIT THAT I DID NOT KNOW EXACTLY WHERE  
HIS BROTHER IS NOW BUT I DO POSSESS  
CERTAIN FACTS

WE MUST HOPE THEY  
ARE ENOUGH FOR THE DREAM  
LORD, OTHERWISE -

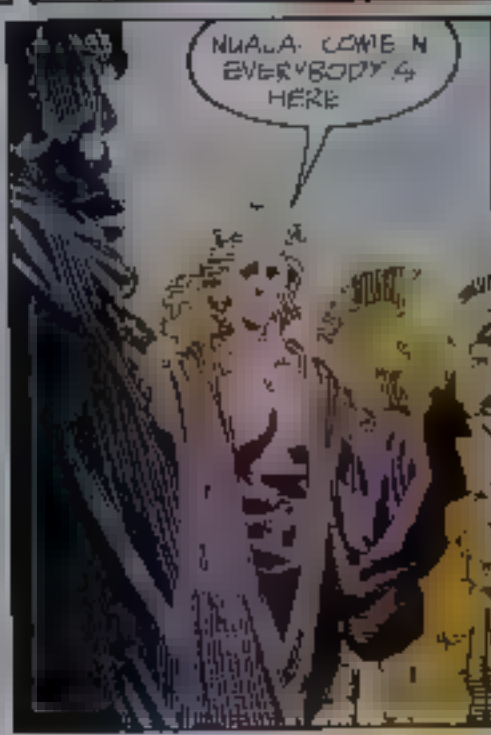
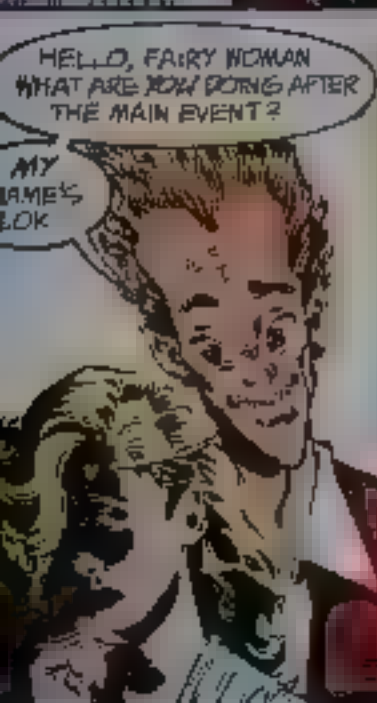
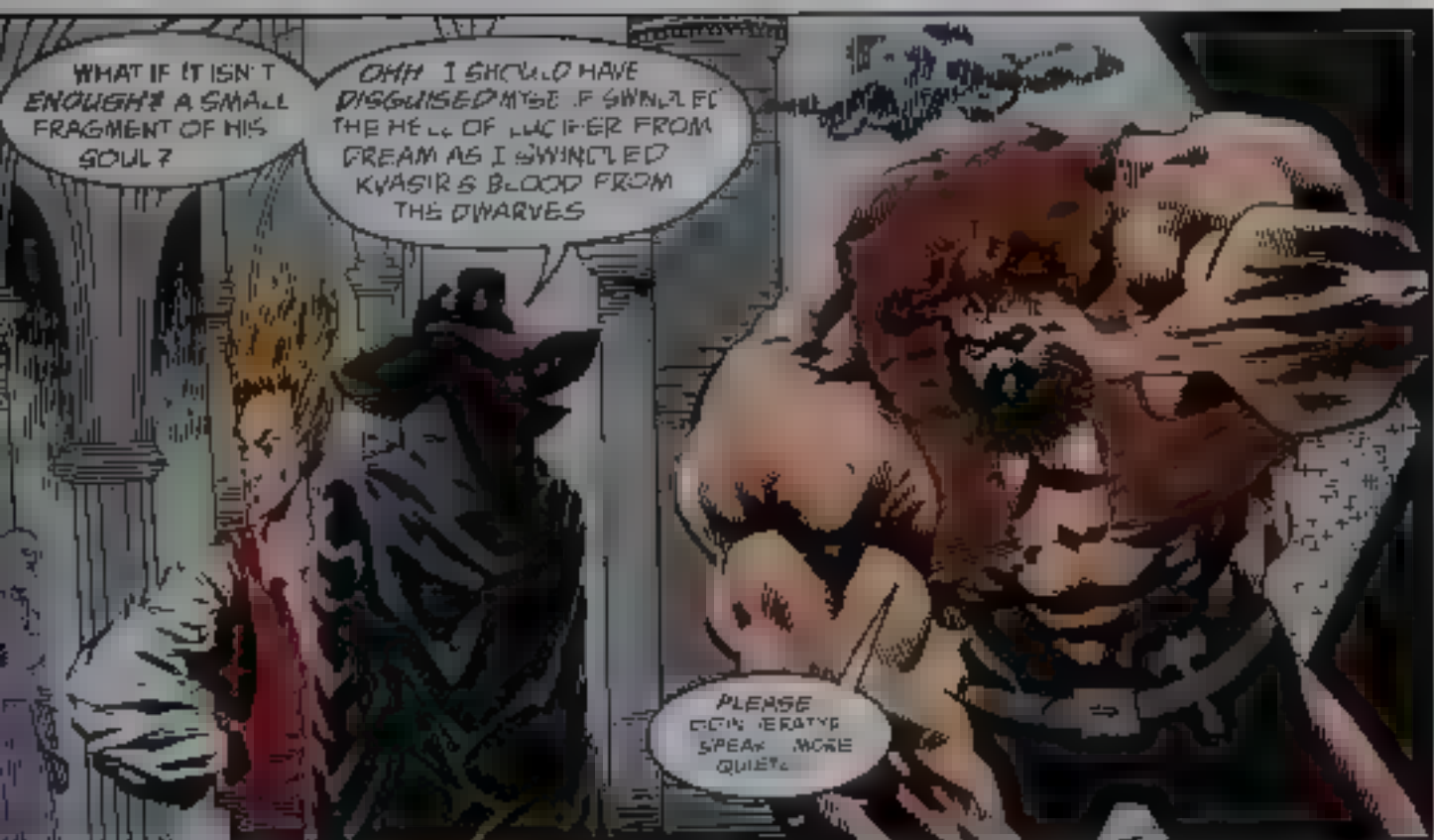


SURPRISED NOT TO SEE A  
REPRESENTATIVE FROM THE  
GREEK GODS HERE. PERHAPS  
THEY KNOW SOMETHING  
MY PEOPLE DO NOT

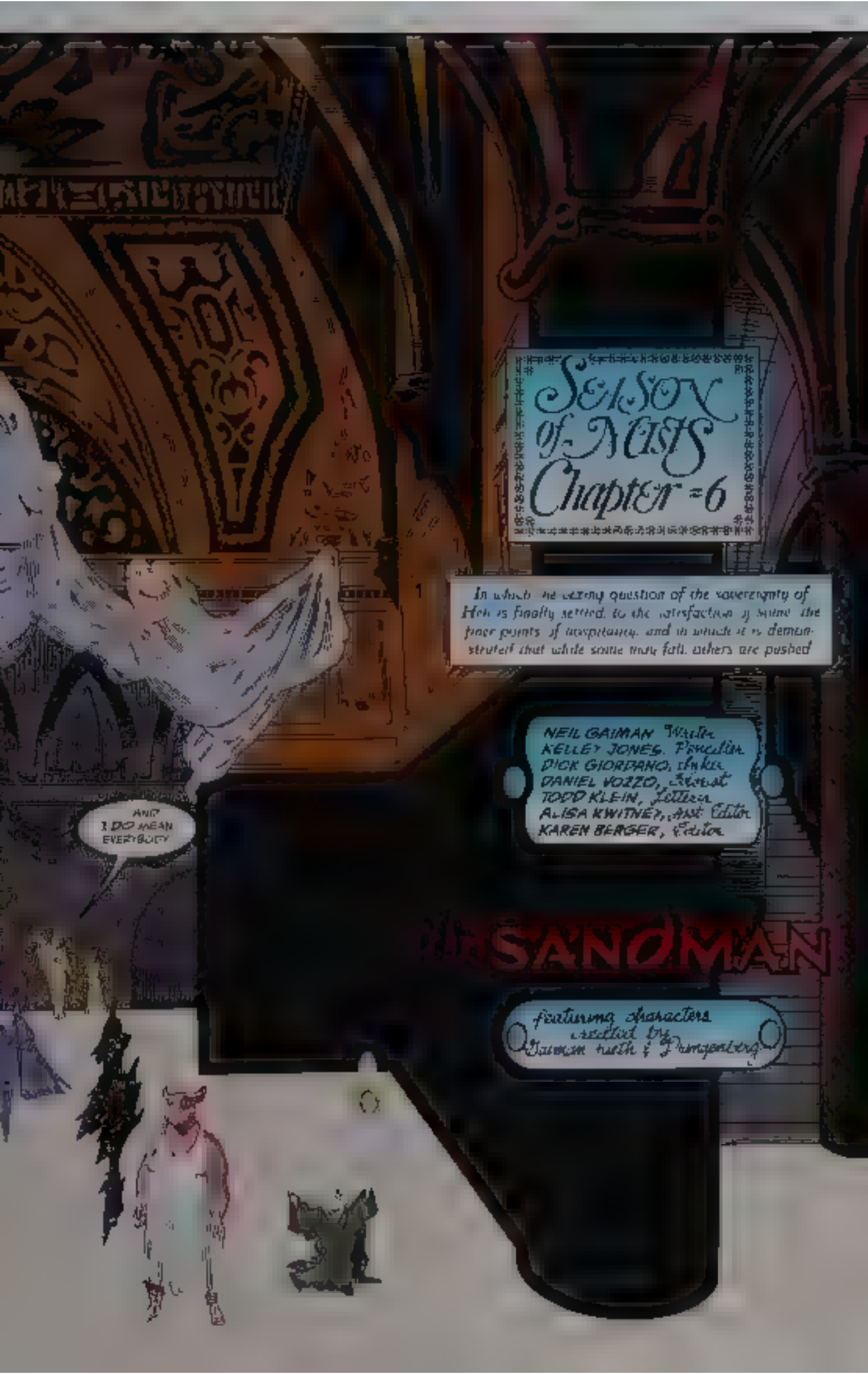
IT'S ALL INTERNAL POLITICS  
OLD FRIEND I LEAVES NO  
ROOM FOR TRAVEL BUT IF YOU  
ASK ME











# SEASON of ALISTS Chapter = 6

In which the burning question of the sovereignty of  
Hoh is finally settled, to the satisfaction of some the  
finer points of hospitality, and in which it is demon-  
strated that while some may fall, others are pushed

AND  
I DO MEAN  
EVERYBODY

NEIL GAIMAN, Writer  
KELLEY JONES, Penciler  
DICK GIORDANO, Inker  
DANIEL VOZZO, Letterer  
TODD KLEIN, Letterer  
ALISA KWITNEY, Art Editor  
KAREN BERGER, Editor

## SANDMAN

featuring characters  
created by  
Gaiman, Smith & Ponggenberg





MRR WELL?

WHERE IS HE?



YOU LOOK LIKE YOU HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK ALL NIGHT

I don't sleep, Matthew

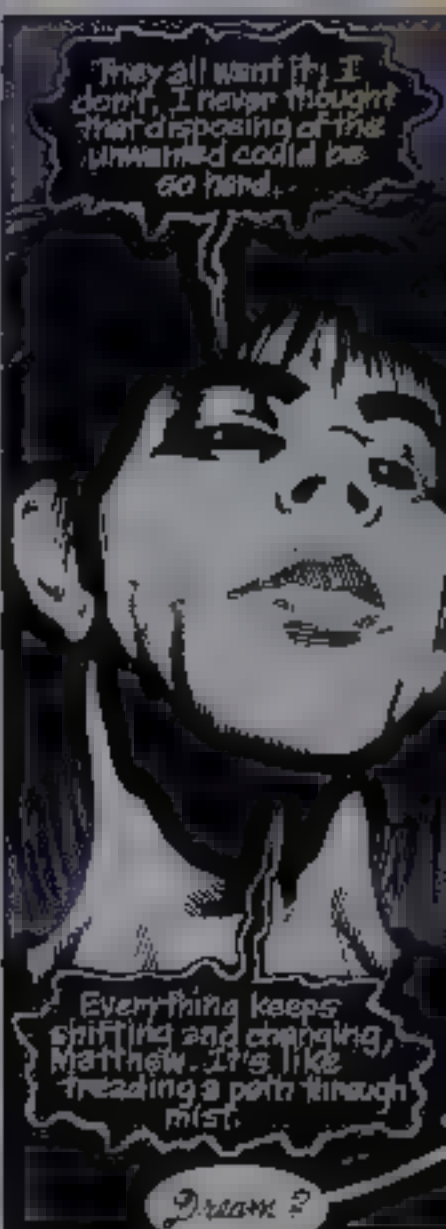
I DIDN'T SAY YOU DID I JUST SAID THAT WAS WHAT YOU LOOKED LIKE

BUSY NIGHT HUH?



Yes. I spent the first half of it talking with a few of our visitors.

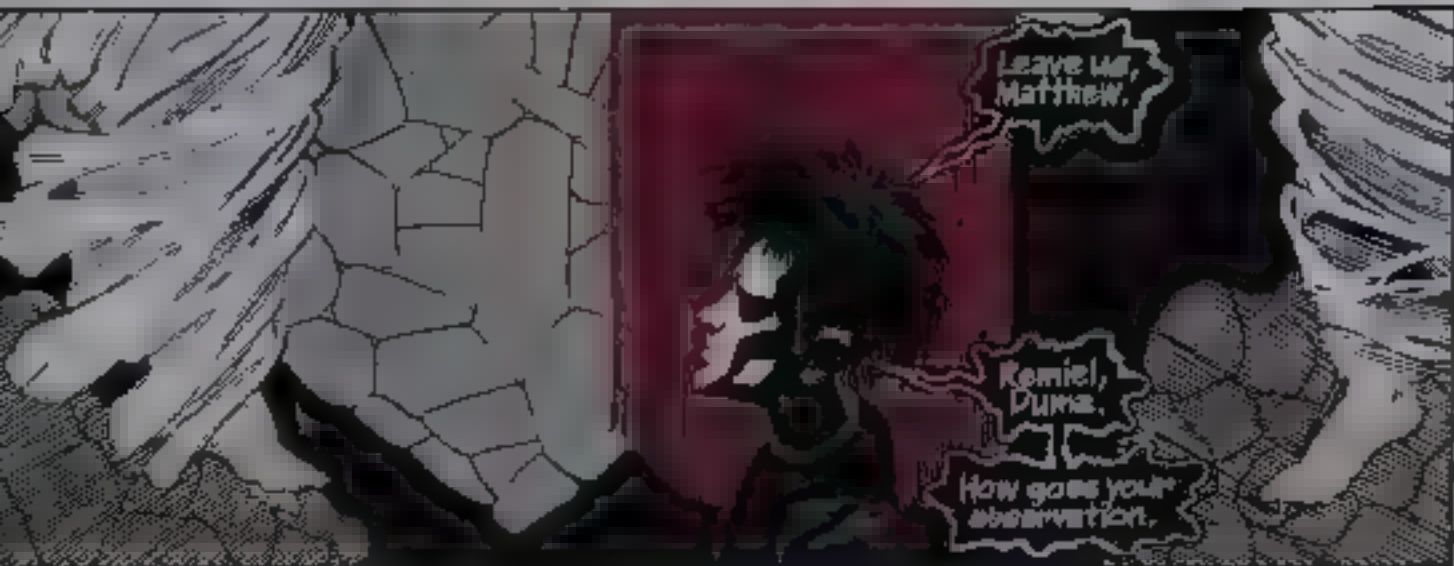
I spent the second half in thinking.



They all want it, I don't, I never thought that disposing of the unwanted could be so hard.

Everything keeps shifting and changing, Matthew. It's like treading a path through mist.

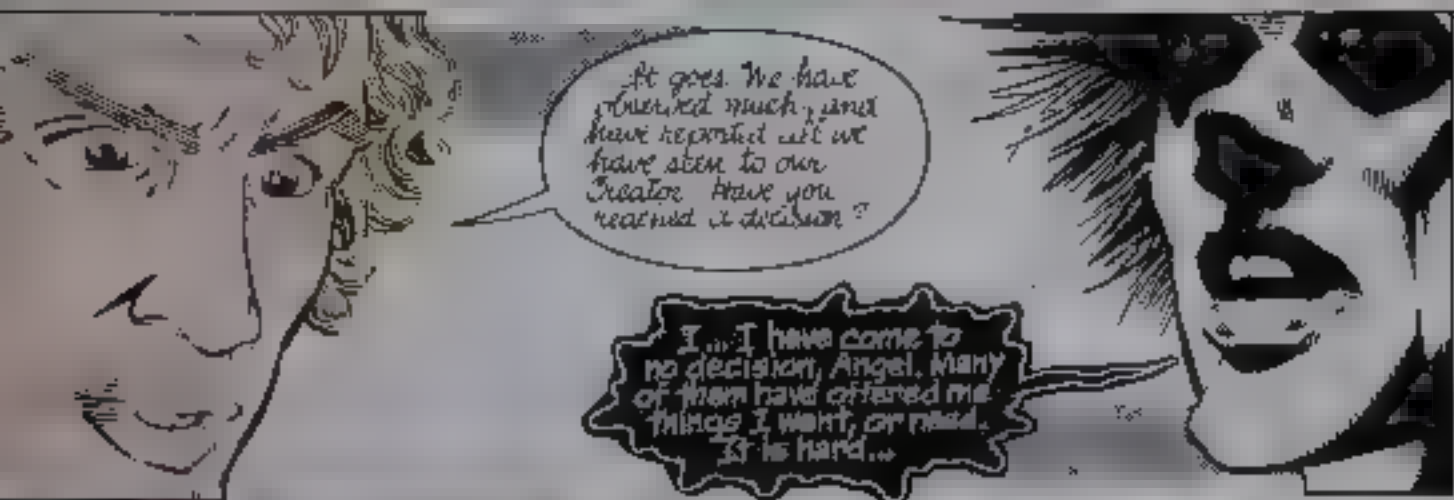
Dream?



Leave us,  
Matthew.

Remiel,  
Duma.

How goes your  
observation.



It goes. We have  
observed much, and  
have reported all we  
have seen to our  
Creator. Have you  
reached a decision?

I... I have come to  
no decision, Angel. Many  
of them have offered me  
things I want, or need.  
It is hard...



Perhaps I  
should accede  
to the Fairies'  
wishes and leave  
Hell empty. It  
serves no good  
purpose...

I have  
a message  
for you

Very well,  
Remiel. What  
is it?



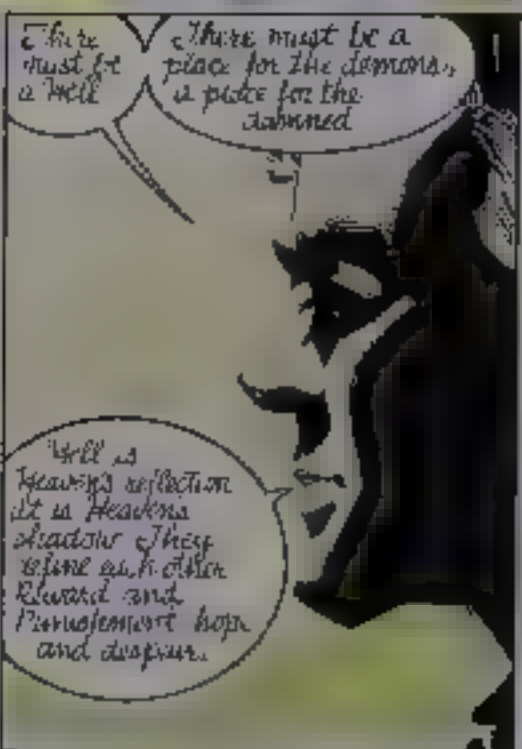
I do not  
know

Wait





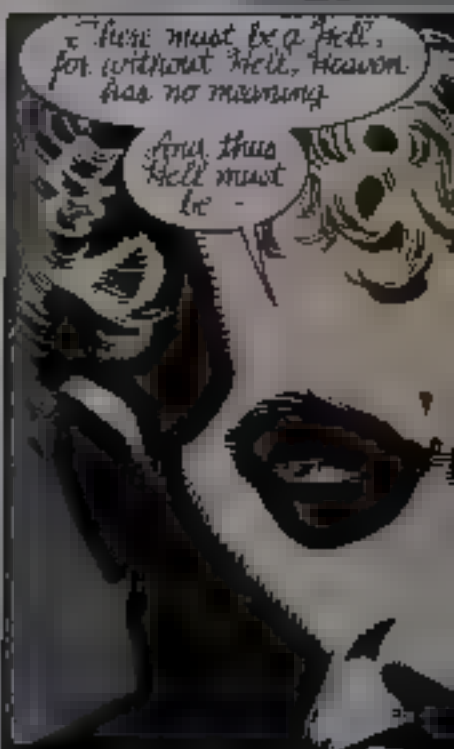
We shall relay  
the message it is from  
my Father.



There  
must be  
a Hell

There must be a  
place for the demons,  
a place for the  
damned

Hell is  
Heaven's reflection  
It is Heaven's  
shadow. They  
define each other.  
Edward and  
Parnassus hope  
and despair.

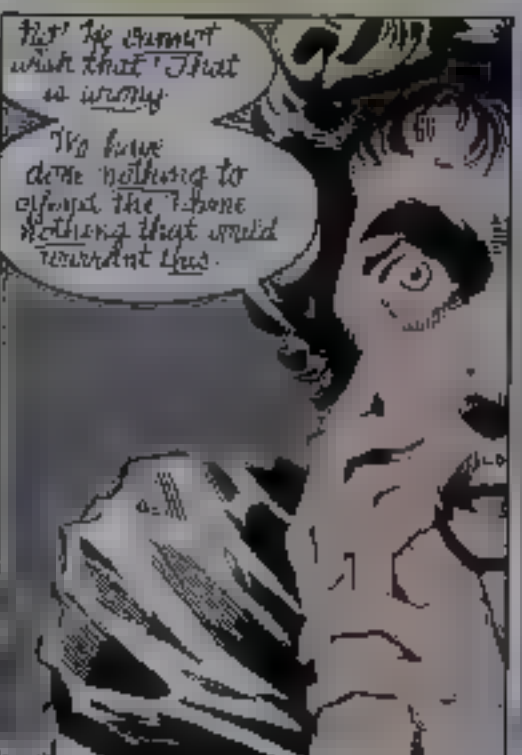


There must be a Hell,  
for without Hell, Heaven  
has no meaning.

And thus  
Hell must  
be.



No!



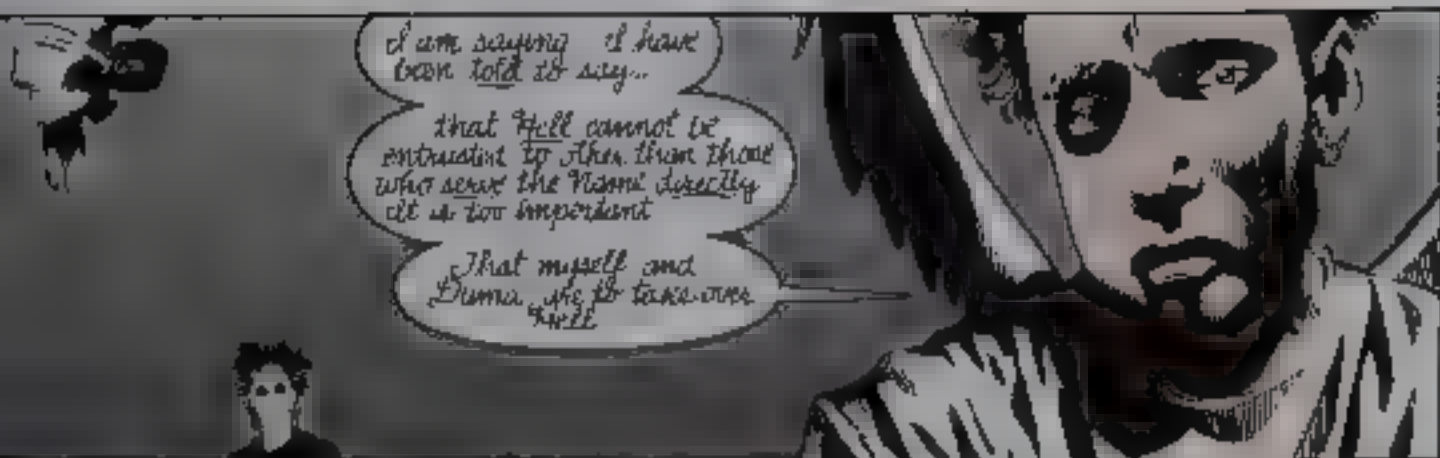
No! We cannot  
wish that. That  
is wrong.

We have  
done nothing to  
oppose the Throne.  
Nothing that would  
warrant this.



What is it,  
Remiel? What  
are you saying?

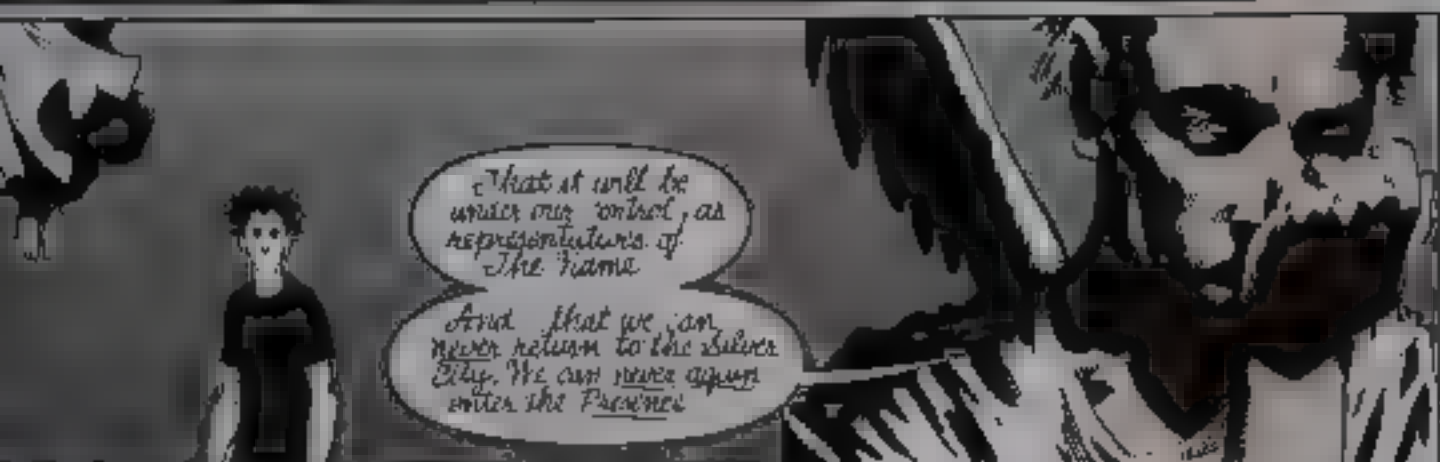




I am saying I have  
been told to say...

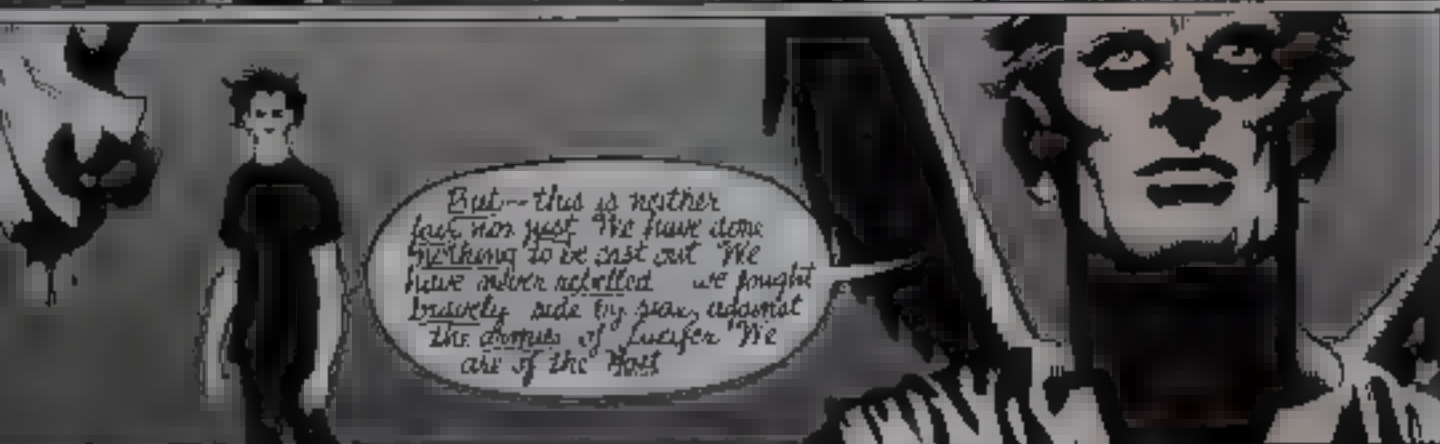
that Hell cannot be  
entrusted to them, then those  
who serve the Name directly  
it is too important

That myself and  
Luma, are to take over  
Hell

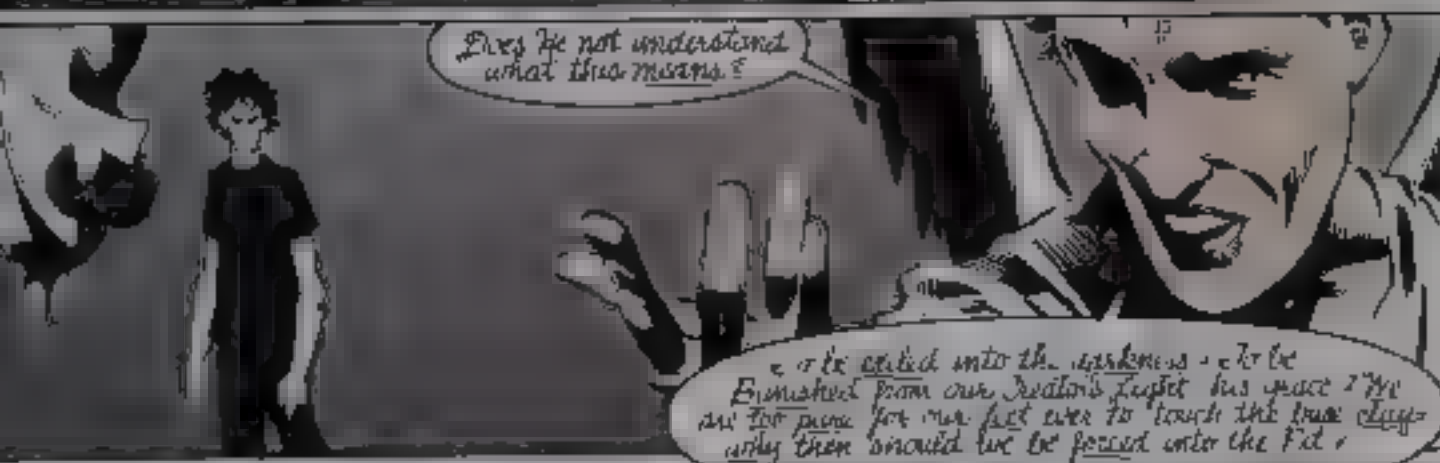


That it will be  
under our control, as  
representatives of  
The Name

And that we can  
never return to the Silver  
City. We can never again  
enter the Presence

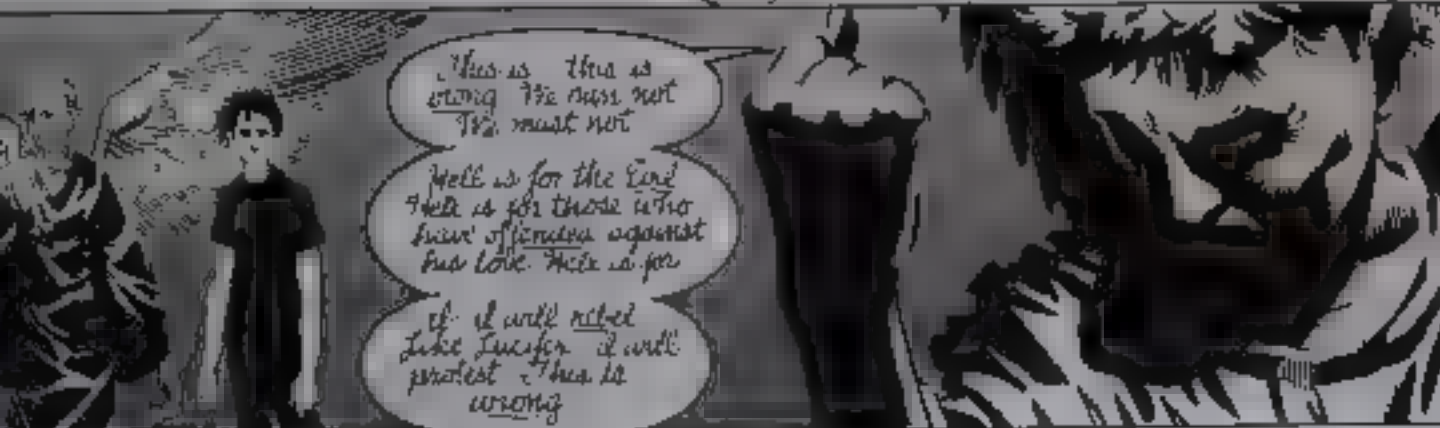


But--this is neither  
lost nor just. We have done  
nothing to be cast out. We  
have never rebelled. we fought  
bravely side by side, against  
the armies of Lucifer. We  
are of the Host



Does he not understand  
what this means?

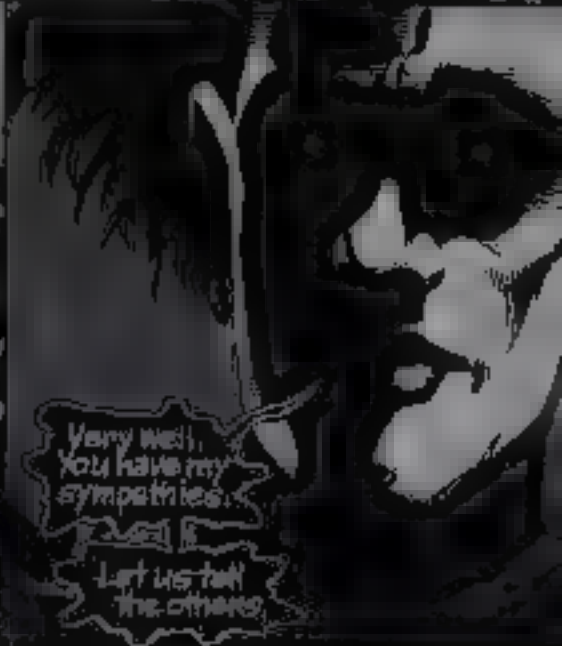
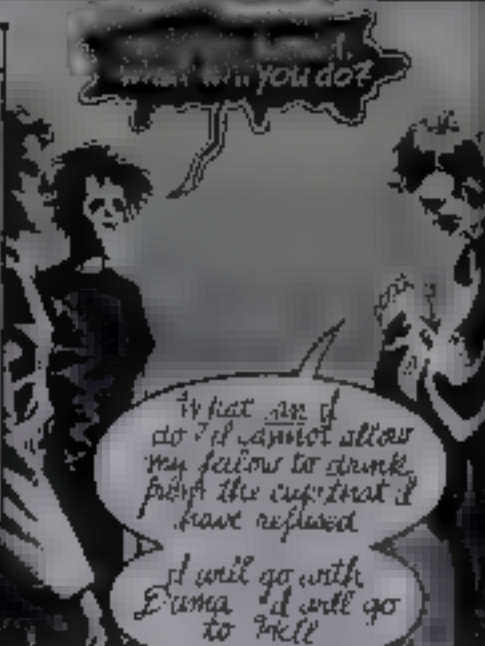
"to be casted into the darkness" to be  
Erased from our Father's sight his grace? We  
are too pure for our feet ever to touch the base clay--  
why then should we be forced into the Pit?



This is this is  
wrong We must not  
We must not

Hell is for the Evil  
Hell is for those who  
have offended against  
his love. Hell is for

if it will not  
like Lucifer it will  
protest. This is  
wrong

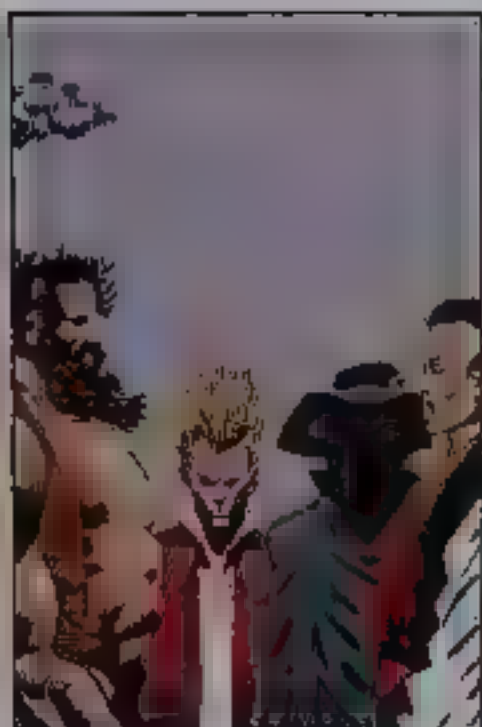




SO I SAID TO HER  
"I AM THOR!"

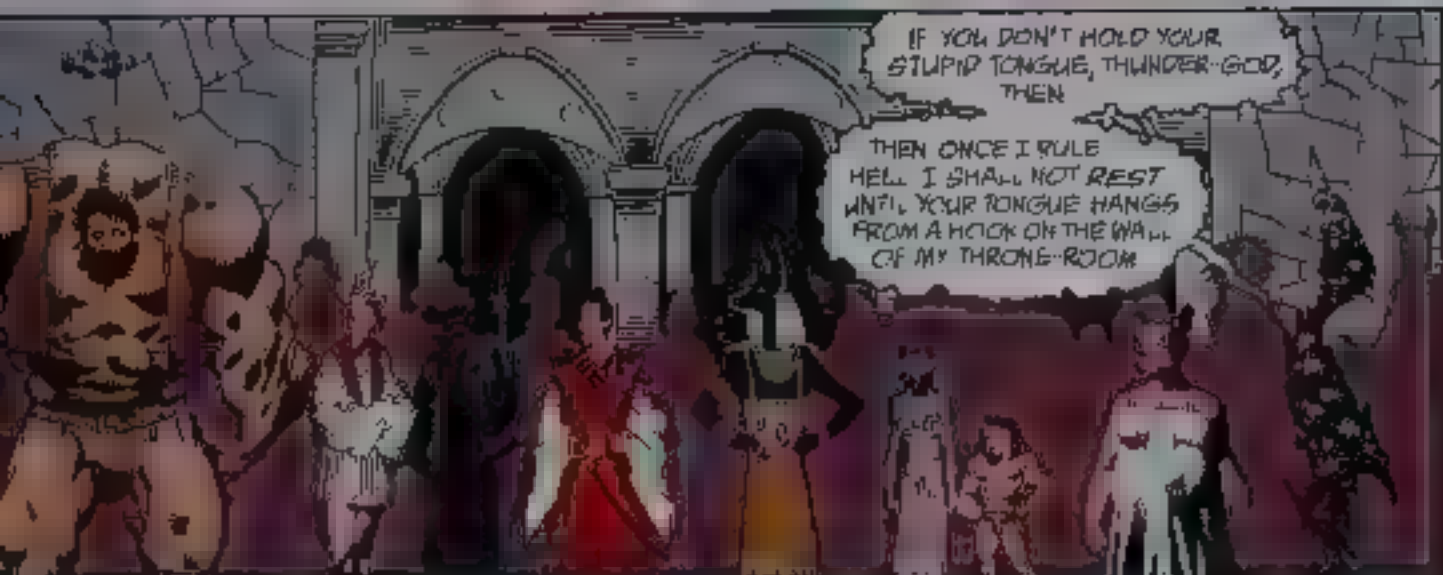
SHE SAID  
"YOU'RE THOR?  
I'M THO THERE I  
CAN HARDLY  
PITH!"

HAHAHAHAHA!



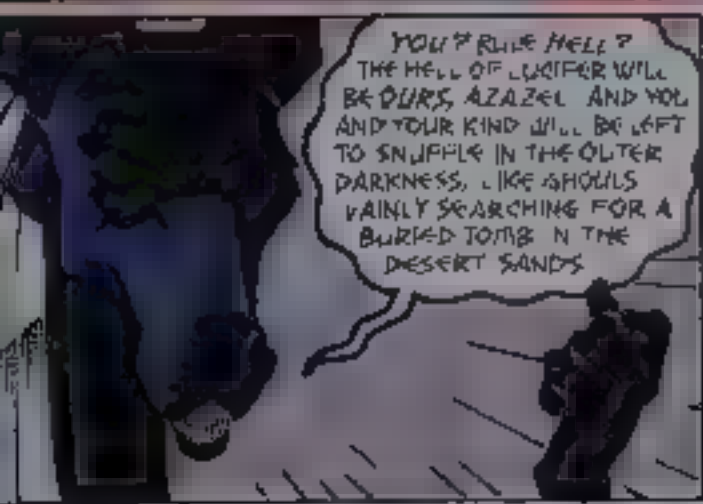
IT WAS A  
JOKE

HEATHOR  
CONFE-SUCKER  
BUT I FGG  
URBIBLE

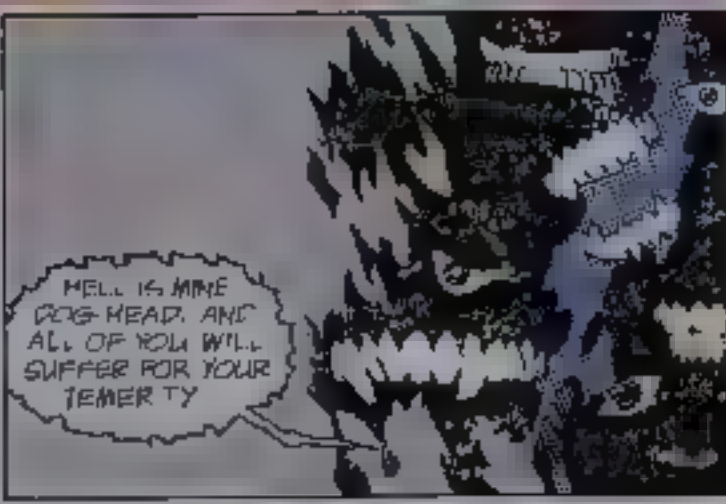


IF YOU DON'T HOLD YOUR  
STUPID TONGUE, THUNDER-GOD,  
THEN

THEN ONCE I RULE  
HELL I SHALL NOT REST  
UNTIL YOUR TONGUE HANGS  
FROM A HOOK ON THE WALL  
OF MY THRONE-ROOM



YOU? RULE HELL?  
THE HELL OF LUZIFER WILL  
BE OURS, AZAZEL AND YOU  
AND YOUR KIND WILL BE LEFT  
TO SNUFFLE IN THE OUTER  
DARKNESS, LIKE GHOULS  
VAINLY SEARCHING FOR A  
BURIED TOMB IN THE  
DESERT SANDS



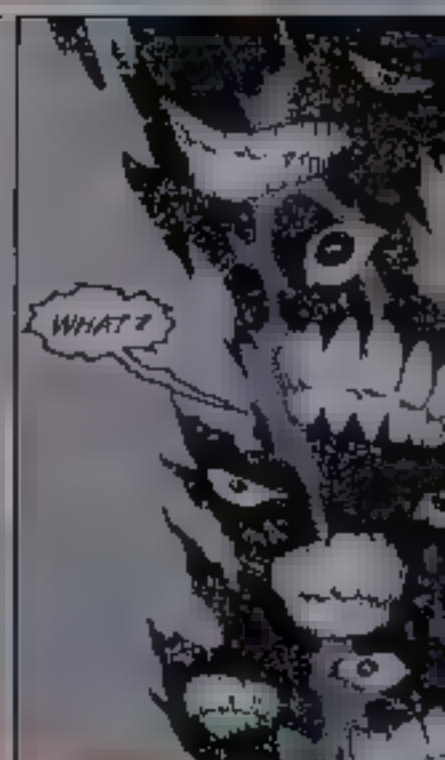
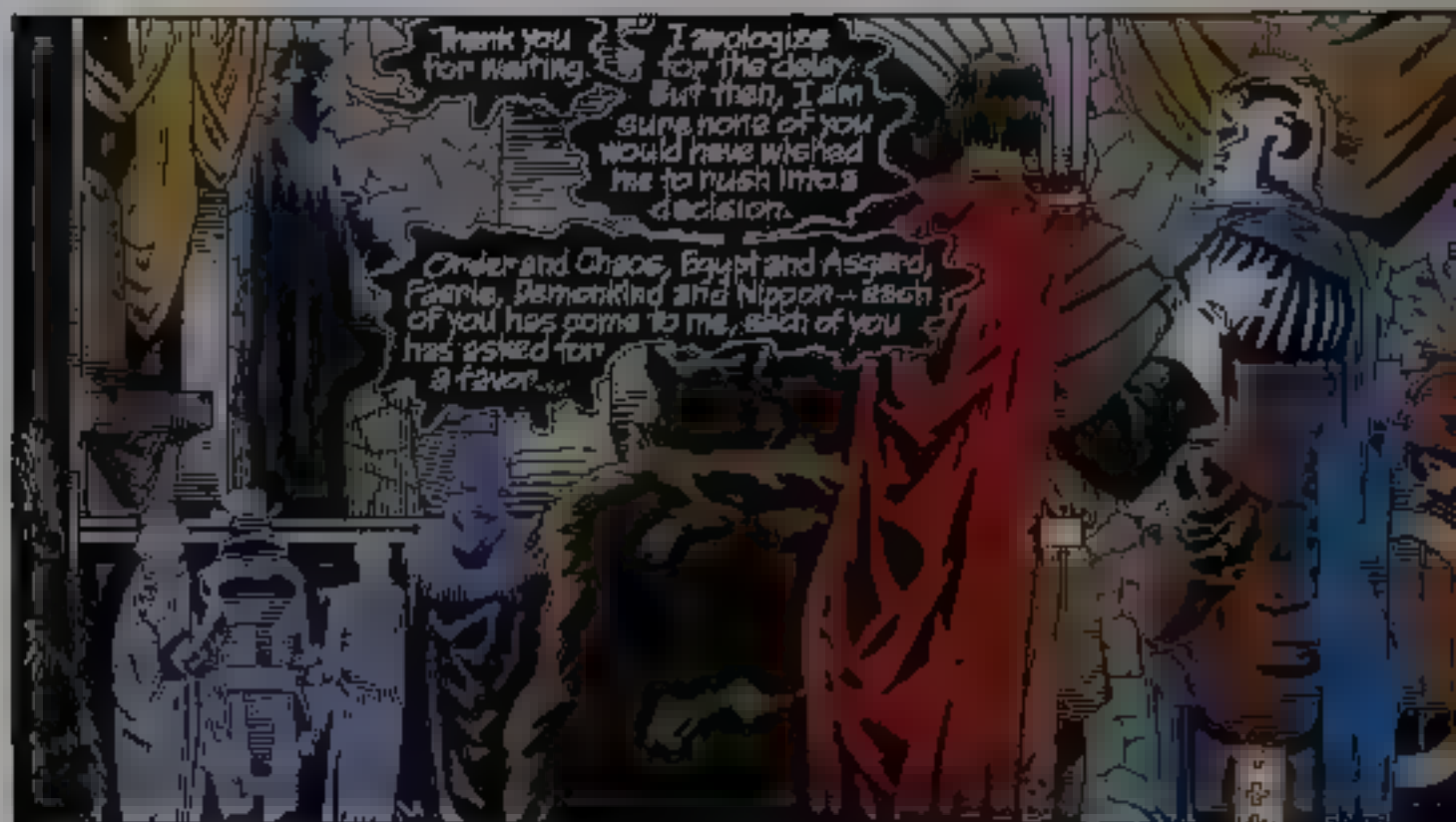
HELL IS MINE  
DOG-HEAD, AND  
ALL OF YOU WILL  
SUFFER FOR YOUR  
TEMERTY

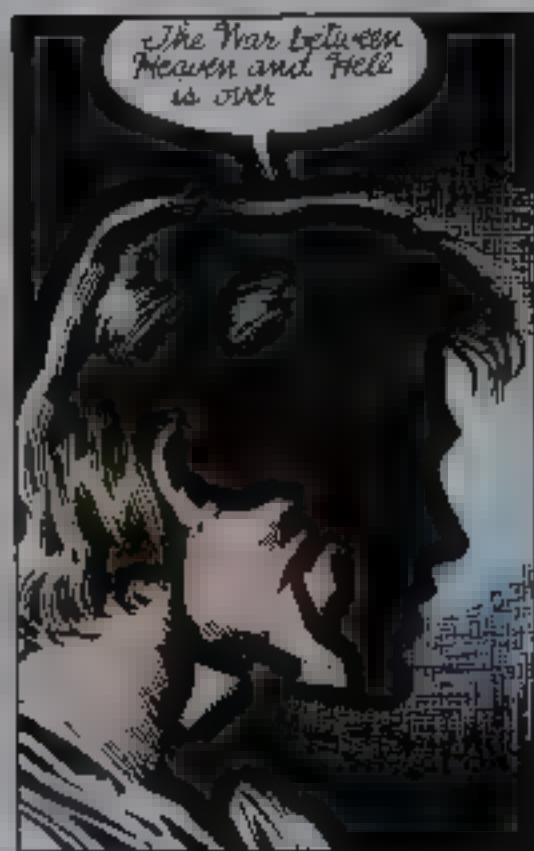
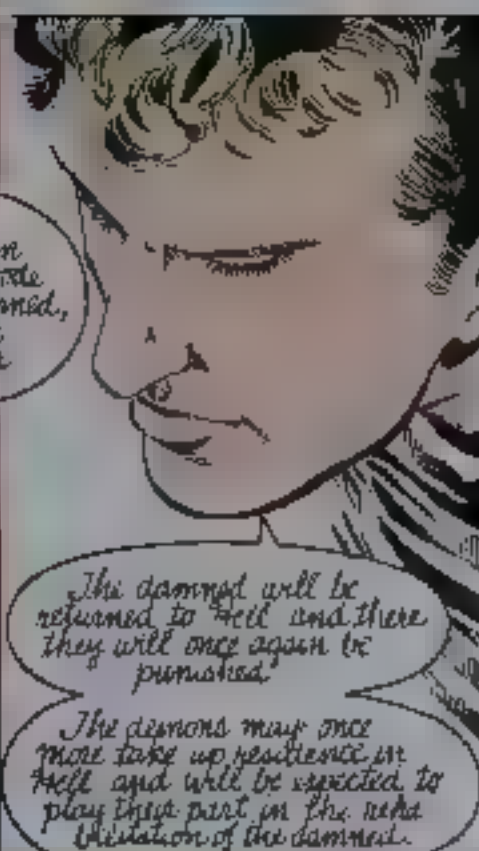
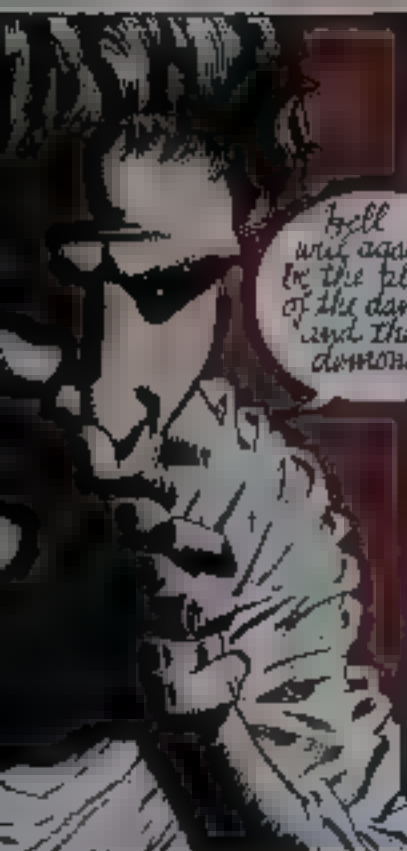


I had assumed  
that you would wait  
for me to make an  
announcement,  
before electing  
yourselves Lords  
of Hell.

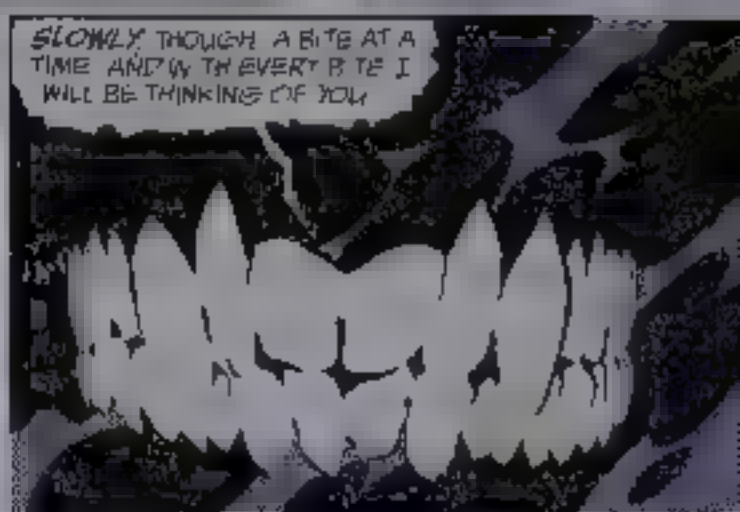
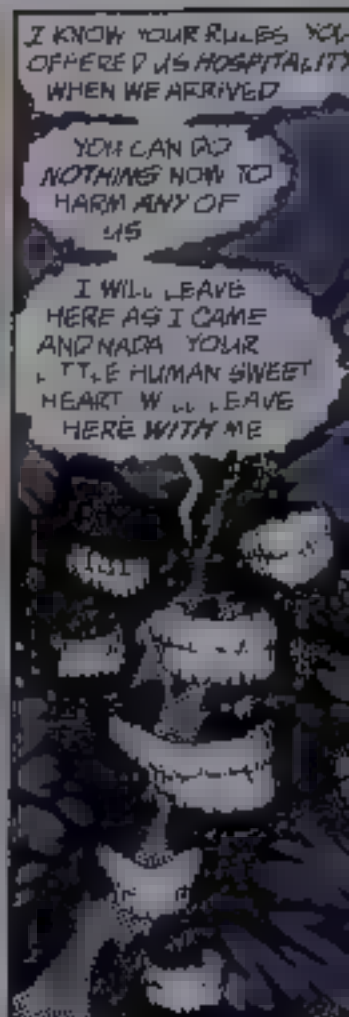
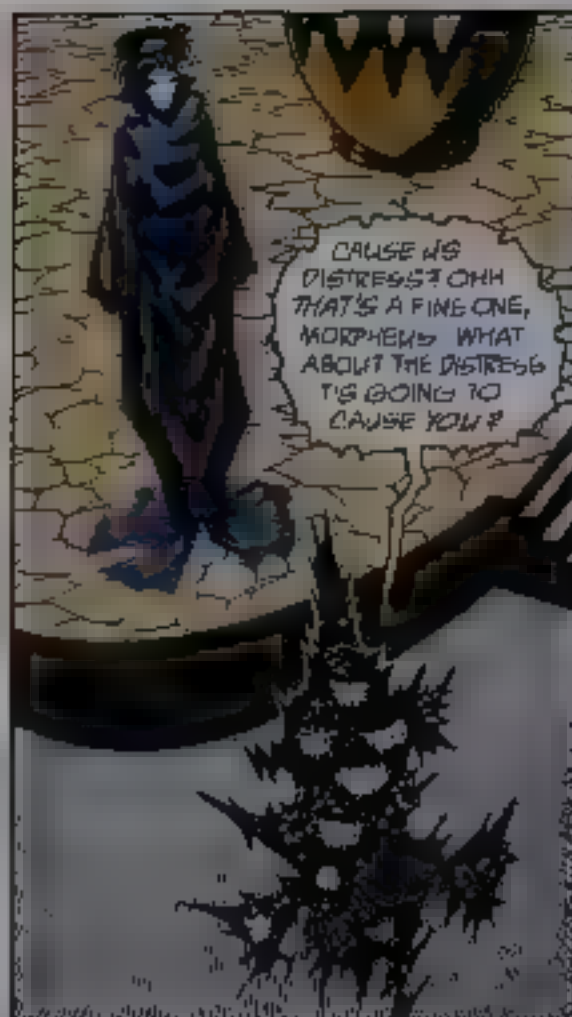
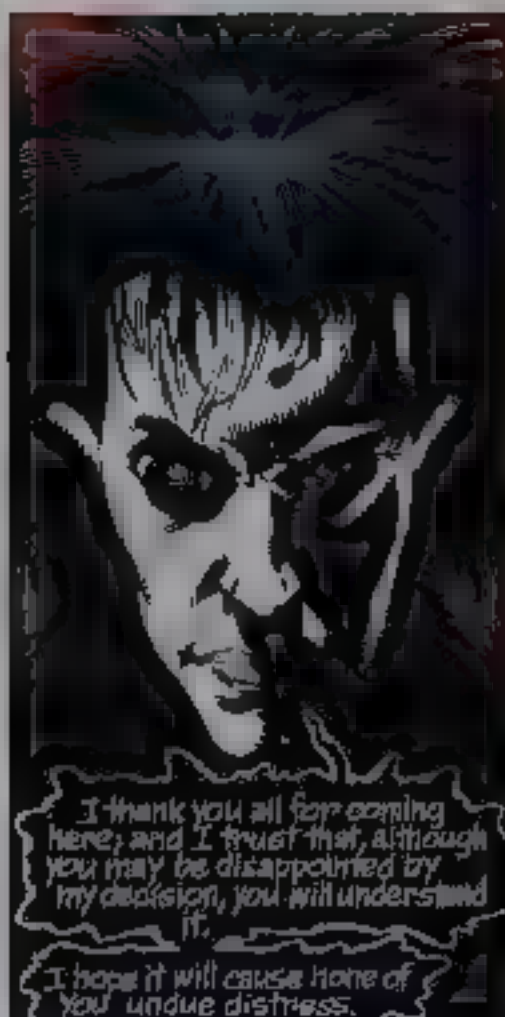
I see I  
was wrong.







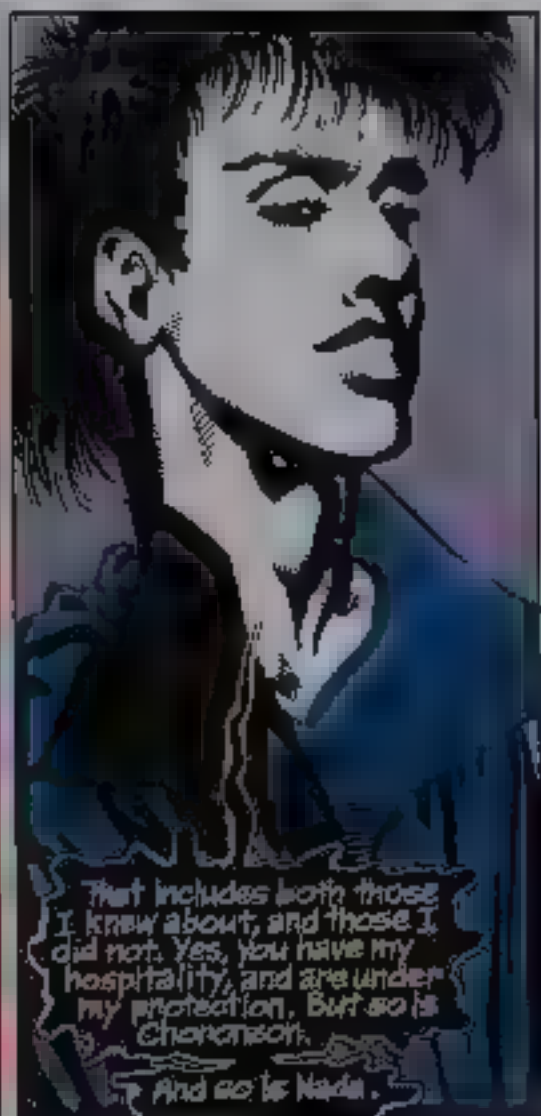








I offered  
hospitality to all  
my visitors.



That includes both those  
I knew about, and those I  
did not. Yes, you have my  
hospitality, and are under  
my protection. But so is  
Choromson.

And so is Nade.

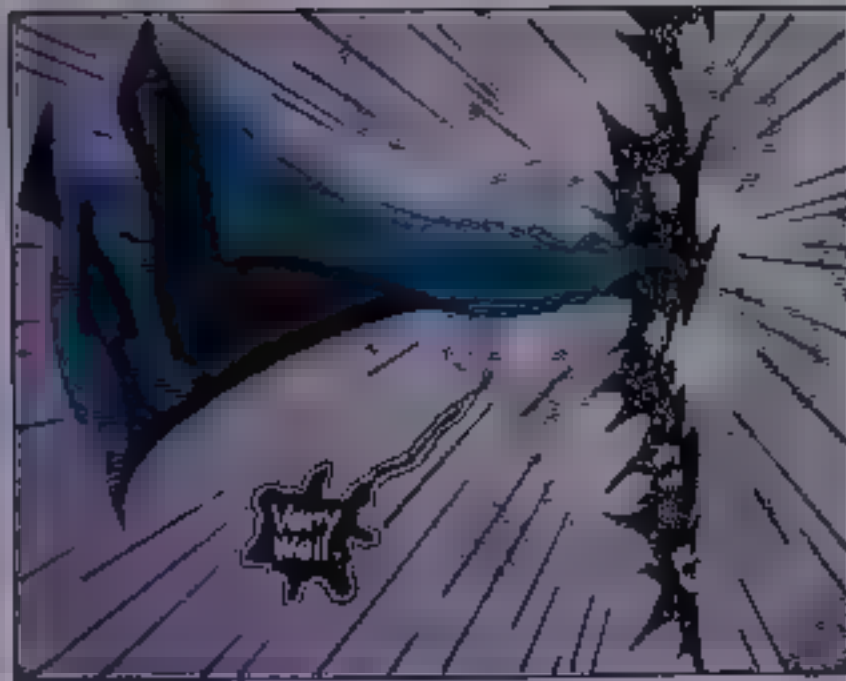


And I  
will not see  
them hurt.



IF YOU WANT  
HER, DREAM-SQUATTER  
THEN COME AND GET  
HER IF YOU'VE  
GOT THE BALLS

I RENOUNCE YOUR  
HOSPITALITY



Very  
Well.

I DID NOT BELIEVE  
YOU WOULD BE WILLING TO  
ENTER INTO US... DREAMER

But I did,  
Arxel.

DO YOU?  
REALLY?

THEN FIND THEM  
IF YOU CAN

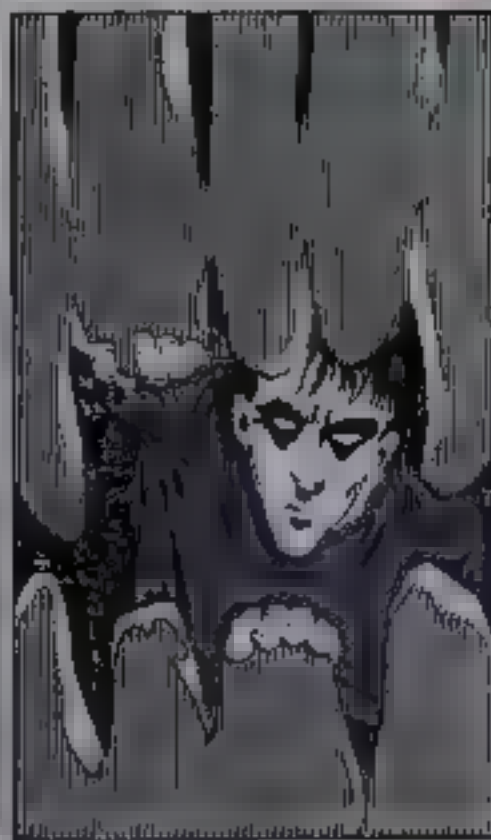
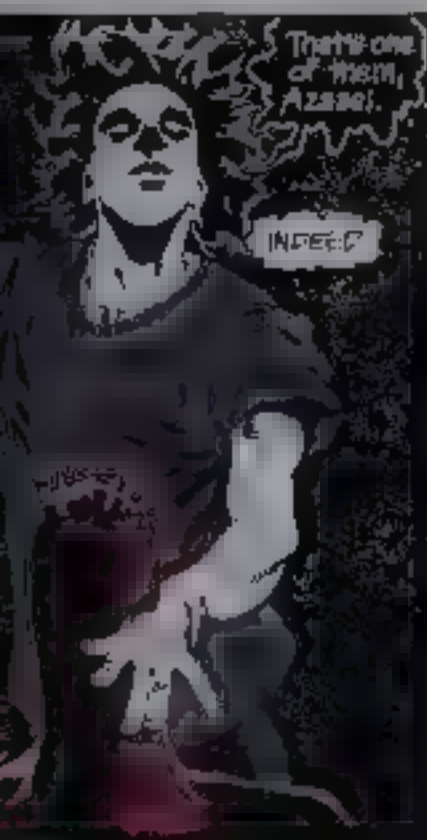
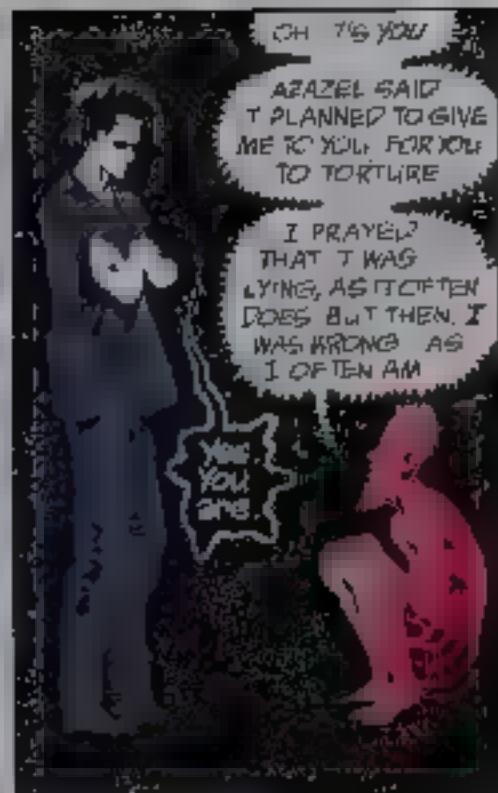
Very  
well.

YES YES, YOU DID  
VERY WELL FIND THEM  
AND RELEASE THEM, AND  
THEY ARE YOURS, AND  
YOU MAY LEAVE ME  
FREELY

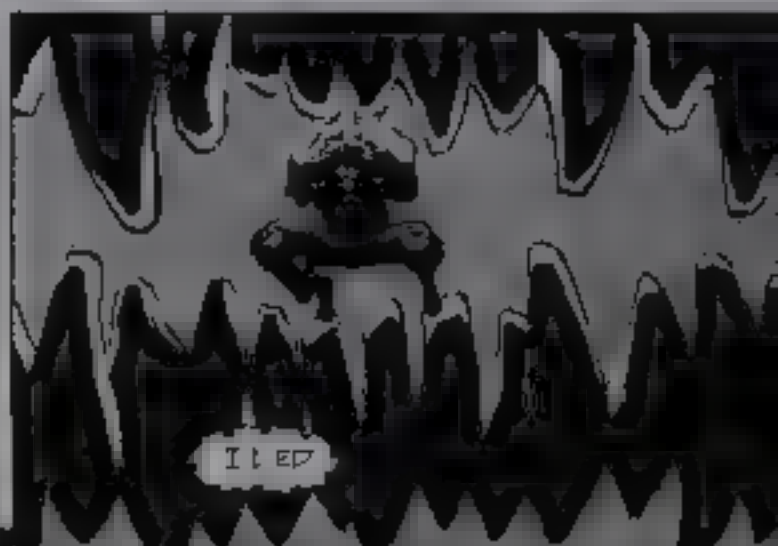
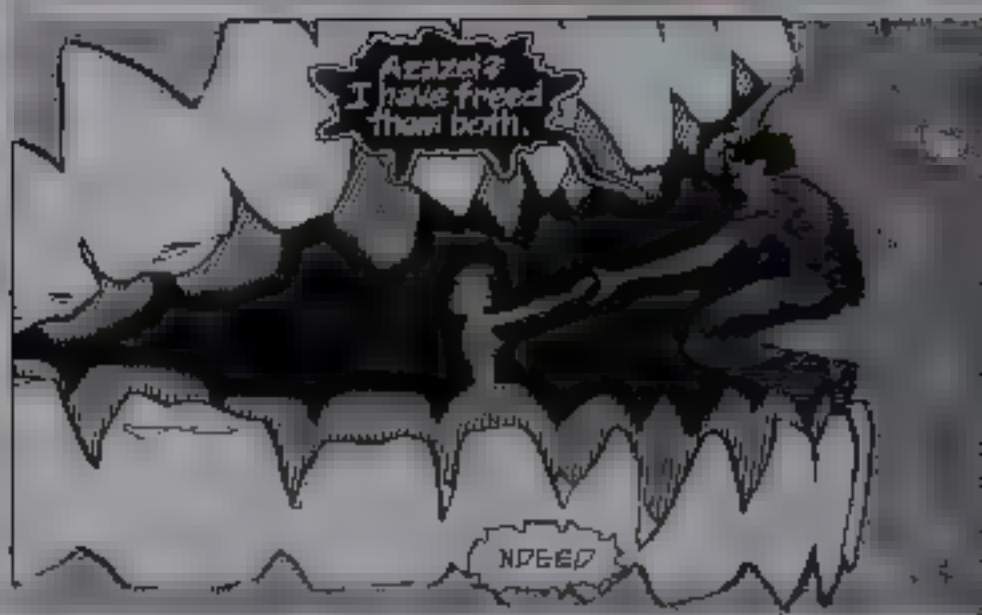
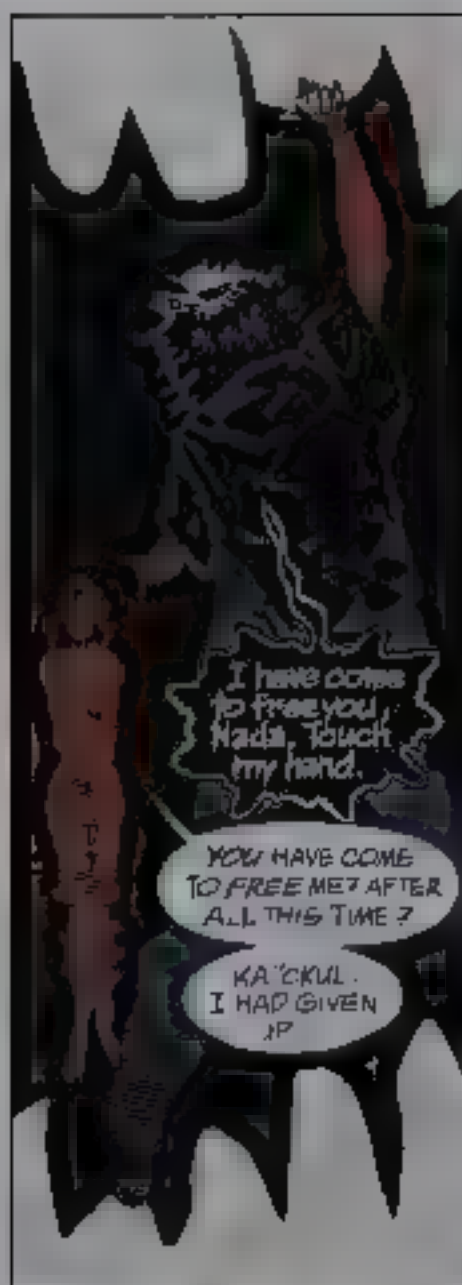
FAIL AND I WILL  
FEAST ON THEIR SOULS  
AND ON YOURS

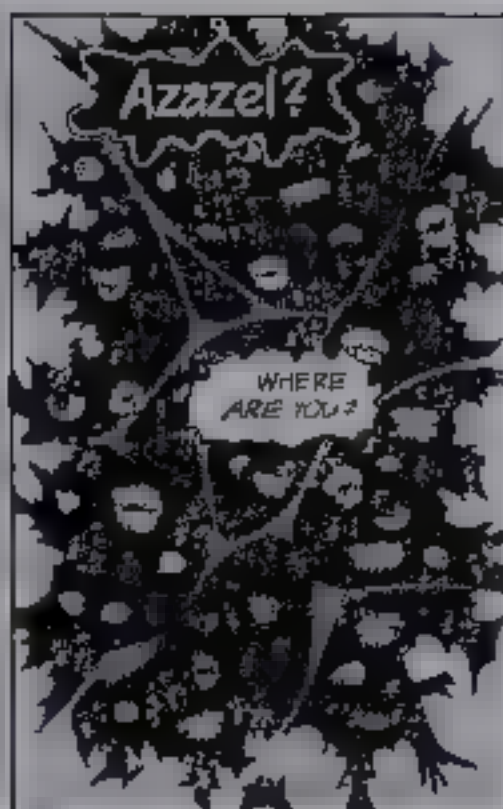
I understand.



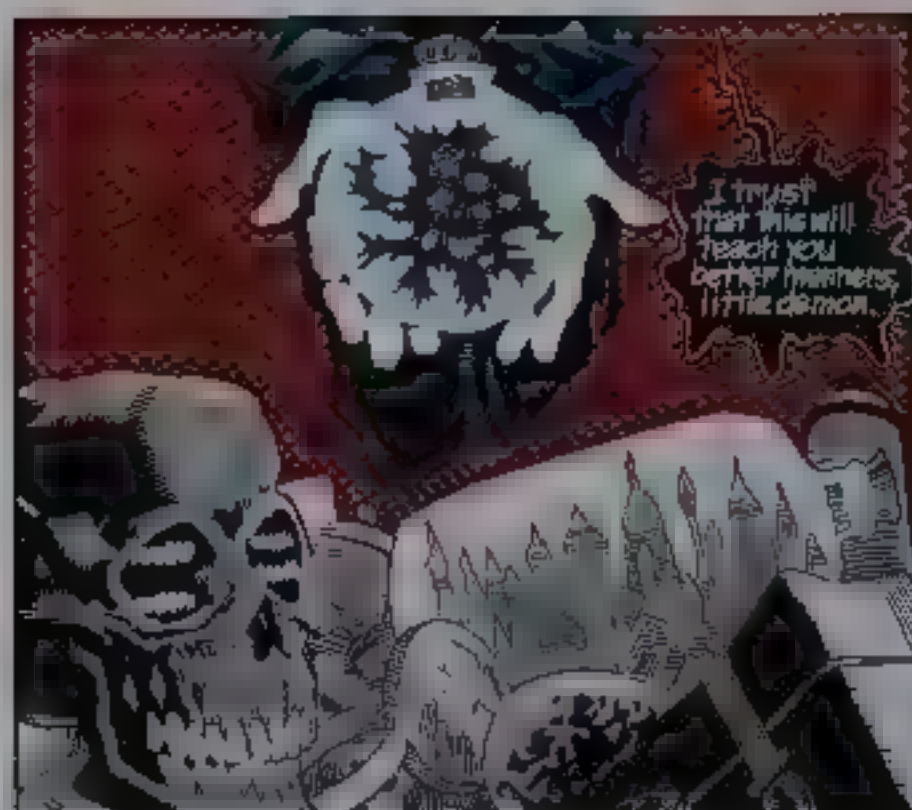




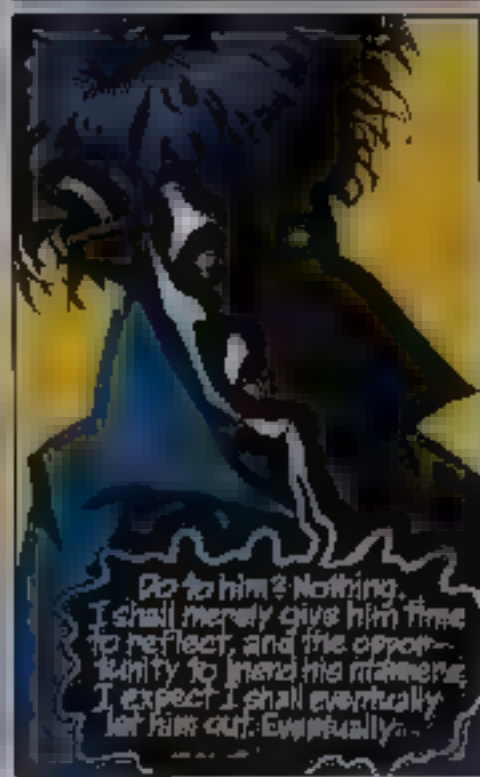
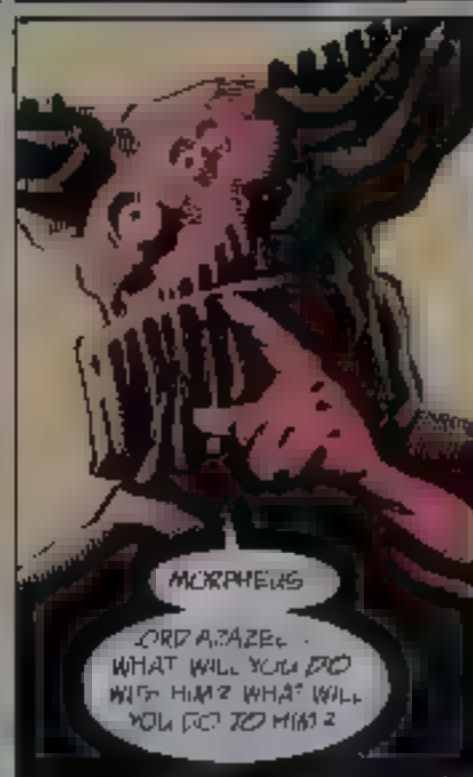
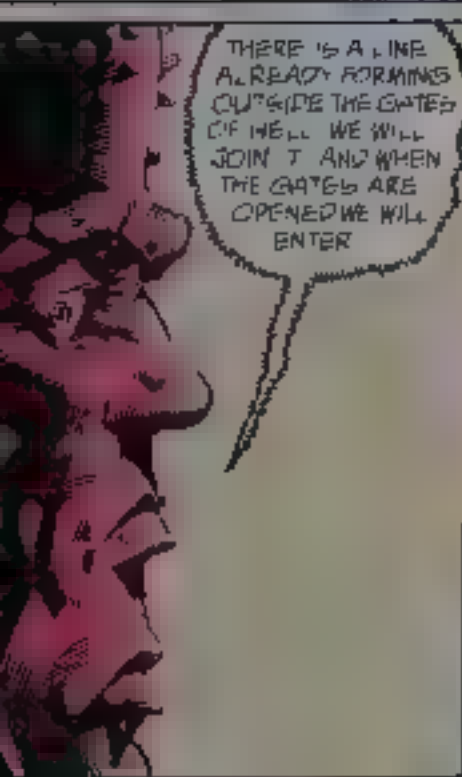
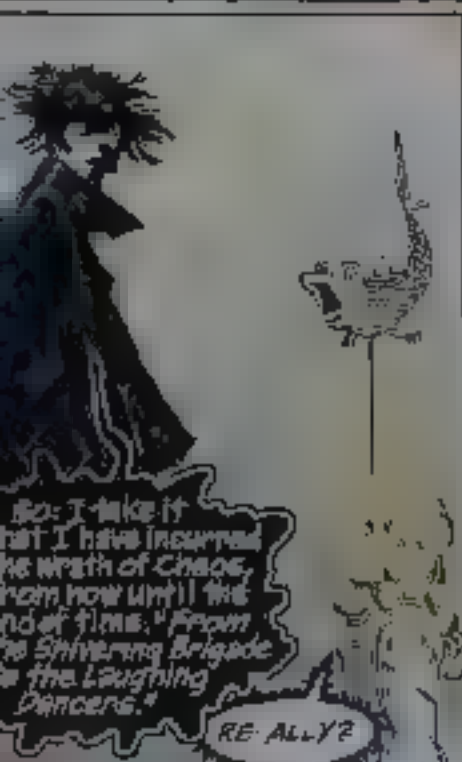
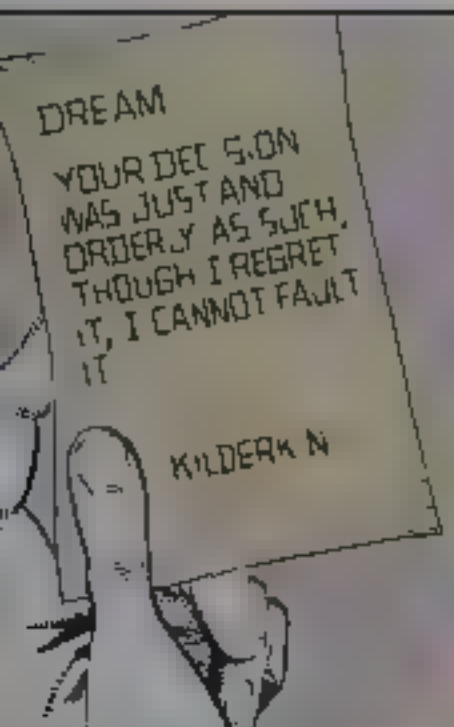














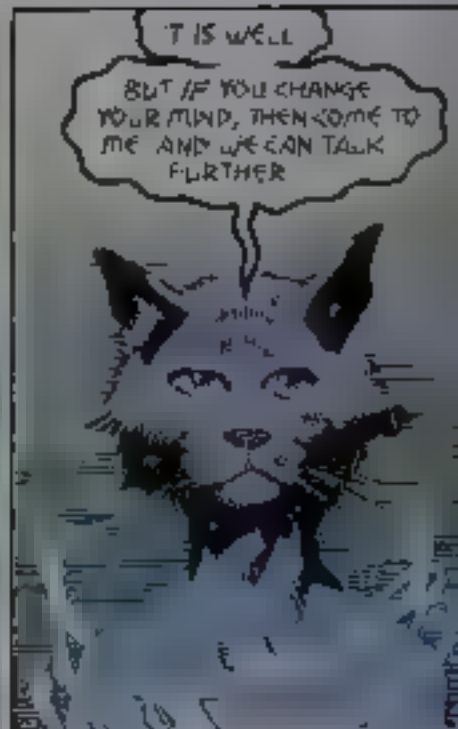
WE WILL BE WELCOME  
TO OUR OWN LAND  
THEN, DREAM-KING?

NICE  
MEETING  
YOU



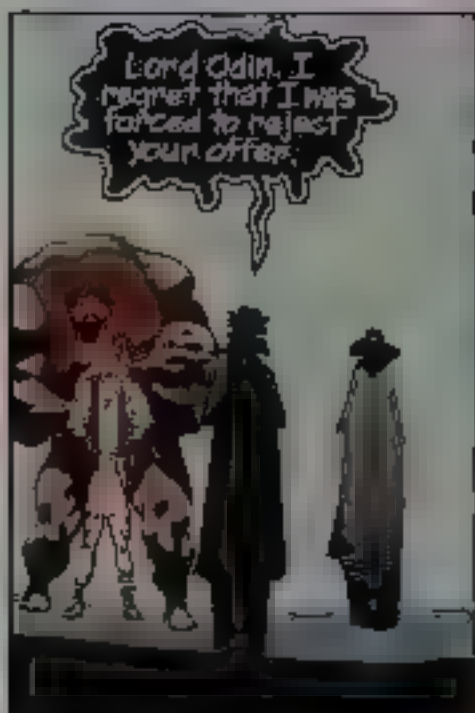
I AM SORRY WE WERE  
UNABLE TO COME TO AN  
AGREEMENT OLD  
FRIEND

My brother desires  
privacy, Lady Bast,  
and I am prepared  
to respect that  
desire.



IT IS WELL

BUT IF YOU CHANGE  
YOUR MIND, THEN COME TO  
ME AND WE CAN TALK  
FURTHER



Lord Odin, I  
regret that I was  
forced to reject  
your offer.



AHE YOU'RE SORRY HMMH  
WELL, YOU ARE STILL WELCOME  
IN MY HALL OF GLADSHAM  
SHAPER

MY HOUSE IS  
YOURS, AND MY MEAD  
AND MEAT ARE AT YOUR  
DISPOSAL



I appreciate that, Odin All-  
father. Fare you well; and you,  
too, Thor. I trust you  
enjoyed yourself.

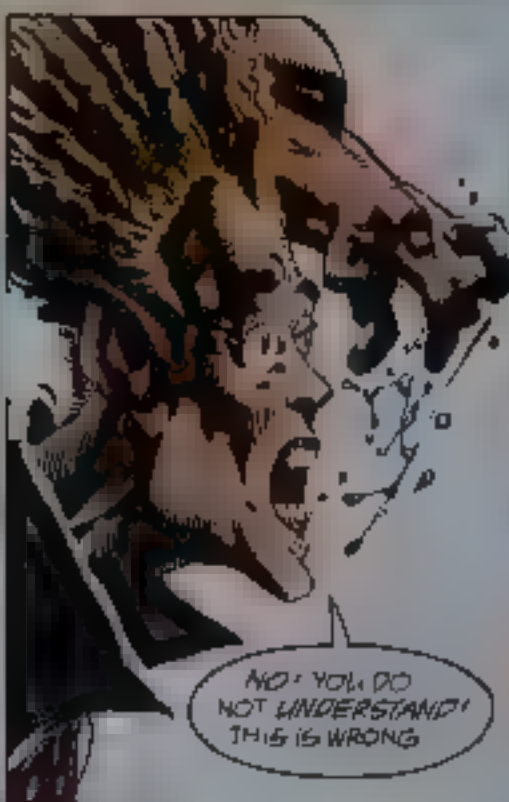
I I HOPE I WAS NOT TOO  
BOISTEROUS LAST NIGHT, LORD  
I AM A BLUFF, ROUGH-AND-READY,  
TAKE-ME-AS-YOU-FIND-ME DEITY  
AND NOT ONE FOR AIRS AND GRACES



I had noticed.

And Lord, Will  
he not say goodbye?

THE TRICKSTER  
SEEMS UNWILLING  
TO RETURN TO  
ASGARD  
SHAPER



NO! YOU DO  
NOT UNDERSTAND!  
THIS IS WRONG







I'VE BEEN WANTING  
TO DO THAT FOR TWELVE  
HUNDRED YEARS



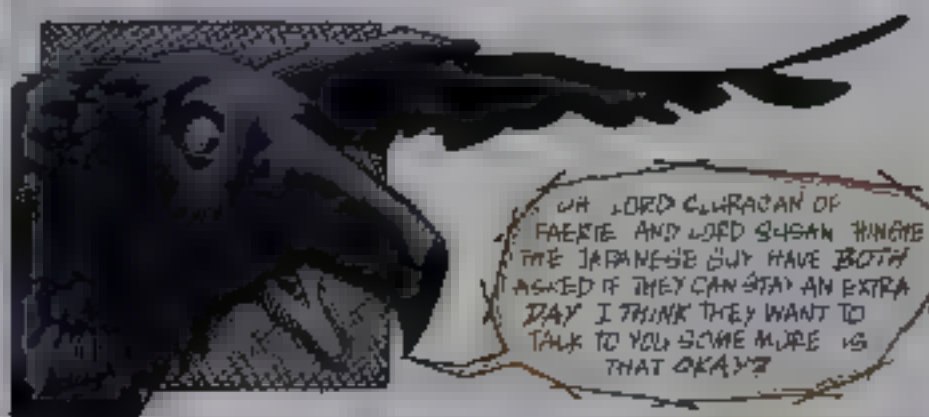
THERE TRICK YOUR  
WAY OUT OF THAT,  
TRICKSTER

TIME TO  
GO BACK 'N YOUR  
HOLE, .

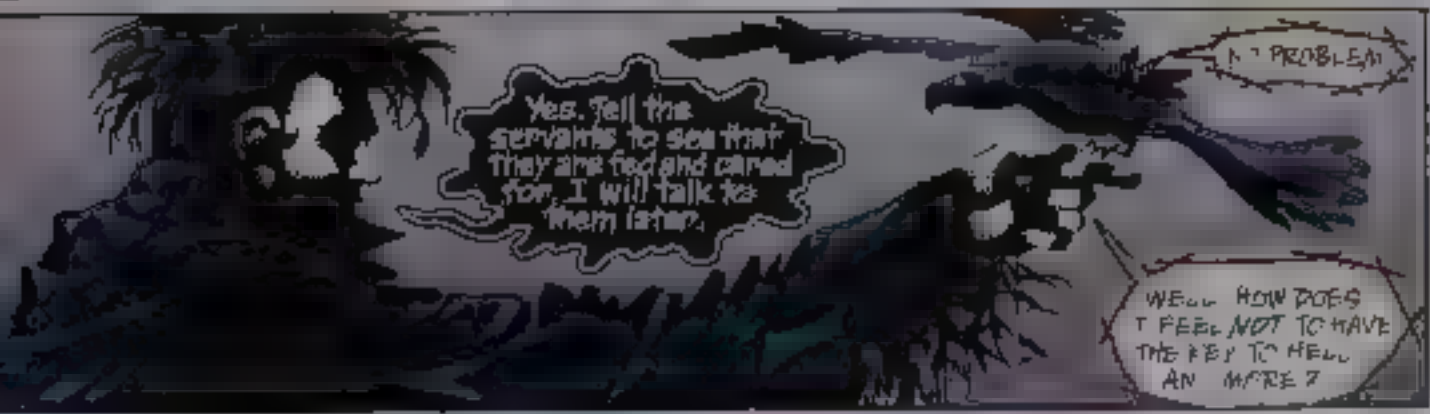


BOSS?

Yes,  
Matthew



OH LORD CLURCAN OF  
FAERIE AND LORD SUSAN HINGE  
THE JAPANESE GUY HAVE BOTH  
ASKED IF THEY CAN STAY AN EXTRA  
DAY I THINK THEY WANT TO  
TALK TO YOU SOME MORE IS  
THAT OKAY?

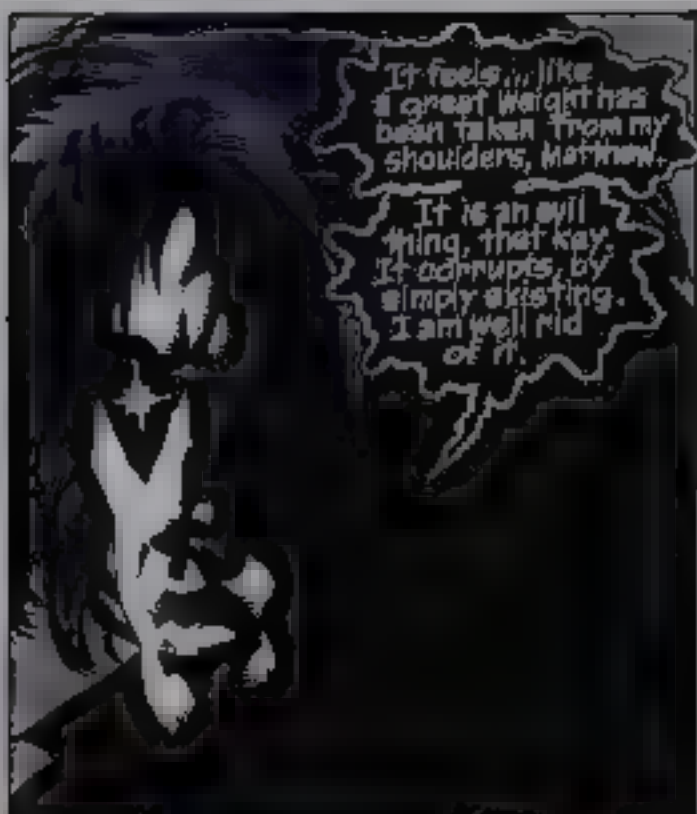


Yes, Tell the  
servants to see that  
they are fed and cared  
for, I will talk to  
them later.

NO PROBLEM

WELL HOW DOES  
IT FEEL NOT TO HAVE  
THE KEY TO HELL  
AN MORE?



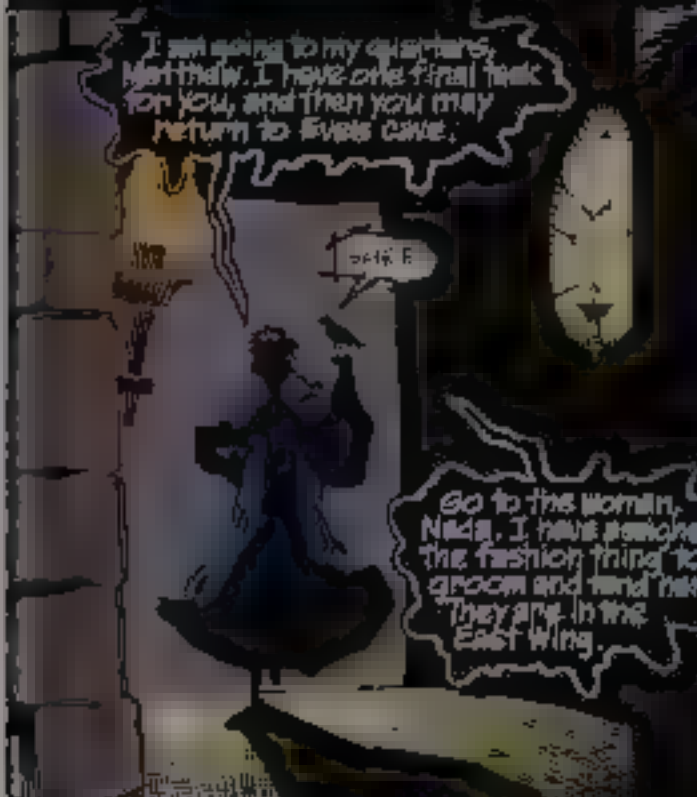


It feels... like  
a great weight has  
been taken from my  
shoulders, Matthew.

It is an evil  
thing, that key.  
It corrupts, by  
simply existing.  
I am well rid  
of it.



WELL, IT'S A GOOD  
THING IT WENT TO THOSE  
ANGELS, THEN. I MEAN  
THEY WON'T BE CORRUPTED  
BY IT, WILL THEY?



I am going to my quarters,  
Matthew. I have one final task  
for you, and then you may  
return to Eve's cave.

OK, E.

Go to the woman,  
Neda. I have assigned  
the fashion thing to  
groom and tend her.  
They are in the  
East Wing.

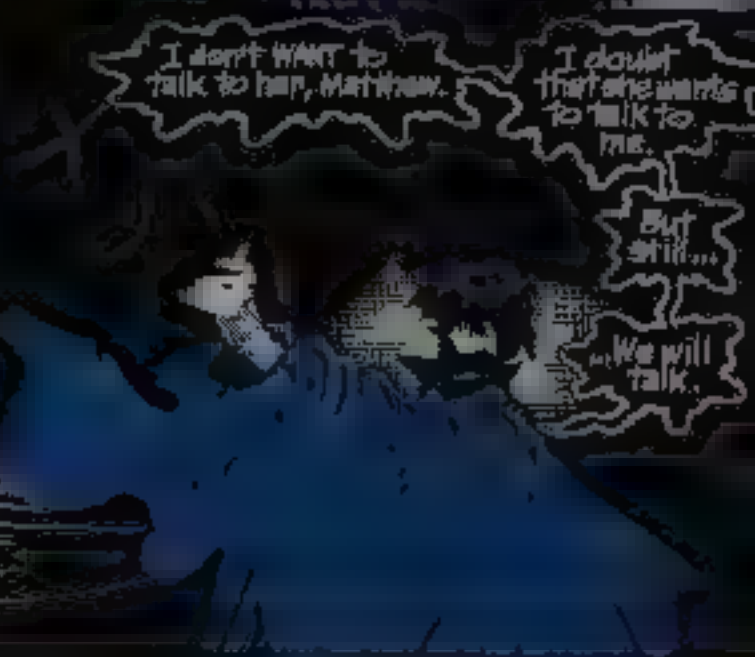


Tell her that  
I request her  
company, for  
dinner, tonight.

Tell her  
that we need  
to talk.



RIGHT I'LL TELL  
HER YOU WANT TO  
TALK TO HER



I don't WANT to  
talk to her, Matthew.

I doubt  
that she wants  
to talk to  
me.

But  
still...

...We will  
talk.



IN WHICH WE BID FAREWELL TO  
ABSENT FRIENDS, LOST  
GODS, AND THE SEASON,  
AND IN WHICH WE GIVE THE DEVIL  
HIS DUE.

## EPISODE ∞





They  
are coming  
back



Don't you  
want to look  
at them? They  
are your  
responsibility  
too, I would  
hope

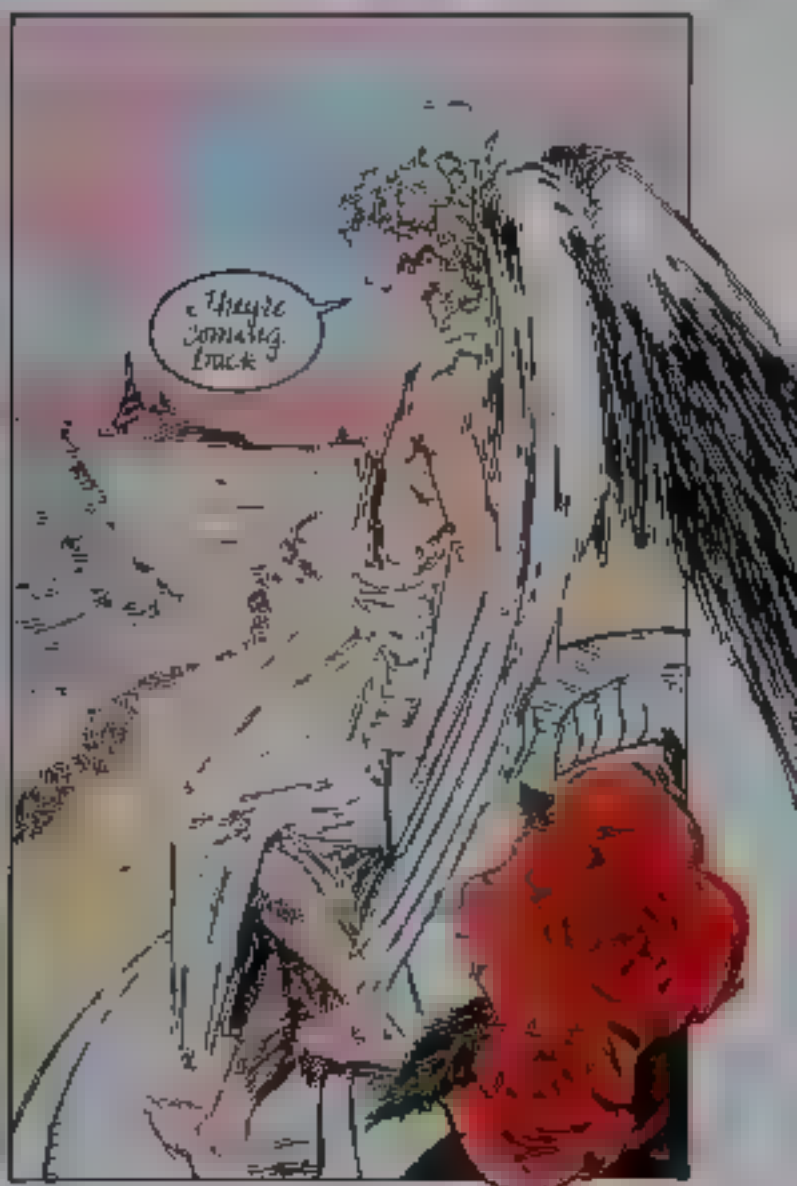
It's too  
late to look  
away

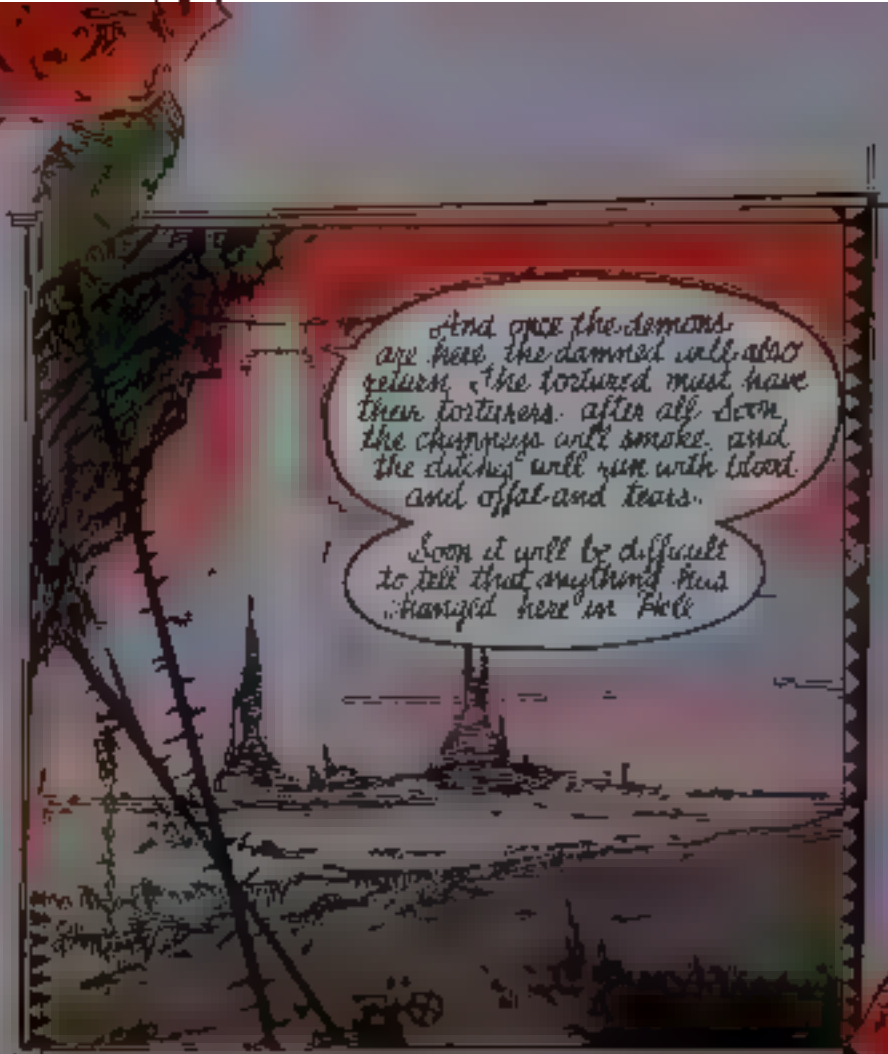
There must  
be millions of  
them.

It is strange, I wonder you  
would think they would be  
puzzled to be back. This is  
their home, after all. But no.

Each of them walks as if they  
carry the weight of a thousand  
worlds on their shoulders. Not  
happy or sad, it matters not.

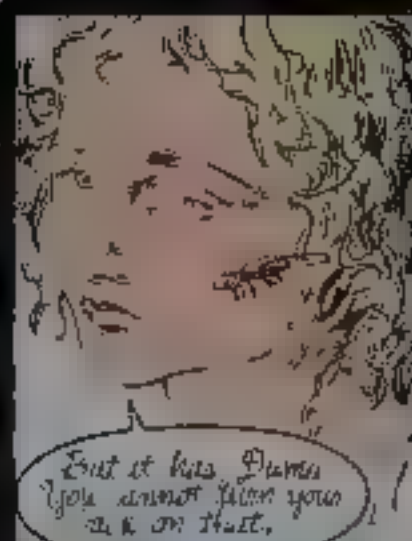
They're  
coming  
back





And once the demons  
are here, the damned will also  
return. The tortured must have  
their torturers. after all soon  
the chimneys will smoke, and  
the ditches will run with blood  
and offal and tears.

Soon it will be difficult  
to tell that anything has  
changed here in Hell



But it has, Dams  
You cannot join your  
back on that.

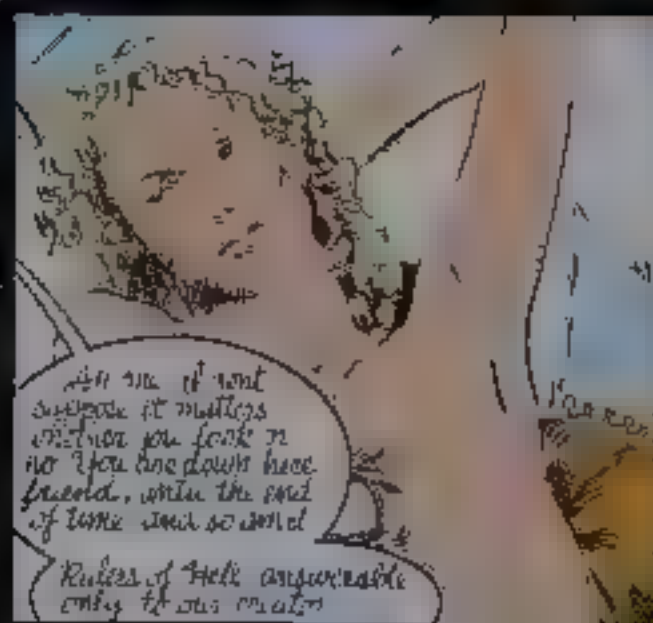


Why do you not  
speak? eh?

You are not  
the Angel  
of Silence. Even  
here another  
stands in your  
place in the  
dark city.

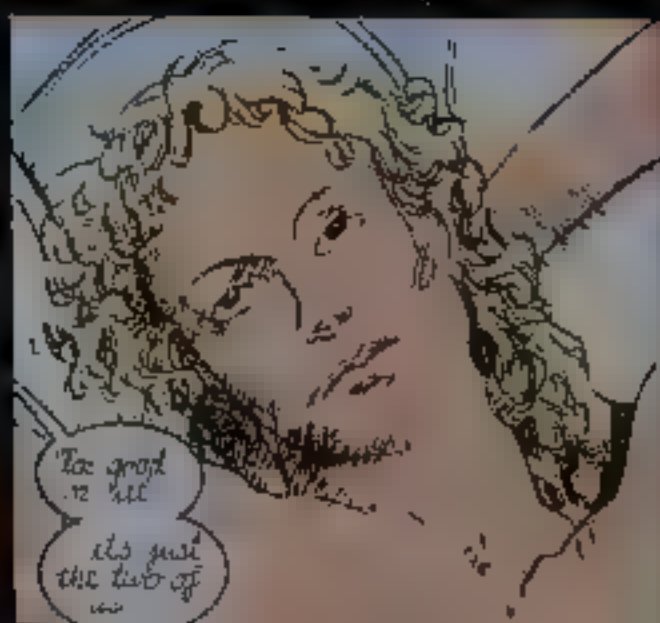
Well say  
something

No?



Am I if not  
suppose it matters  
whether you look or  
no? You line down here  
freed, until the end  
of time and so on

Rulers of Hell arguable  
only to our creator



The good  
is all

its just  
the two of  
us



# SEASON of ACTS Epilogue

NEIL MIKE GEORGE DANIEL RODD ALISA KAREN  
GALMAN DRINGENBERG PRATT HODD KLEIN KWITNEY BERGER  
WILCOX FILLER JONES JONES JONES JONES JONES

*S. induratus muricatus* var. *caeruleus* (Gaimard) Kuhn & Dringenberg



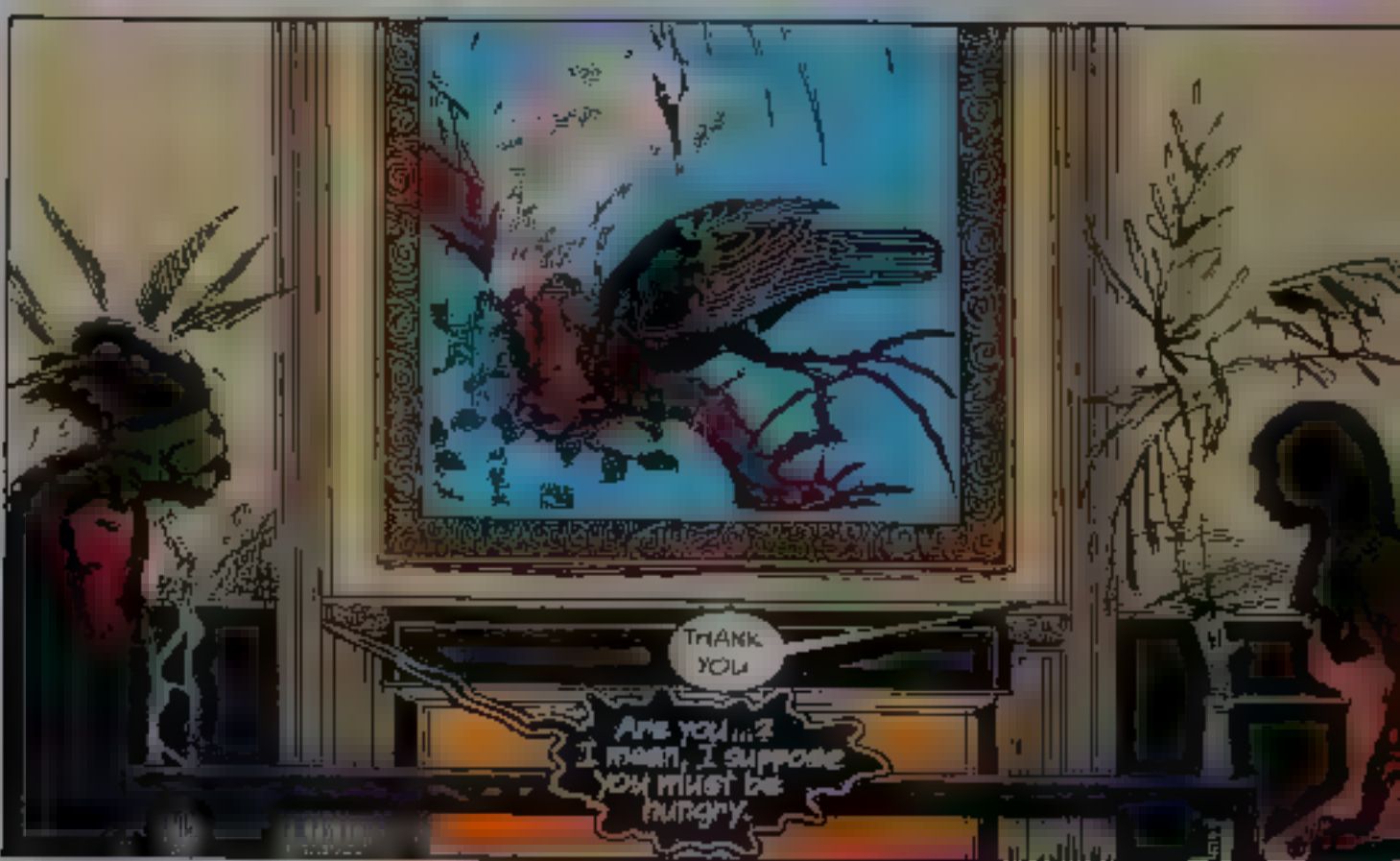


Hello  
Nada.



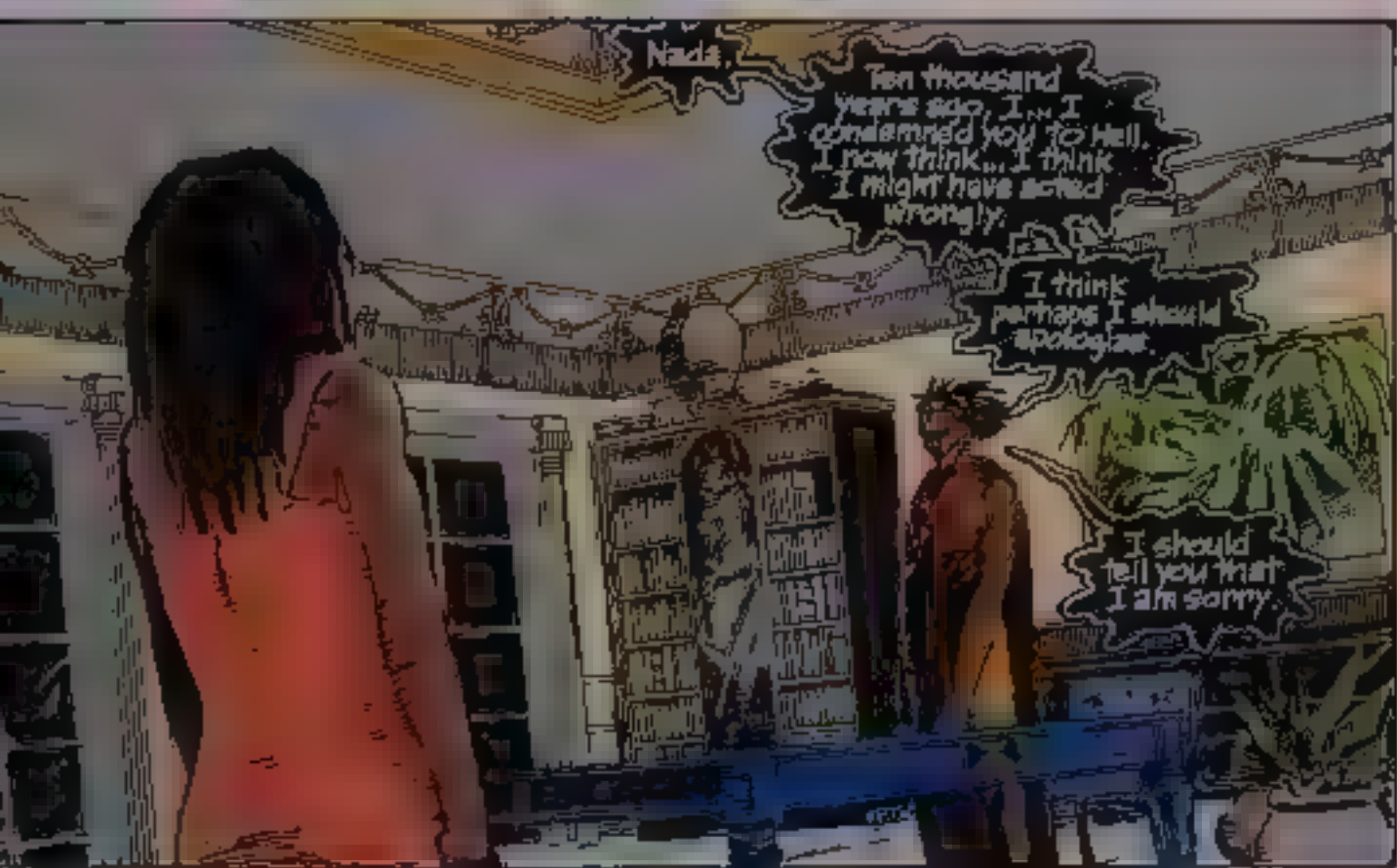
PA CKUL  
DREMMLORE?  
HELLO

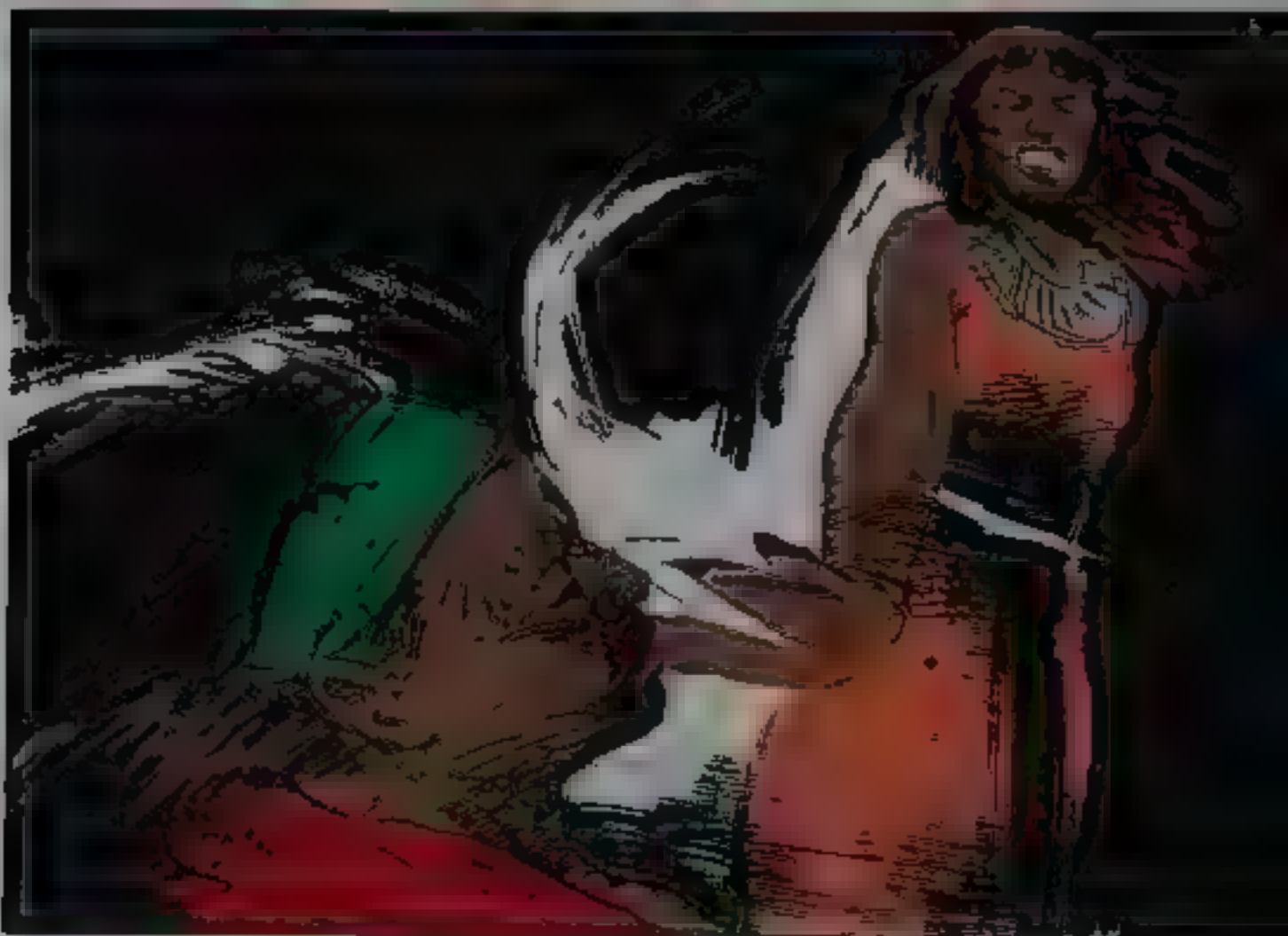
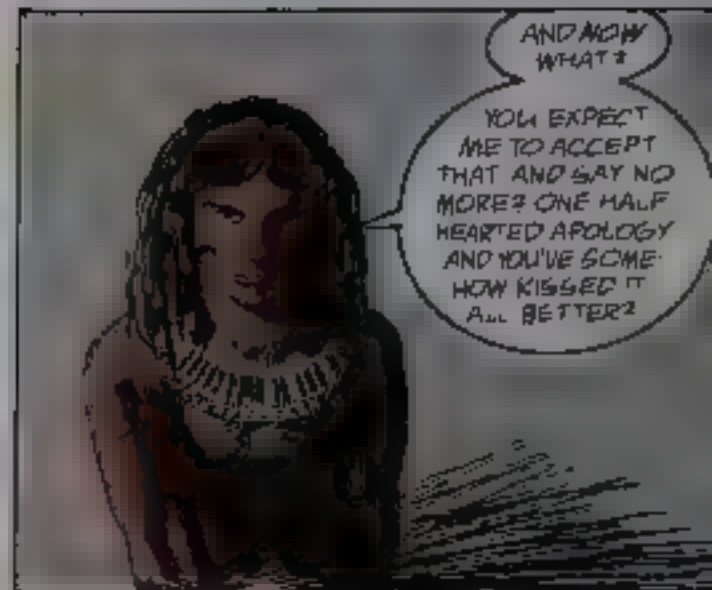
Please-be  
seated.



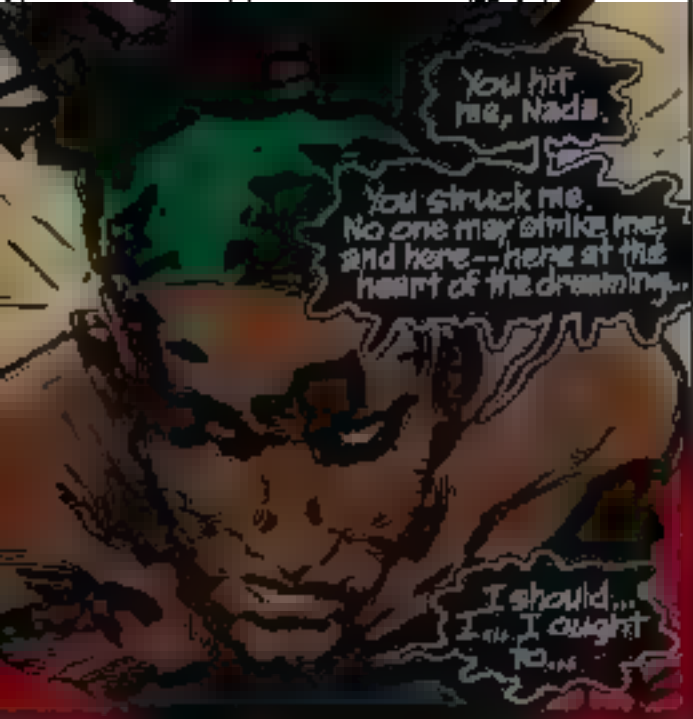
THANK  
YOU

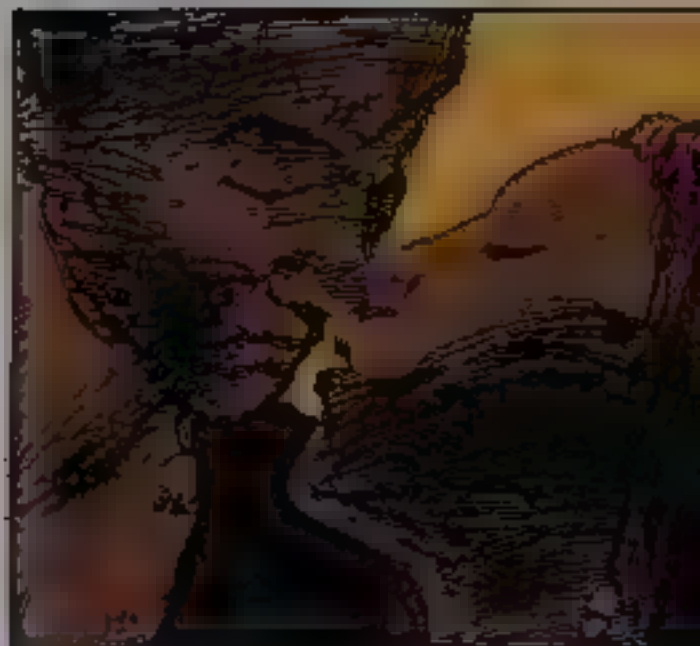
Are you...?  
I mean, I suppose  
you must be  
hungry.













Lord Susano-o-no-Mikoto, Would you leave my palace without saying goodbye?

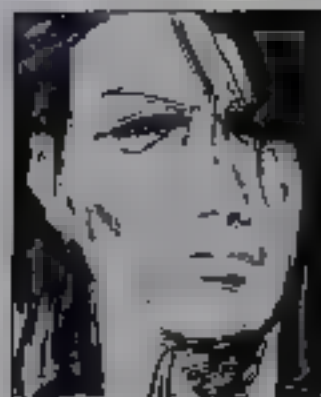
You surprise me.



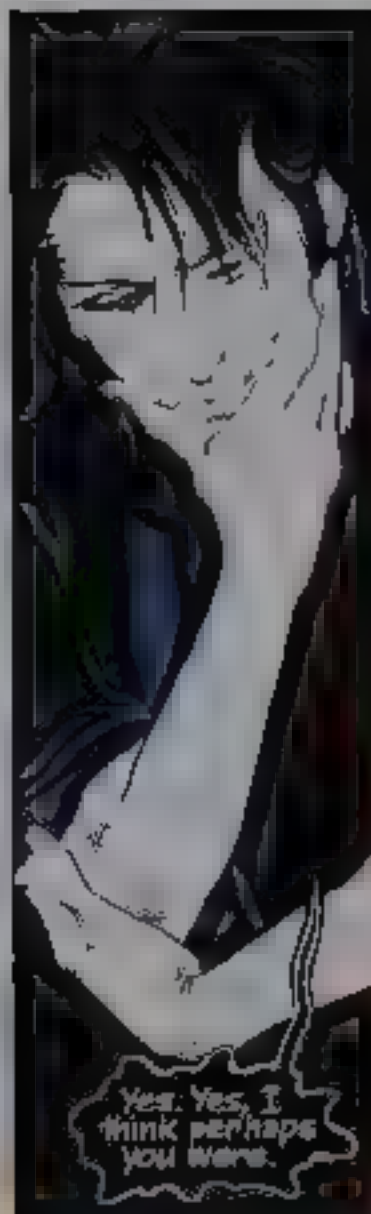
I HAVE BEEN SUMMONED. BACK TO THE FLOATING BRIDGE OF HEAVEN I REGRET HAVING TO LEAVE SO SUDDENLY

I WAS UNWORTHY OF YOUR HOSPITALITY DREAMWEAVER BUT I HUMBLY THANK YOU. NONETHELESS

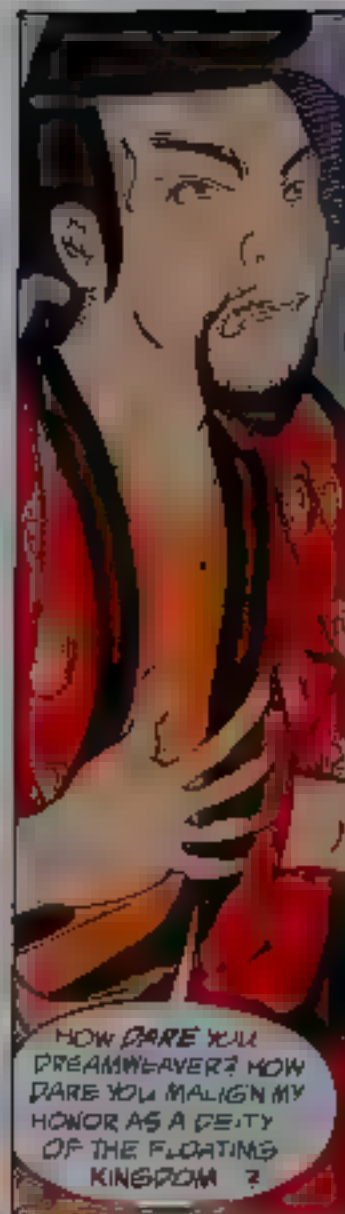




Unworthy of  
my hospitality?



Yes. Yes, I  
think perhaps  
you were.



HOW DARE YOU  
DREAMWEAVER? HOW  
DARE YOU MALIGN MY  
HONOR AS A DEITY  
OF THE FLOATING  
KINGDOM?



I dare because  
you are no more a  
Deity of the Floating  
Kingdom than I am.

Are you...

Loki?



YOU  
GUESSED



Perhaps if I had  
realized sooner it  
might have saved one  
of my guests some  
inconvenience.

Poor  
Suzuno-o-  
no-Mikoto...

Why him,  
Loki?



BECAUSE HE  
WAS STANDING NEXT  
TO ME WHILE EVERY-  
ONE WAS WATCHING  
YOU AND AZAZEL  
AND BECAUSE I  
DON'T LIKE STORM-  
GODS

I DON'T  
KNOW WHY NOT  
I JUST DON'T  
THEY RUB ME  
THE WRONG  
WAY



WHY THE HELL  
SHOULDN'T HE REPLACE  
ME UNDER THE EARTH?

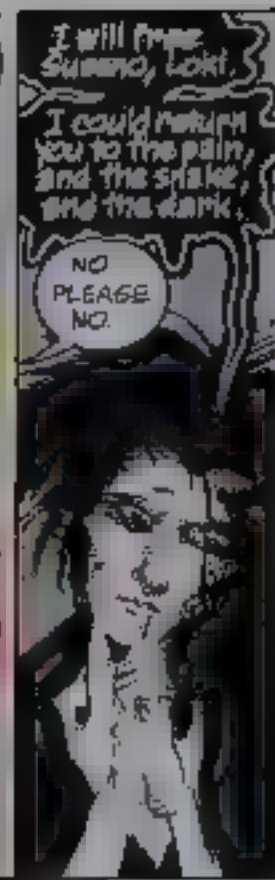
Because he  
was my quester  
also, Loki.



WELL? SO AM I - AND YOU'RE  
GOING TO SEND ME BACK TO  
TORTURE AND PAIN UNTIL THE  
END OF MY WORLD?

I cannot permit  
Lord Sysano to remain  
beneath the world, in  
your place. He should  
not suffer for you.

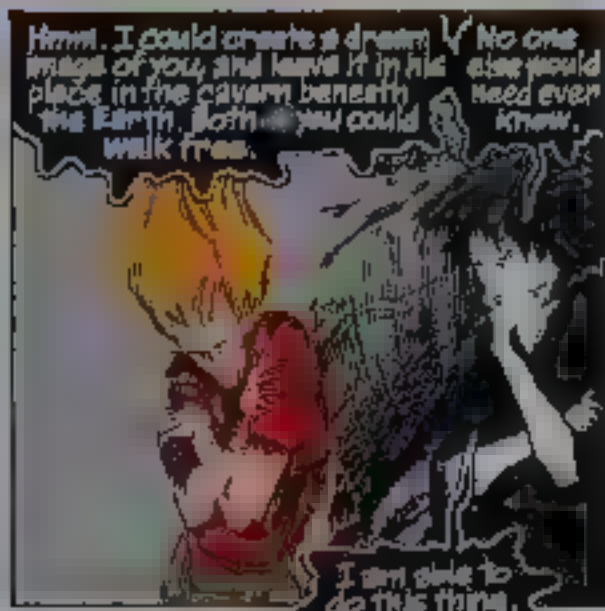
SO?



I will free  
Sysano, Loki.

I could return  
you to the pain,  
and the shake,  
and the dark.

NO  
PLEASE  
NO.



Hmm. I could create a dream  
image of you, and leave it in his  
place in the cavern beneath  
the Earth. Both of you could  
walk free.

No one  
else would  
need ever  
know.

I am able to  
do this thing.

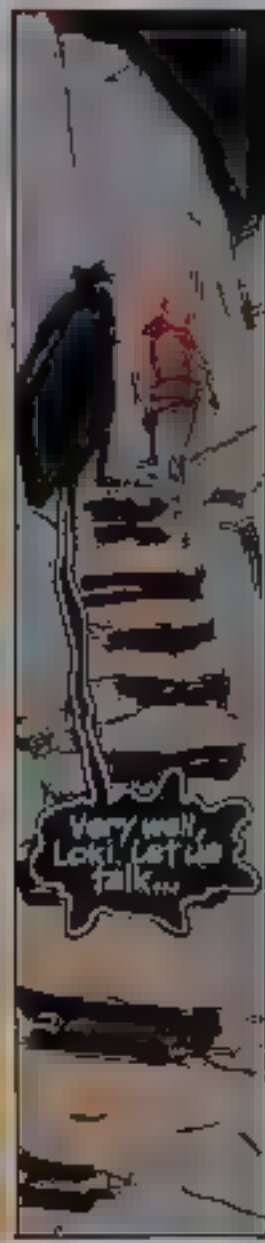


WOULD  
YOU DO THAT?  
PLEASE?

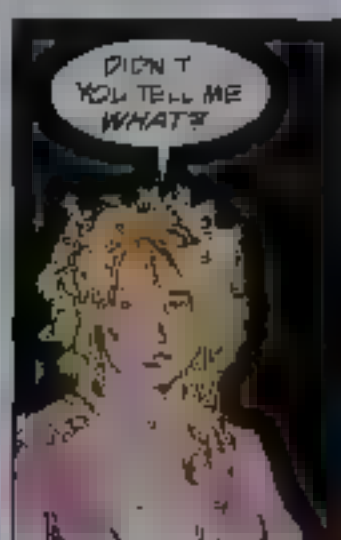
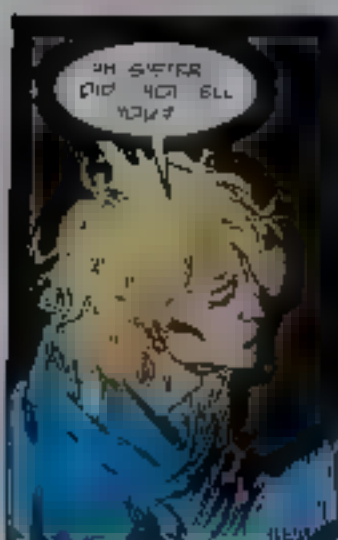
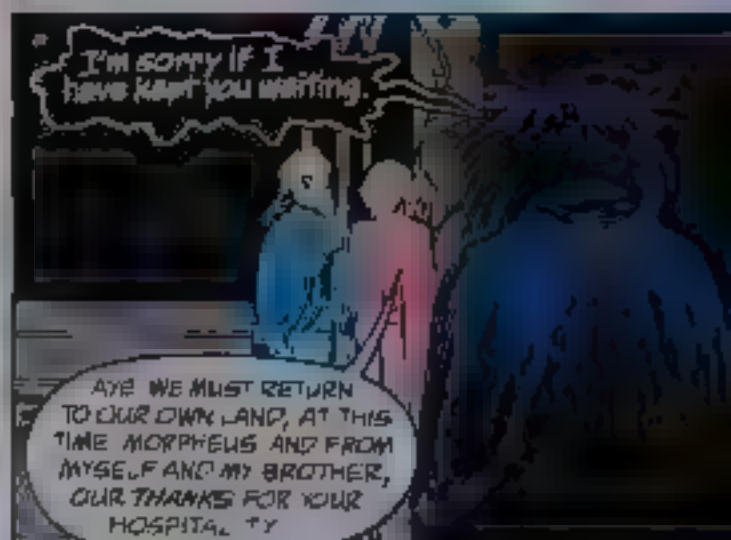
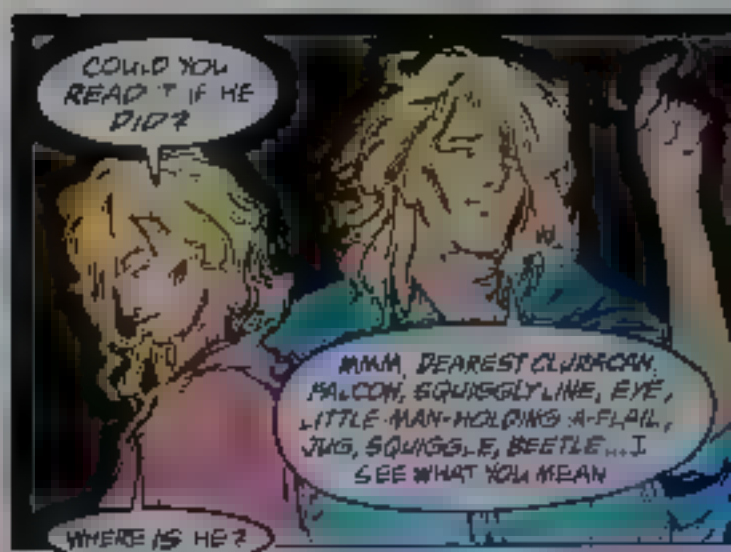


If I were to do this  
thing, Loki, you would  
be in my debt. You  
understand this?

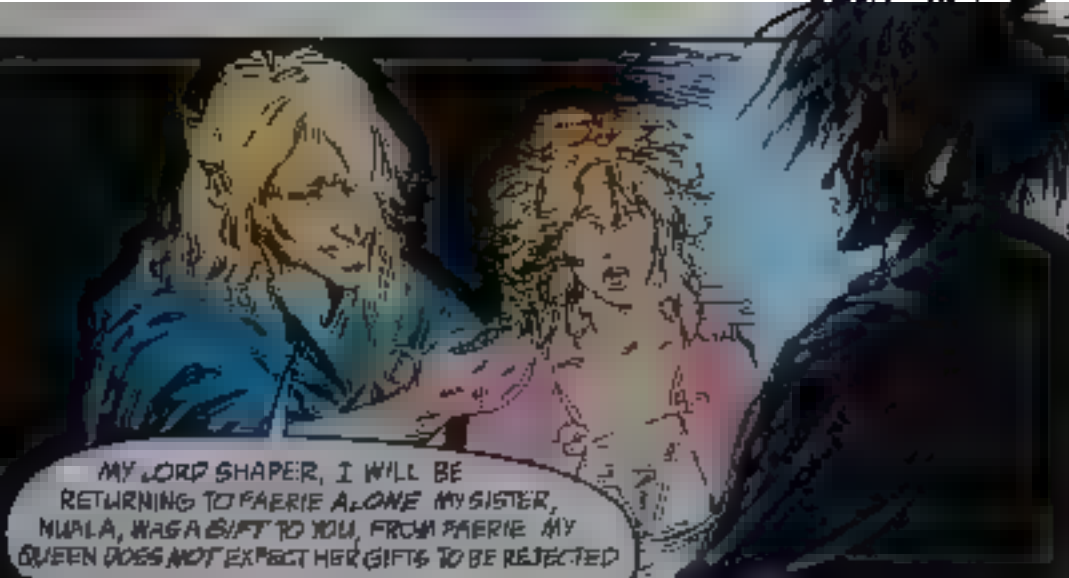
I UNDERSTAND



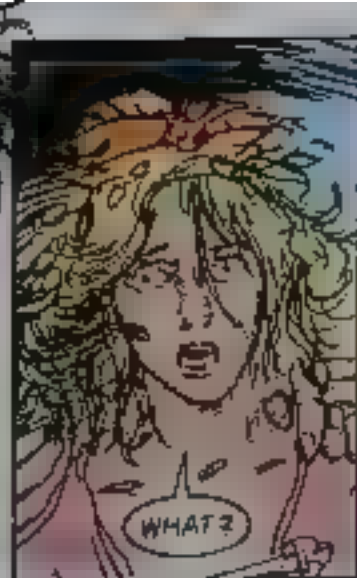
Very well,  
Loki. Let us  
talk...







MY LORD SHAPER, I WILL BE RETURNING TO FAERIE ALONE MY SISTER, NUALA, WAS A GIFT TO YOU, FROM FAERIE MY QUEEN DOES NOT EXPECT HER GIFTS TO BE REJECTED

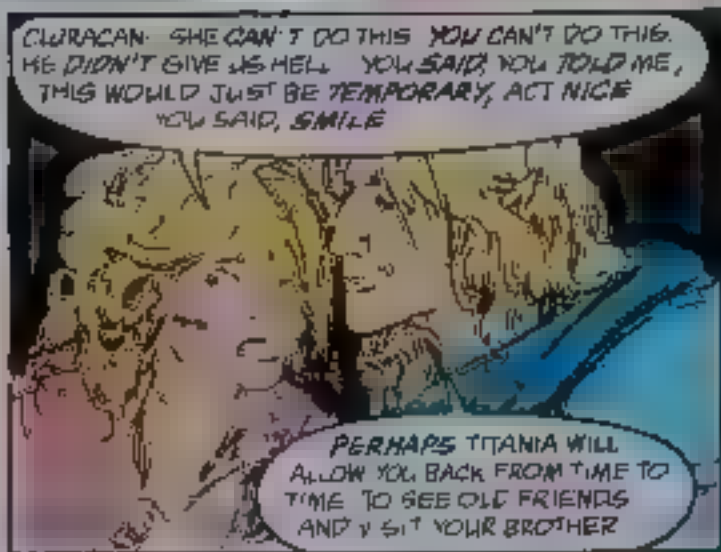


WHAT?



WHAT?

I MUST THANK YOU FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY, MY LORD I WILL CONVEY YOUR BEST WISHES AND THANKS FOR OUR GIFT TO HER MAJESTY



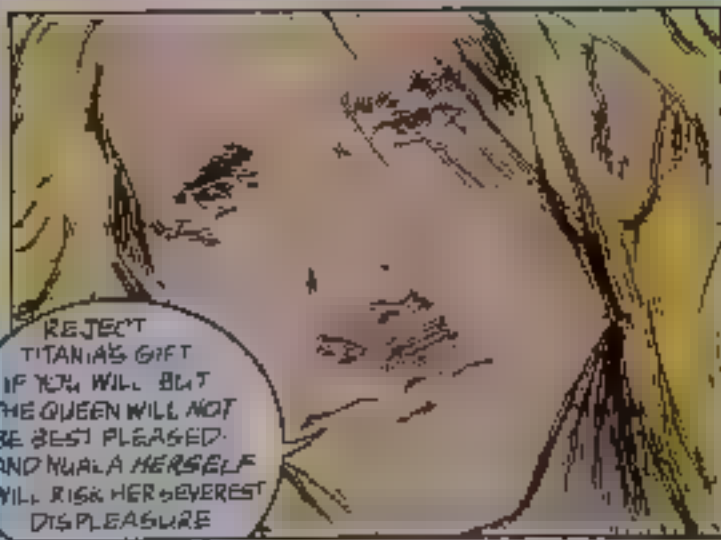
CLURACAN SHE CAN'T DO THIS YOU CAN'T DO THIS. HE DIDN'T GIVE US HELL YOU SAID, YOU TOLD ME, THIS WOULD JUST BE TEMPORARY, ACT NICE YOU SAID, SMILE

PERHAPS TITANIA WILL ALLOW YOU BACK FROM TIME TO TIME TO SEE OLD FRIENDS AND VISIT YOUR BROTHER



IF THE LADY DOES NOT WISH TO STAY...

AH, BUT SHE HAS NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER LORD SHAPER, NUALA'S ALL YOURS A GIFT YOU HAVE ACCEPTED



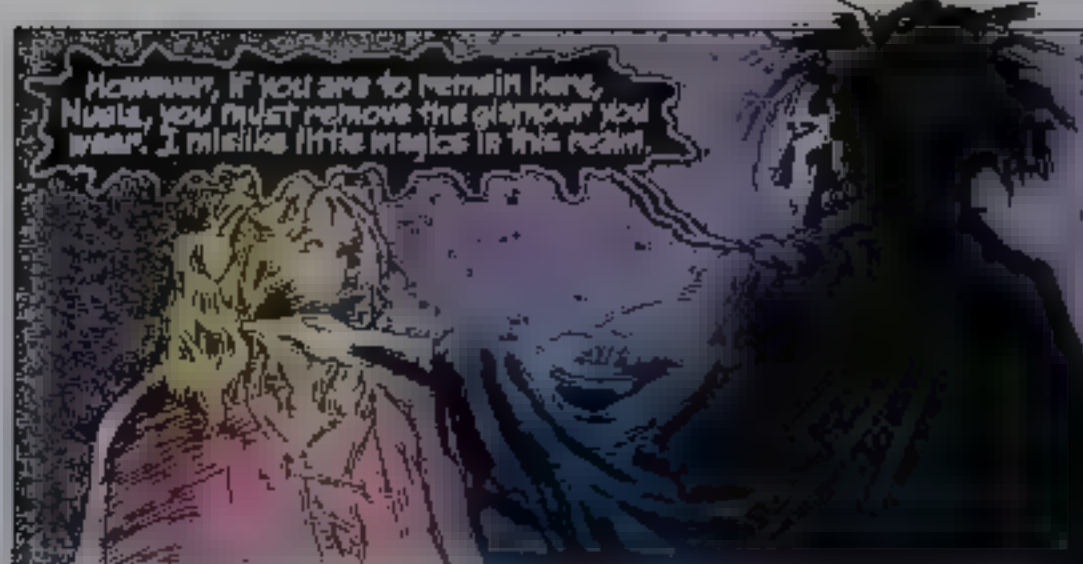
REJECT TITANIA'S GIFT IF YOU WILL BUT THE QUEEN WILL NOT BE BEST PLEASED AND NUALA HERSELF WILL RISK HER SEVEREST DISPLEASURE



Hmph.



Very well. Then she may stay. I will find living quarters for her, somewhere out of the way.



I'VE CHOSEN THE SECOND  
OF THE CHOICES YOU  
GAVE ME. IT SEEMS  
EASIEST, SOMEHOW.

NOW, NADA?  
WILL YOU NOT  
WAIT?

NO

I'M NOT AFRAID.  
MY LOVE ISN'T THAT  
STRANGE? I THOUGHT  
I'D BE AFRAID, AND  
I'M NOT

WHAT DO  
I DO?

Just take  
my hand,  
Nada.

I SPENT TEN THOUSAND  
YEARS IN HELL, KA'CKUL.  
I BLAMED YOU FOR  
MY PAIN

COULD I HAVE  
LEFT? COULD I  
HAVE WALKED AWAY  
FROM THAT?

Perhaps.

WILL YOU  
REMEMBER ME, DO  
YOU THINK?

I will always  
care for you,  
Nada.

BUT WILL I  
KNOW THAT KA'CKUL  
DREAMLORD? WILL I STILL  
REMEMBER THAT YOU  
CARE?

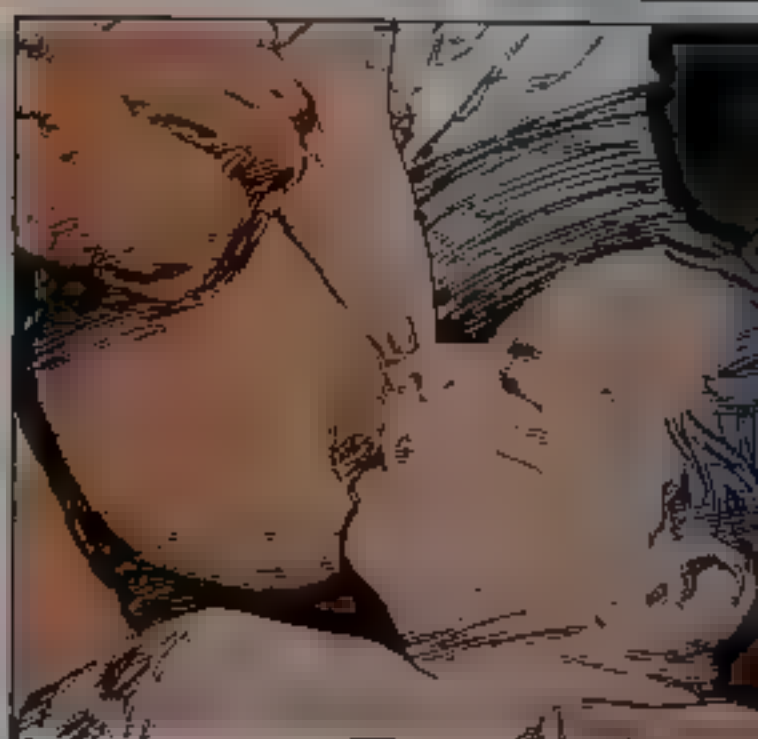
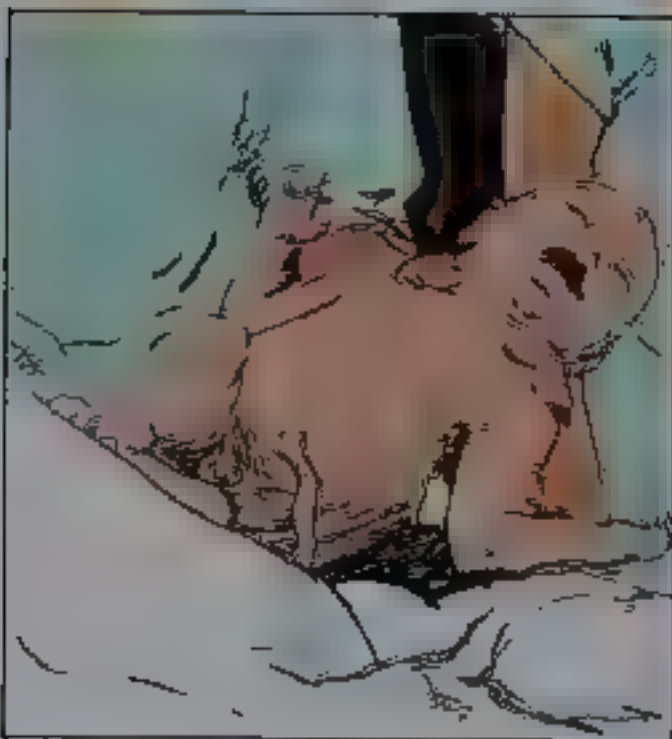
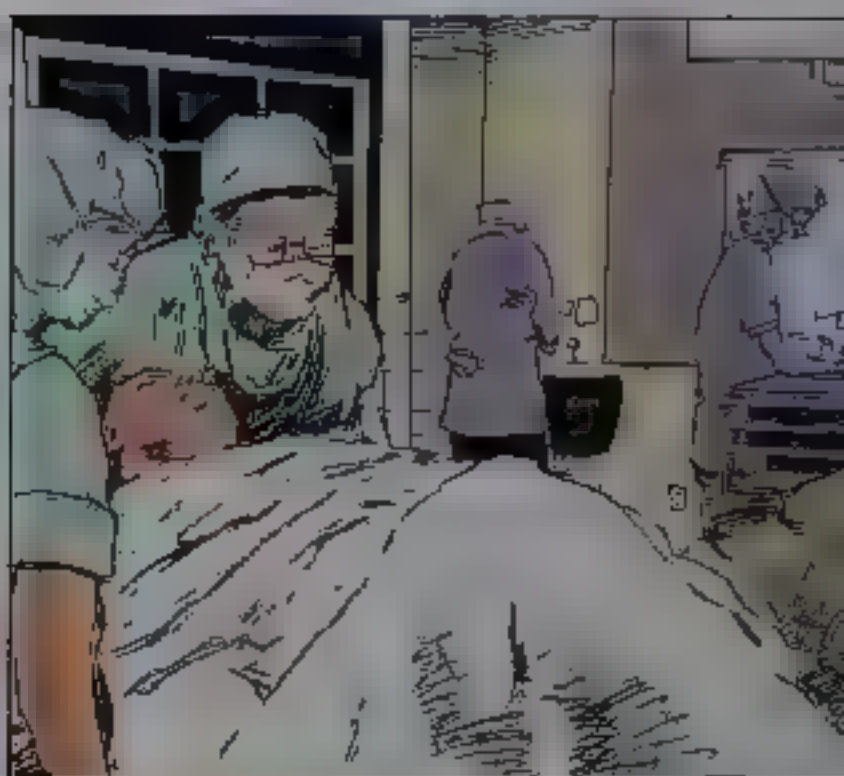
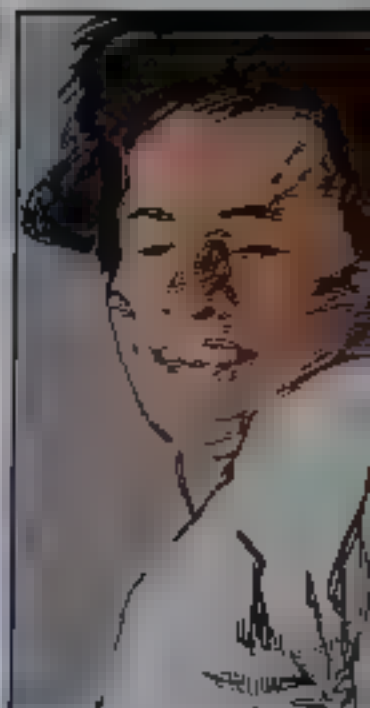
No. But I  
shall know,  
Nada.

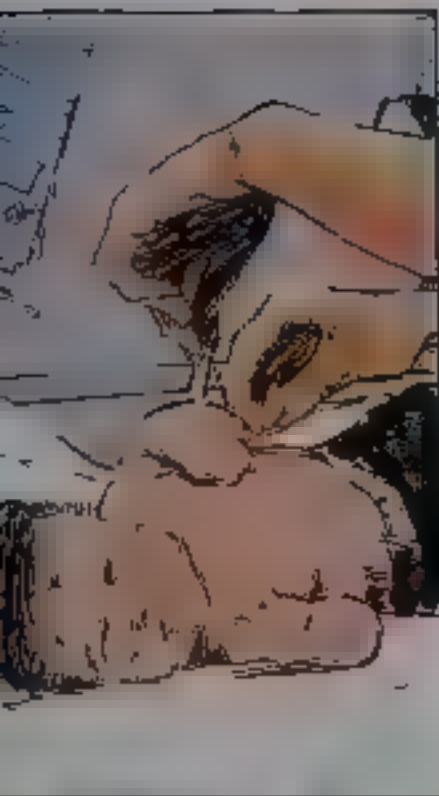
I shall know.





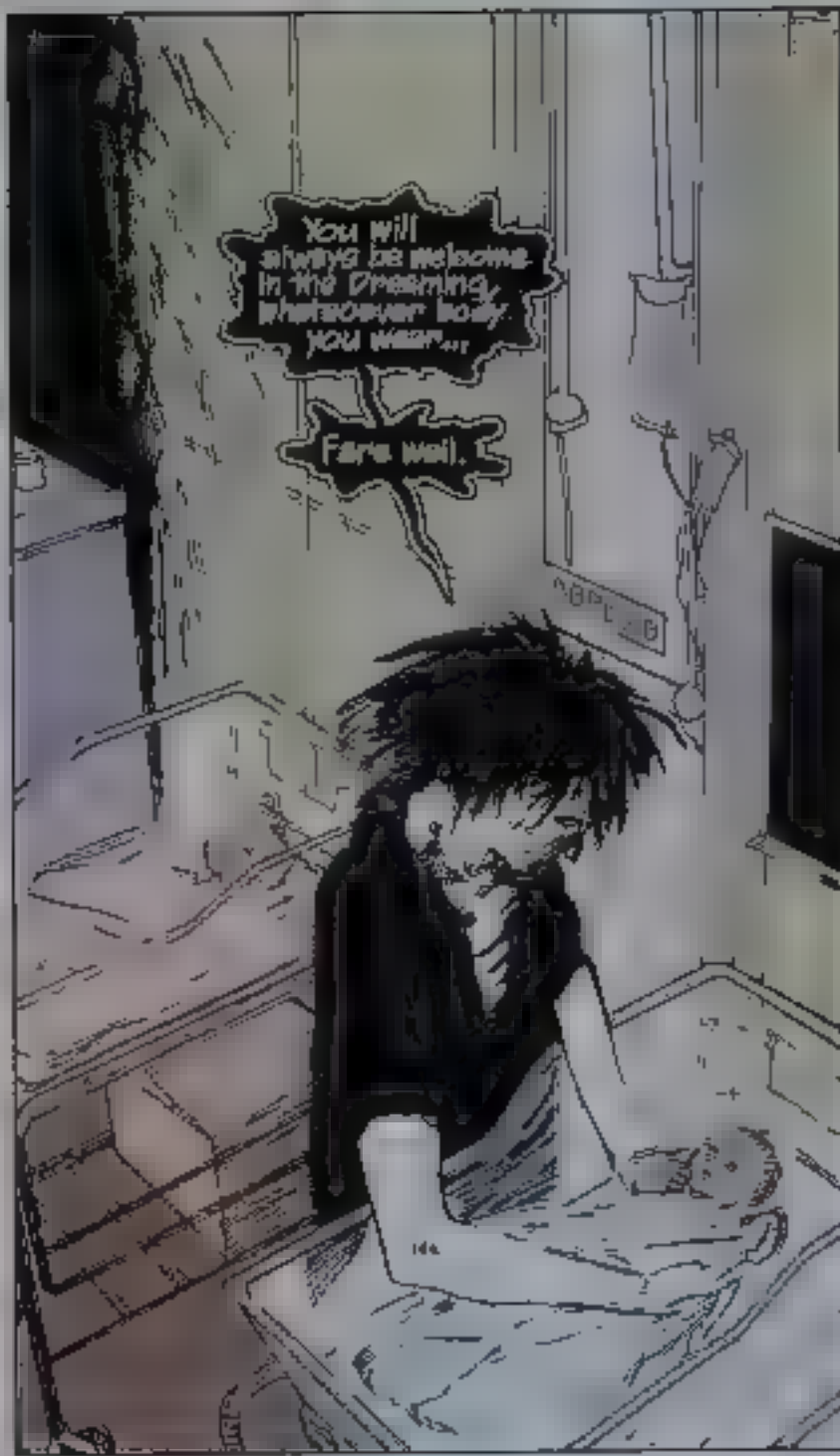
Wong Hong





And I will  
not forget you,  
Maddie.

Lives  
a good  
life.



You will  
always be welcome  
in the Dreaming,  
whatever body  
you wear...

Fare well.

Perth, Western Australia

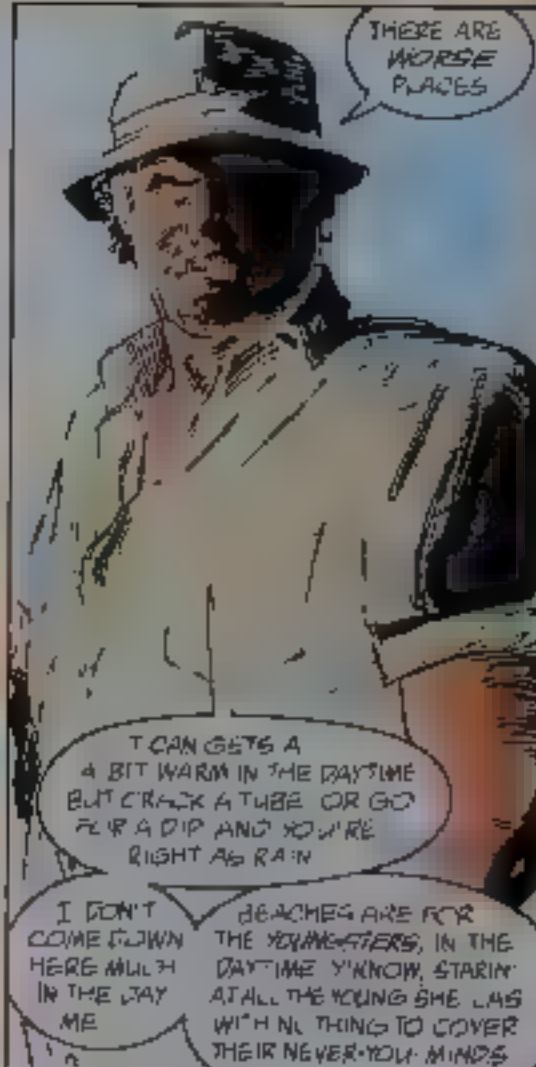


Y'KNOW, I'VE BEEN  
DOWN BEFORE MAT' DOWN  
ON THE BEACH SLEEPING  
ROUGH, ARE WE?



I SUPPOSE  
THAT WE ARE

THERE ARE  
WORSE  
PLACES



IT CAN GETS A  
A BIT WARM IN THE DAYTIME  
BUT CRACK A TUBE OR GO  
FOR A DIP AND YOU'RE  
RIGHT AS RAIN

I DON'T  
COME DOWN  
HERE MUCH  
IN THE DAY  
ME

BEACHES ARE FOR  
THE YOUNGSTERS, IN THE  
DAYTIME Y'KNOW, STARIN'  
AT ALL THE YOUNG SHE HAS  
WITH NO THING TO COVER  
THEIR NEVER-YOU MINDS

I'LL TELL YOU  
THIS FOR FREE, AND  
KID WHO TRIED BATH-  
ING TOPLESS ROUND  
HERE TWENTY YEARS  
AGO WELL, WE'D  
SAID SHE WAS NO  
BETTER THAN  
SHE SHOULD  
BE



REALLY

DO  
GO  
ON





COME DOWN HERE MOST  
EVENINGS. TO WATCH THE  
SUNSET. IT'S A BEAUTY  
TONIGHT, ISN'T IT?

YES I SUPPOSE  
THAT IT IS

YOU YOUNG  
FELLERS, YOU  
HAVEN'T A  
BLOODY CLUE

I USED  
TO COME DOWN  
HERE WITH THE  
WIFE, AND  
THE TWINS

DARREN GOT HIMSELF  
KILLED IN VIETNAM. SEAN  
AND ME BOTH GOT A BIT  
THE WORSE FOR WEAR  
WHEN WE HEARD THE  
NEWS

HE CRASHED THE  
CAR BUT ONLY I  
CRAWLED AWAY

AND WHEN I GOT OUT  
OF THE HOSPITAL, ME AND  
THE WIFE CARRIED ON  
WALKING DOWN HERE  
THEN SHE GOT A LUMP  
IN HER BREAST

ANYWAY

NOW IT'S  
JUST ME

AND I STILL  
COME DOWN HERE TO  
WATCH THE SUNSET

Y'KNOW MOST  
EVERY NIGHT IT'S A BLOODY  
BEAUTY. AND EVERY NIGHT  
IS DIFFERENT

AND I THINK WELL  
I'VE HAD A SHIT OF A LIFE  
ALL THINGS CONSIDERED I  
WASN'T FAIR. EVERYONE I'VE  
EVER LOVED IS DEAD. AND  
MYLES HURTS ALL THE  
BLOODY TIME

BUT I THINK ANYONE  
THAT CAN DO SUNSETS LIKE  
THAT A DIFFERENT ONE  
EVERY NIGHT

STRENGTH, WELL,  
YOU'VE GOT TO RESPECT  
THE OLD BASTARD.  
HAVEN'T YOU?

RIGHT

IF YOU'RE STILL  
HERE TOMORROW NIGHT  
I'LL SEE YOU THEN

I MIGHT  
BE HERE



Hell

"This is Hell. Smell the smoke of  
burning fat in the air. Listen to  
the screams and the whimpers  
and the moans. Feel the pain.

"I never imagined it would be like  
this. Our realm of reflection. Our  
realm of shadow. Our little realm  
of pain.

"And we are kings  
Or queens.

"Oh, angels."

And what  
are you thinking?  
Oh, Lyana? For  
you contemplating  
your new domain  
as nice you contem-  
plated the meaning  
of silence, or the  
perfection of  
the name?

I am only  
here because  
of you

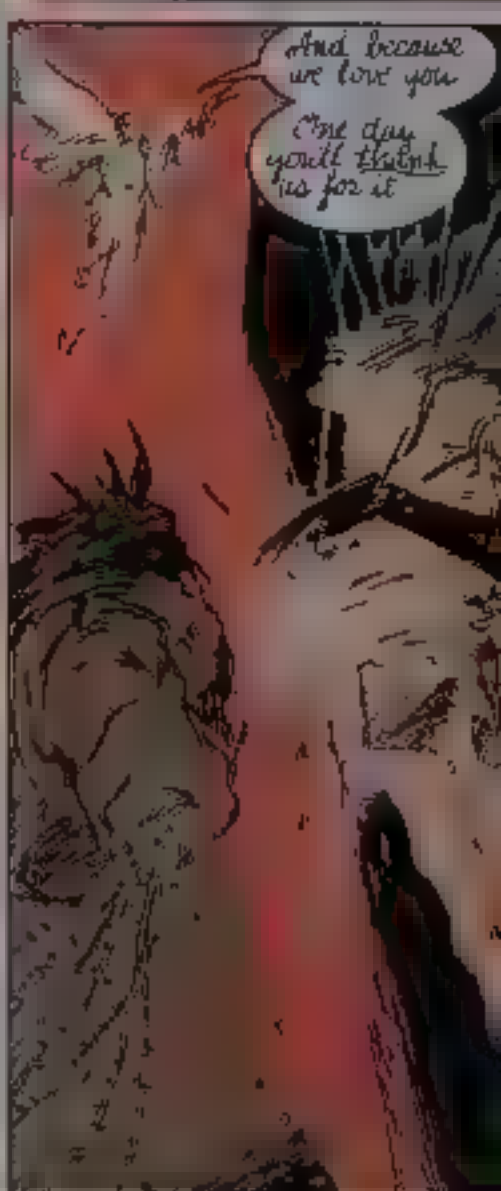
But perhaps it's a  
blessing. Perhaps it's an  
opportunity to do good.  
Has that occurred  
to you?

In this place  
every tiny act of goodness,  
of self-sacrifice or love  
is magnificent, and becomes  
important.

There is so  
much that we  
can do for  
them.

So much





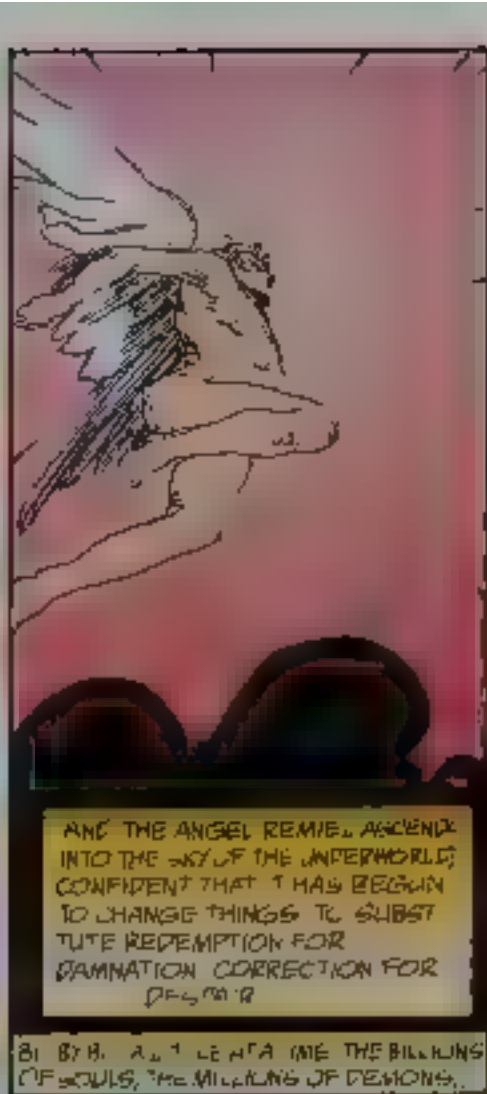


BUT  
YOU DON'T  
UNDERSTAND



THAT MAKES  
IT WORSE

THAT MAKES IT  
SO MUCH WORSE



AND THE ANGEL REMIEL ASCENDS  
INTO THE SKY OF THE UNDERWORLD,  
CONFIDENT THAT HE HAS BEGUN  
TO CHANGE THINGS TO SUBSTITUTE  
REDEMPTION FOR  
DAMNATION CORRECTION FOR  
DEFEAT

BY BYE. ALL I LEFT ARE THE BILLIONS  
OF SOULS, THE MILLIONS OF DEMONS.



THE FLAMES OF HELL  
REMIEL MUSES HAVE BEEN THE  
REFINING FIRES BURNING  
AWAY THE CRIMES LEAVING  
PURITY AND REPENTANCE  
AND GOD

REMIEL HEARS  
THE SCREAMS  
AND SMILES



PERHAPS THINGS  
IT JUDGED TO  
HASTILY

AFTER ALL THIS IS PART  
OF THE PLAN IS IT NOT?  
HE KNOWS HE DID NOT  
BE IN THE BEST IN THIS  
THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE  
WORLDS

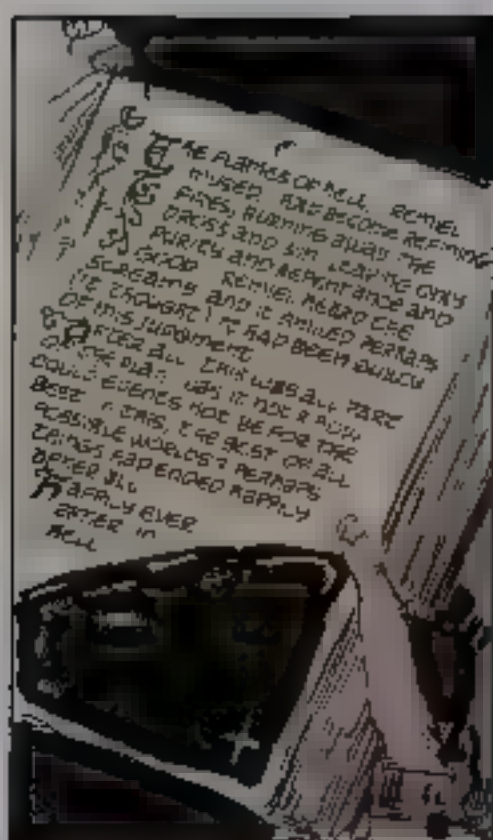
PERHAPS EVENTS HAVE  
ENDED HAPPILY, AFTER  
ALL



HAPPILY

EVER AFTER

N HELL



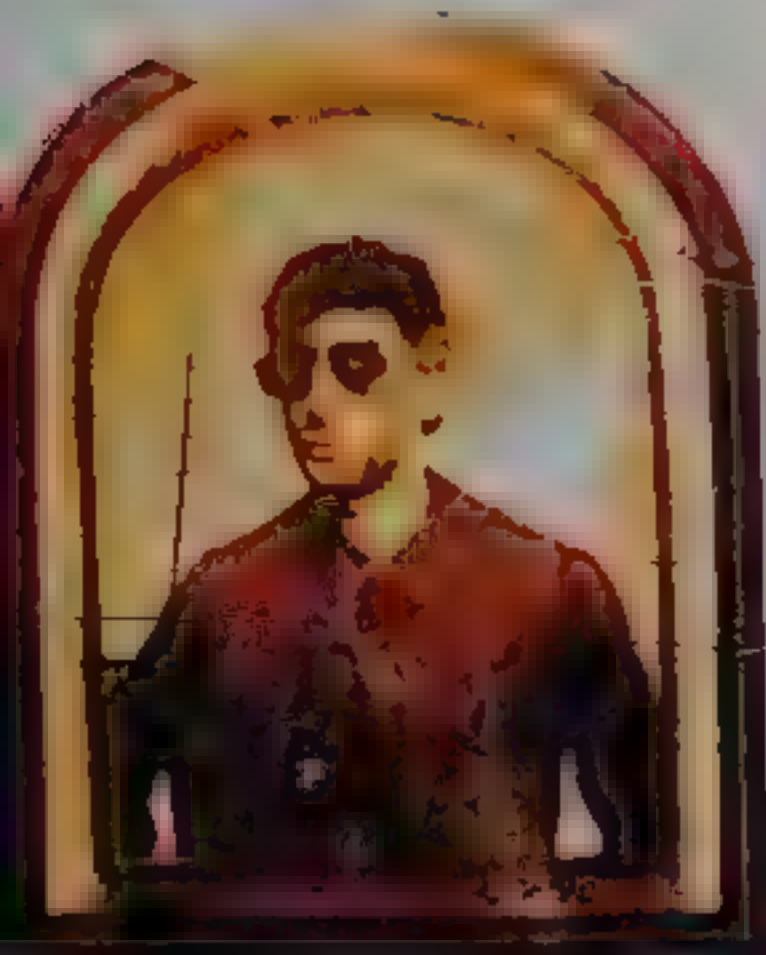
October knew, of course, that the action of turning a page, of ending a chapter or of shutting a book did not end a tale.

Having admitted that he would also avow that happy endings were never d difficult to find "It is simply a matter," he explained to April "of finding a sunny place in a garden, where the light is golden and the grass is soft somewhere to rest to stop reading, and to be content."

- from *The Man Who Was October* by G. K. Chesterton / Library of Dreams



# *b i o g r a p h i e s*



## NEIL GAIMAN

*writer*

To set certain popular misconceptions to rest once and for all.

1) He was not found wandering the sewers of London as a child during the winter of 1864, unable to say any thing more than "Powerful big rats, gentlemen."

2) He was never exhibited in public houses to the curious, only briefly in July 1865, to selected gentlemen of standing from the scientific and literary community.

3) He did not have a vestigial tail.

4) He did indeed have what most people would commonly understand as "eyes."

5) He was not actually the pilot of the Zeppelin, although he did disappear for good following the explosion.

6) There is quite obviously no "underground kingdom beneath London inhabited by huge, intelligent rodents." And even if there were, any suggestion of Neil's involvement in the murky territorial negotiations between Londons Above and Below can be considered a joke, and in poor taste at that.

7) He was afraid of neither mirrors nor street corners.

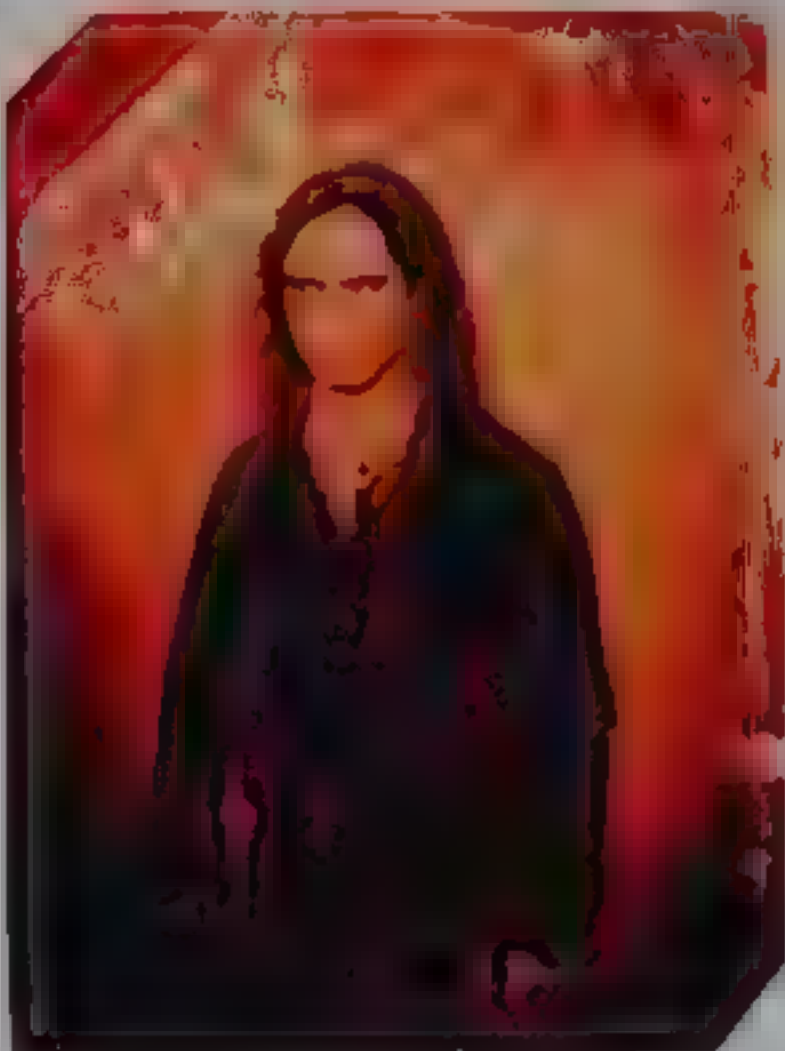
8) There were no tooth-marks on the bones.

## KELLEY JONES

*penciller*

*episodes 1,2,3,5,6*

When he was born, in 1802, Kelley Jones had the appearance of being in his mid-nineties. He astonished physicians by growing younger with each year that passed. This photograph, taken in his seventieth year, appears to be that of a man in his twenties. He died as an infant in 1888, killed in a nursery fire. A recording of his voice reciting Lewis's *The Autumn* was discovered on the telephone answering machine of a taxi company in Toronto in 1979, but was erased by a temporary secretary who failed to understand its worth.



by NEIL GAIMAN



## MIKE DRINGENBERG

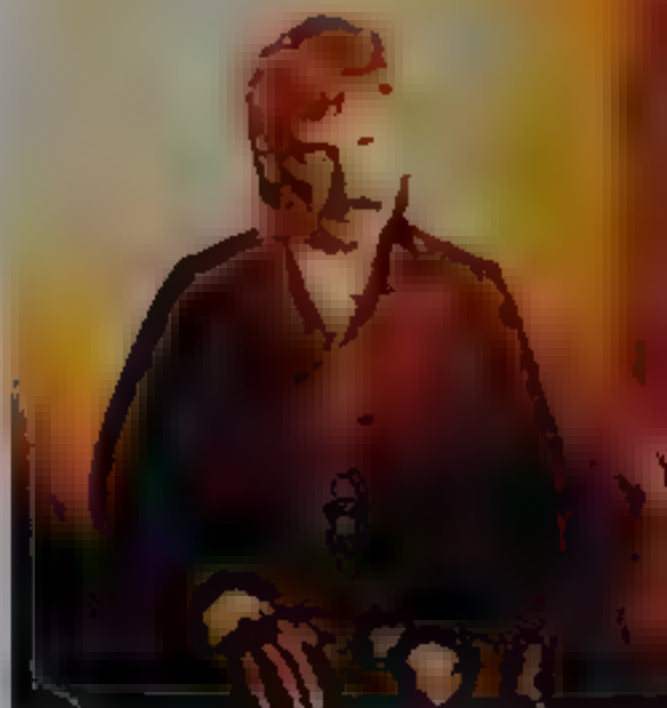
*penciller*  
*episodes 0,00*

" all of the people were coming and I said to them and I said there's no hope for me here, none of them have faces, always walking, and I never saw any of them before, and they keep touching me in the night, always in the night. sometimes when the rain comes, and no-one sees them but me, grey eyes maybe screaming, and I said to them, and I said to them "

## P. CRAIG RUSSELL

*inker*  
*episode 3*

The details of his black life and dubious death are written in certain books, and the foolish and the curious may seek them out. Nothing could induce us to elaborate here: by comparison Gilles de Rais was an angel in human form, and de Sade a weak and simpering child. The world is well rid of him: if rid of him a truly is.



## MATT WAGNER

*penciller*  
*episode 4*

Matt Wagner was the only man to be elected posthumously to the United States Senate. He served three terms before being narrowly defeated by a living candidate in 1874, whereupon he retired from public life. Until recently his jawbone was on display in the Smithsonian Institution.



## GEORGE PRATT

inker  
episodes 5, 6

Documented cases of spontaneous human combustion are rare; however, in all the annals of this phenomenon, only George Pratt was able to combust on cue. As a theatrical Music Hall turn, Mister Pratt would ignite on stage, in front of a paying audience, whereupon Milliecat Wirth, his lover and assistant, would extinguish the blaze with a patent liquid of Pratt's own invention. This photograph was taken at Combustible George the afternoon before his final performance, in Boston, in 1901. 'Miss Millie's' subsequent trial and acquittal was a *cause celebre* for many weeks. Fifty years later she filled a bathtub with gasoline and climbed into it, naked, holding a lighted taper.



## MALCOLM JONES III

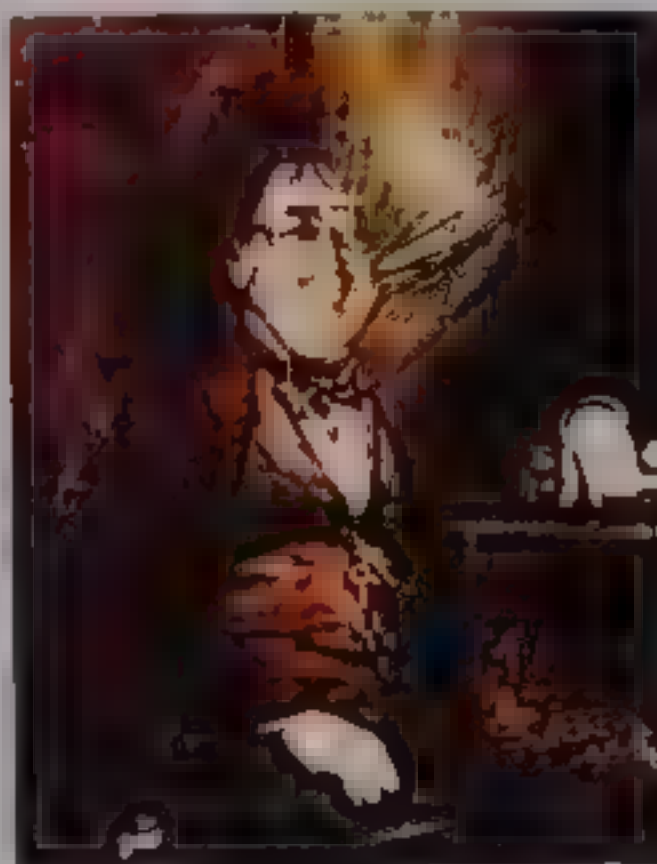
inker  
episodes 0, 1, 2

This photograph of one of Malcolm Jones's three homunculi was originally published in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Knowledge*. Measuring no more than six inches in height, these tiny creatures were, it is said, capable of human speech, and were wholly subordinate to Jones's will. None of them survived Jones by more than a week, disintegrating to dried blood, rose petals and ashes.

## DICK GIORDANO

inker  
episode 6

Impresario, shipping magnate, oil baron, surgeon, and philanthropist. One Thursday morning in November 1893, Giordano took his usual table at the Savoy Hotel and requested the waiter bring him 'a newspaper, a bootjack, the Bible, a pint of vinegar, a paper of pins, and some barley sugar. Upon the waiter's refusal to comply with this extraordinary request, Giordano's face dissolved into silent tears. "Aye, me sir," he said, "you have condemned an honest man to his doom." Thereupon he hailed a cab, and was heard to tell the driver to take him to his office, a journey of no more than fifteen minutes. He was, of course, never seen again, although his torso was cut from the stomach of a twenty-five pound sturgeon caught in the Black Sea on the first day of World War One.





## DANIEL VOZZO

colourist

episodes 2,3,4,5 6,∞



Professor Vozzo's handbook, *Ten Thousand Important Questions Resolved for the Modern Gentleman*, issued in monthly parts from October 1889 on, contained essays on such vital subjects as: "Is dancing, as usually conducted, compatible with a high standard of morality?" "Was the purchase of Alaska by this government wise?" "Does the study of physical sciences militate against religious belief?" "Has our government a right to disfranchise the polygamists of Utah?"

Not satisfied with resolving these questions, and many others of equal import, by 1894 he began to address such issues as: "Is there a purpose to existence?" and "What is the composition of the Philosopher's Stone?"

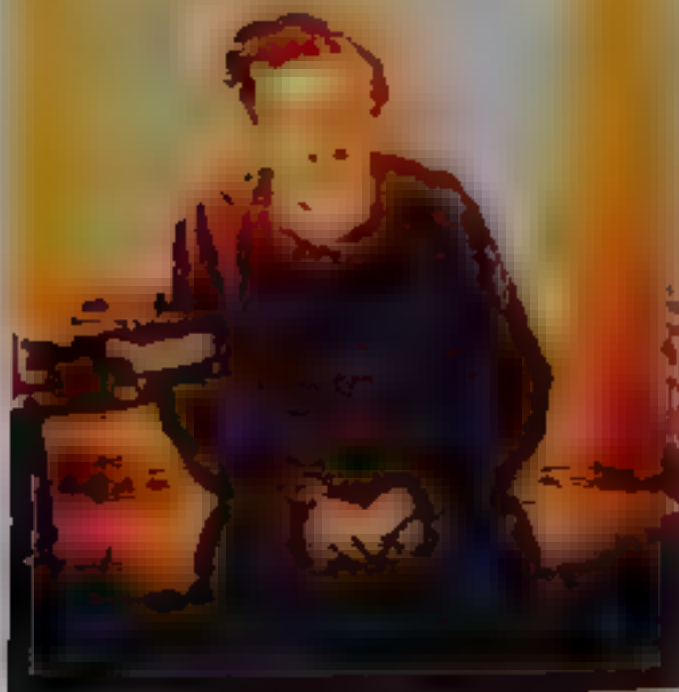
At this time Vozzo began to complain of being followed by women with the faces of animals. All copies of the latest instalment of his handbook were bought up by an anonymous cartel, and destroyed, and shortly thereafter Vozzo was removed to a private asylum. He is still there, and he has not aged, although on the advice of a long-dead physician his tongue was surgically removed, and he permitted no writing materials.

## STEVE OLIFF

colourist

episodes 0.1

Best known for his revolutionary embalming techniques, Upon his death in 1897 his collection of perfectly preserved schoolchildren was donated to the Royal College of Surgeons. It may be inspected by prior appointment, although several of the older boys were damaged by falling masonry during the Blitz, and have been removed from the permanent exhibition.



## TODD KLEIN

letterer

Was never convicted of any capital crime, for reasons that still remain shrouded in mystery.



## ALISA KWITNEY

*assistant editor*

According to an old New York folk-tale, Alisa Kwitney peers in a bathroom mirror to people in the final stages of *obitum tremens*, and pleads with them to mend their ways. In another version of the same story she can be induced (by threatening to break the mirror) to reveal winning lottery ticket numbers.



## KAREN BERGER

*editor*

They say she done them all of them in. They say she done it with an axe.



## TOM PEYER

*assistant editor*

Notorious for his cross-dressing during a period when society frowned on such hobbies, Peyer (the illegitimate son of Francis Egerton, the Eighth Earl of Bridgewater and self-styled Prince of the Holy Roman Empire), was arrested at the outbreak of the Crimean War for singing an obscene ballad in a public place while dressed as a washerwoman. The ballad, in the *Porterie Argus*, went as follows:

*Nanti dinarty; the amee of the khazi  
Says due biane peraney, munjarte on the cross,  
We'll all have to scurper the fatty in the murning  
Before the bona umee of the khazi shakes his dour.*



## DAVE MCKEAN

*covers and design*

This photograph, found in the Hanussen collection, appears at a hasty first glance to be a portrait of a bearded man in a hat, his coat glittering with five brass buttons. A second, and more careful look reveals that this is simply an illusion; we are looking from above at a snowy landscape: the 'coat' is a river, the 'buttons' stepping-stones, the 'face' an island, and a fallen tree, the 'hat' a small body of water in the distance. Photographic illusions of this kind were popular with our forefathers; to our more sophisticated eyes, however, the deception is transparent, and once we see it for what it is, we are unable to see the face that once we thought we saw. The seagull in the foreground is extremely blurred, due to the lengthy exposures Victorian photography demanded.

## HARLAN ELLISON

*introduction*

Harlan Ellison is the author of fifty-eight books and is listed in the *Swedish National Encyclopedia*.







# Neil Gaiman

is the *New York Times* bestselling author of the Newbery Medal-winning *The Graveyard Book* and *Coraline*, the basis for the hit movie. His other books include *Animal Boy*, *Neverwhere*, *American Gods* and *Sandman* (winner of the American Library Association's Alex Award as one of 2000's top novels for young adults) and the short-story collections *M is for Magic* and *Smoke and Mirrors*. He is also the author of *The Wolves in the Walls* and *The Day I Traded My Dad for Two Goldfish*, both written for children. Among his many awards are the Eisner, the Hugo, the Nebula, the World Fantasy and the Bram Stoker. Originally from England, he now lives in the United States.

## Season of Mists

One of the most popular and critically acclaimed graphic novels of all time.

Neil Gaiman's award-winning masterpiece *THE SANDMAN* has set the standard for maturity, lyrical fantasy in the comic book field. Illustrated by a rotating cast of the medium's most sought-after artists, the series is a rich blend of mystery and ancient mythology into which contemporary fiction, historical drama, and legend are seamlessly interwoven.

Ten thousand years ago, Morpheus, the King of Dreams, condemned a woman who loved him to eternal damnation.

In *SEASON OF MISTS*, the other members of his immortal family—the Endless, convinced that this was an injustice. To correct it, he must journey to Hell and rescue his forbidden love. But Lucifer, the Lord of Hell, has sworn to destroy Morpheus, and Lucifer's plans are subtle...

introduction by Harlan Ellison

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Library

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DREAM COUNTRY  
SEASON OF MISTS

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"The greatest epic in the history of comic books."

— *The Los Angeles Times Magazine*

"Comically expansive and remarkably intimate."

— *Entertainment Weekly*

"A seminal work."

— *The Toronto Star*

"Neil Gaiman is, simply put, a treasure house of story.

and we are lucky to have him in any medium."

— *Stephen King*

